

Whooper cushion under electric chair

Fascinating!... Lawrence! Listen when Andrew hums as a simultaneous his back!

Crises change floating down float within on his heading for waterfalls.

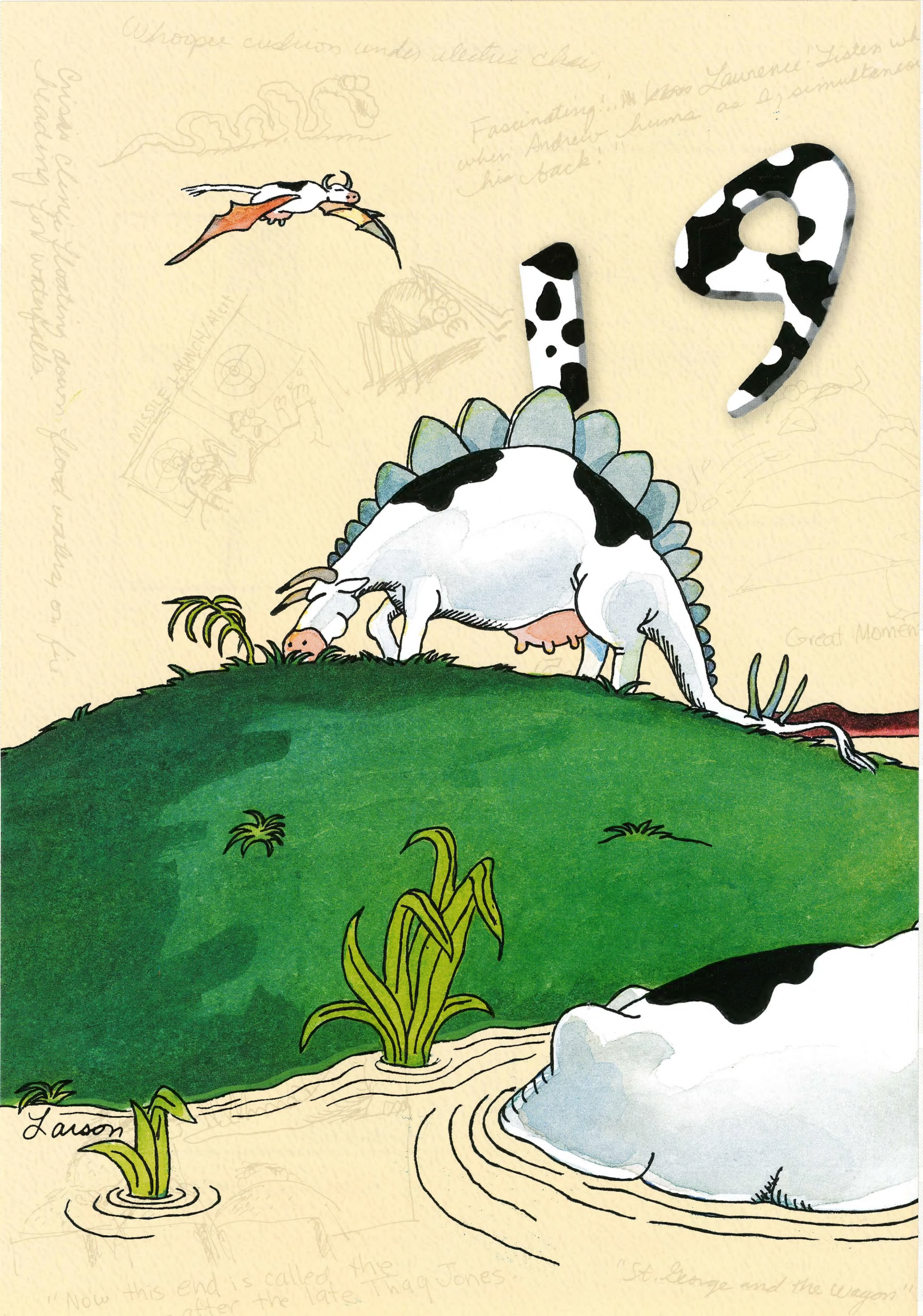
MISSILE LAUNCH ALERT

Great Moment

Larson

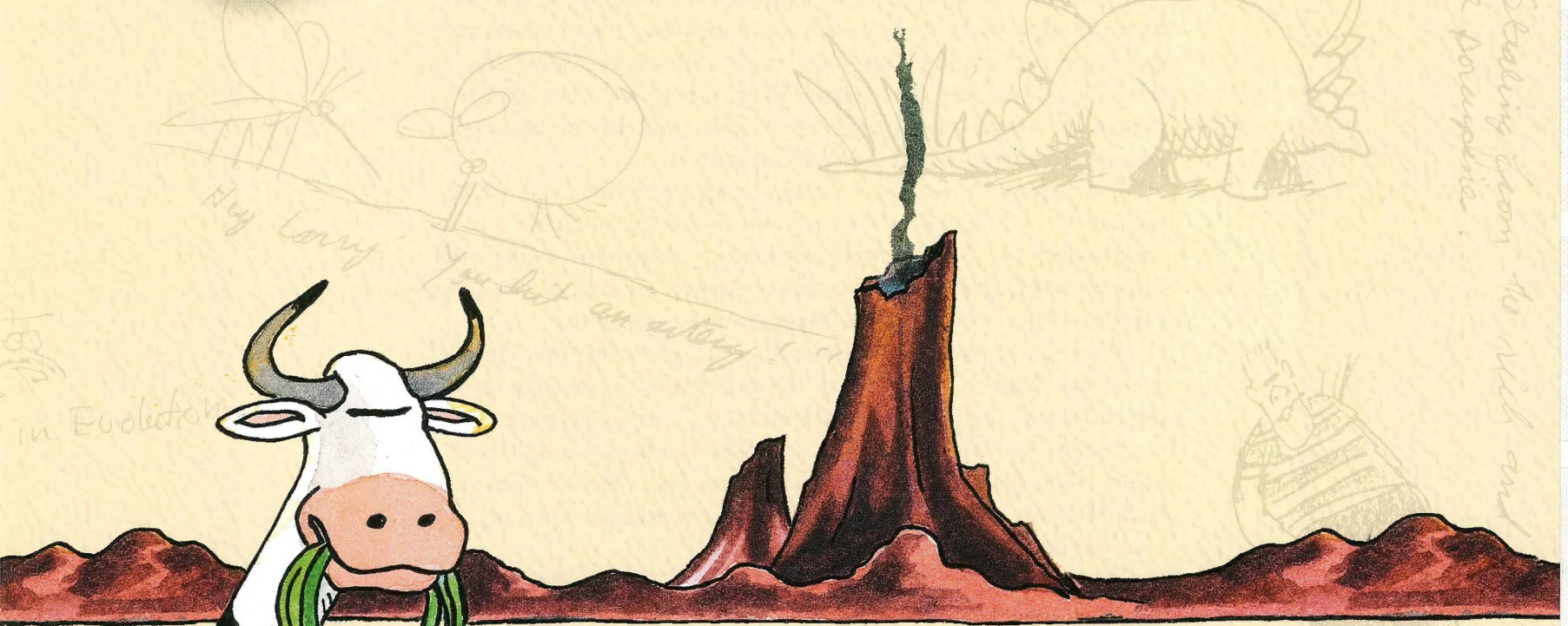
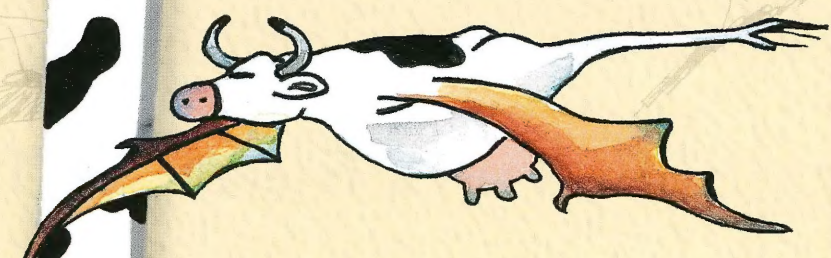
"Now the end is called the after the late Thaq Jones."

"St. George and the Wagon"



happens
y, pound on

Robin drew - Stealing from the rich and
giving to the poor.



Nature sucks in dirt instead of blowing



...iously painted

You id... We can't get
that thing down the hol

With a Friend Like This ...

Many years ago, I traveled with my friend Ernie to a remote, mountainous area in northern Mexico. Ernie was the curator of reptiles at our local zoo, and he had invited me to accompany him on a mission to capture and bring back a little-known species of Mexican king snake. (Okay—it's not everyone's dream vacation, I grant you; but getting a tan on a beach somewhere always gave me the willies.) Oh, one other thing: Ernie was insane. Not clinically insane, of course—just your garden variety, watch-your-ass-when-you're-around-this-person kind of insane.

One afternoon we had been exploring a potential king snake habitat when I turned over a rock and discovered a couple of huge whip scorpions. (Some people call them vinegarroons, but for the three entomologists who have always dogged my trail on these details, I'll formally identify them as *Mastigoproctus giganteus*.)

I wanted to photograph these interesting critters, but I had left my camera back at camp. I did, however, have a large collecting jar in my backpack. Gingerly, I herded the slow-moving scorpions into the container, figuring I would simply schlep the happy couple back to camp, photograph them, and release them later. But we didn't get back to camp until dusk, so the photo-op would have to wait a day. I set the jar aside, next to some gear.

The next morning, warm and cozy inside my sleeping bag, I awoke to hear Ernie moving about, making a fire and getting breakfast together. I was reluctant to get up myself, since it was always so cold in the mornings before the sun got a good grip on the day. So I just lay there in my bag with only my face exposed. I still remember the tranquility of it all—surrounded by saguaro cacti, listening to the crackling fire, staring up at the Mexican sky.

That's when Ernie walked over. He paused and stood over me, then lifted a corner of my bag with one arm and plunged his other arm deep inside. He quickly withdrew it and leaped backward. A few seconds later, he was doubled up with laughter.

I still wasn't fully awake, and I remember just looking at him, wondering, what was the deal? And then I saw something in his hand. It was a jar. *The* jar. Whip Scorpion Inn. And the Inn was now vacant.

The basic scenario came groggily into focus. Ernie plus jar, minus whip scorpions, plus strange behavior (common with Ernie), plus laughter equals WHIP SCORPIONS (or, technically, *Mastigoproctus giganteus*) IN MY SLEEPING BAG!

There are people who claim your entire life flashes before you when disaster is imminent. I assure you that if the disaster involves something that looks like this (close to life-size, I might add) ...



your life will definitely not flash. This is all you're going to see.

I was now awake. Whip scorpions are not dangerous (no stingers), but look at this animal again. I ask you: Does it matter it can't sting?

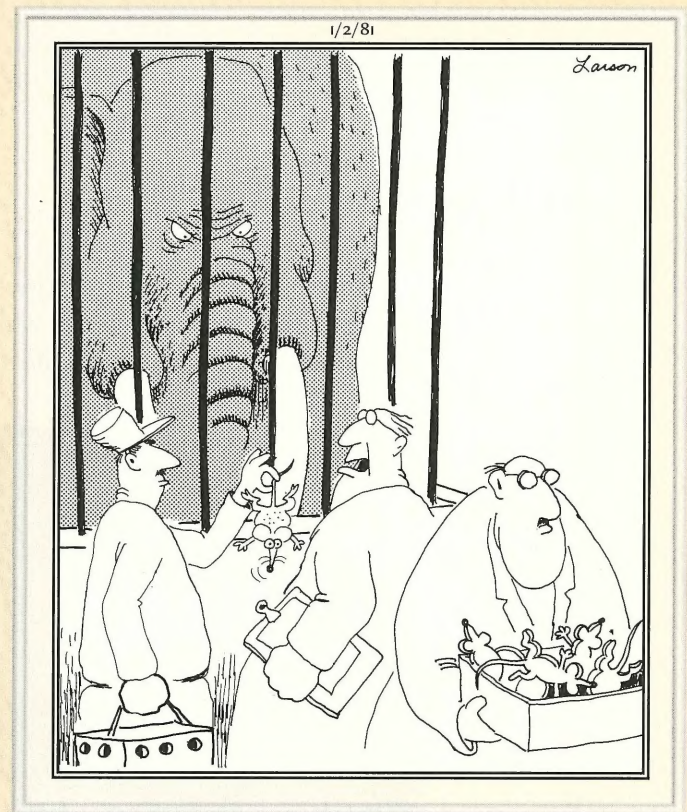
It's interesting to note how quickly the nervous system can switch gears. Without a hitch, my brain shifted from dreamily contemplating the Natural World to the more basic there's-a-scorpion-in-my-bed mode. As a cartoonist, I enjoyed plumbing this aspect of human nature, the phobias and common fears many of us have to one degree or another—I just don't like to be personally involved in the research. (Especially, I might add, when it involves an arachnid whose Latin name ends with *giganteus*.)

I didn't bother with the zipper; I just shot out of that bag as if it was on fire—screaming, I'm afraid, like a girl cartoonist. When I finally stopped jumping around, one of the whip scorpions was clinging to my shirt collar. Another round of jumping, please. Between fits of laughter, Ernie kept saying, "God, if only I had a camera!"

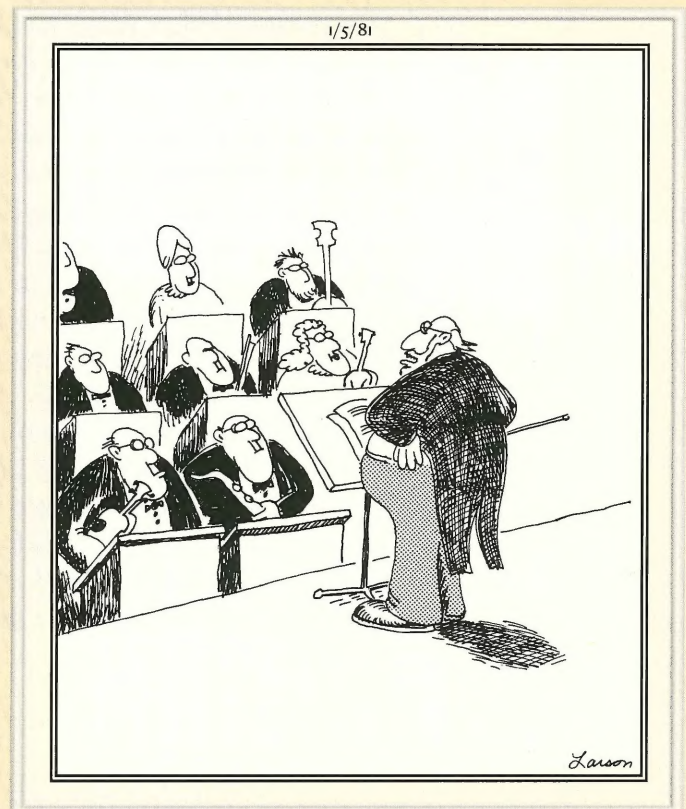
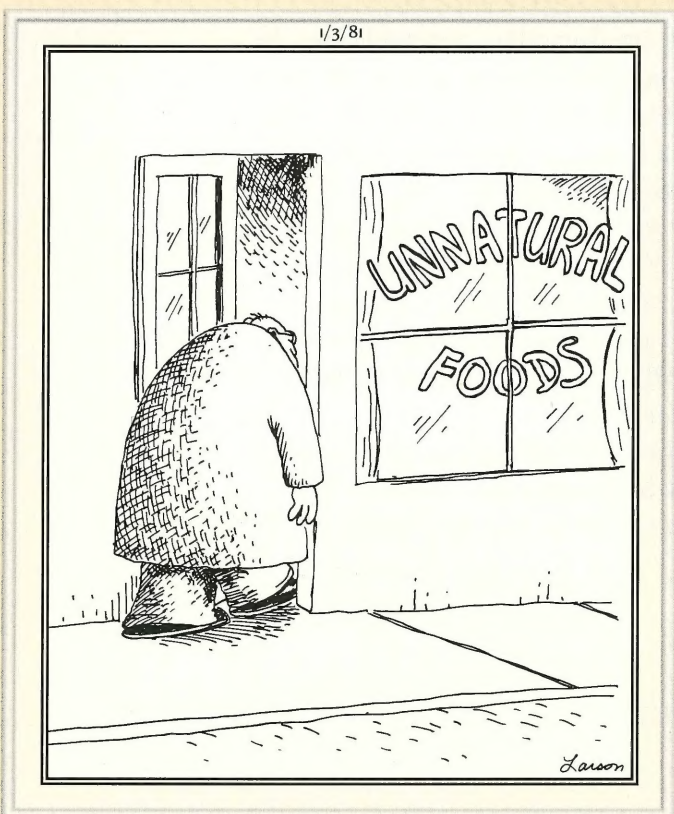
Ah, friends. To any scorpion fanciers out there, rest assured that the little creatures were unharmed. And likewise rest assured, I did get my revenge on Ernie—but that's a story he can share in his own book.



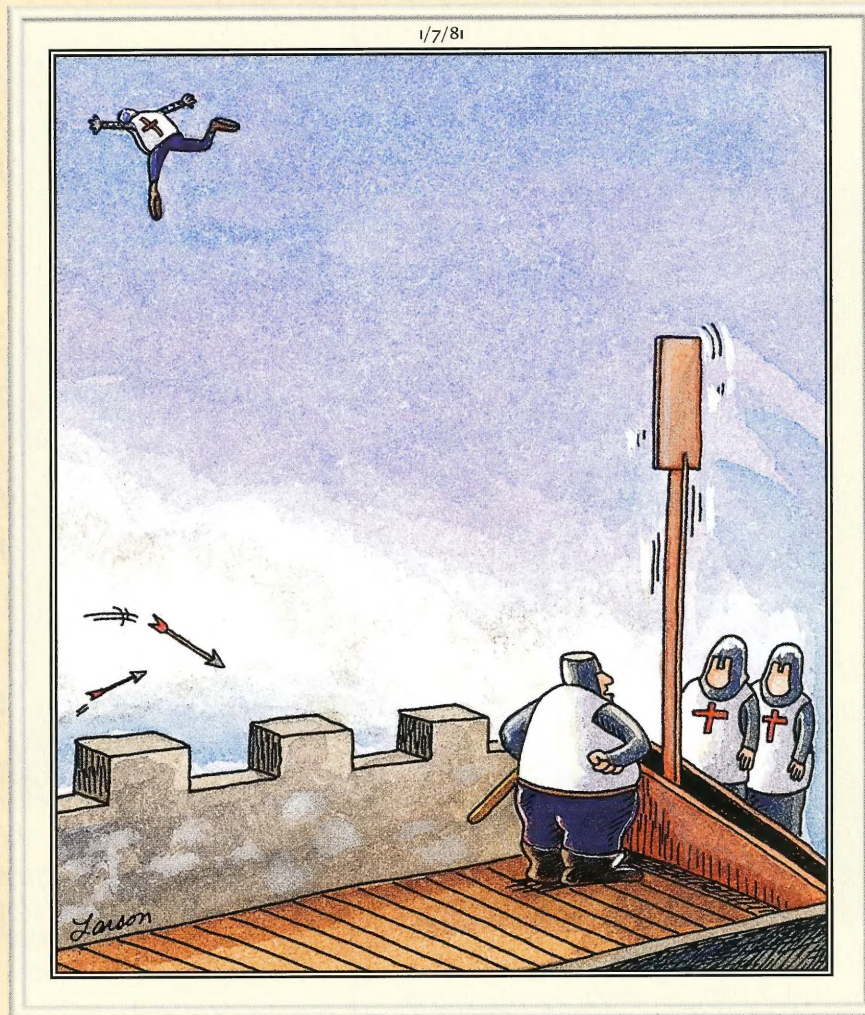
"My stomach? ... *Your* stomach's rumbling!"



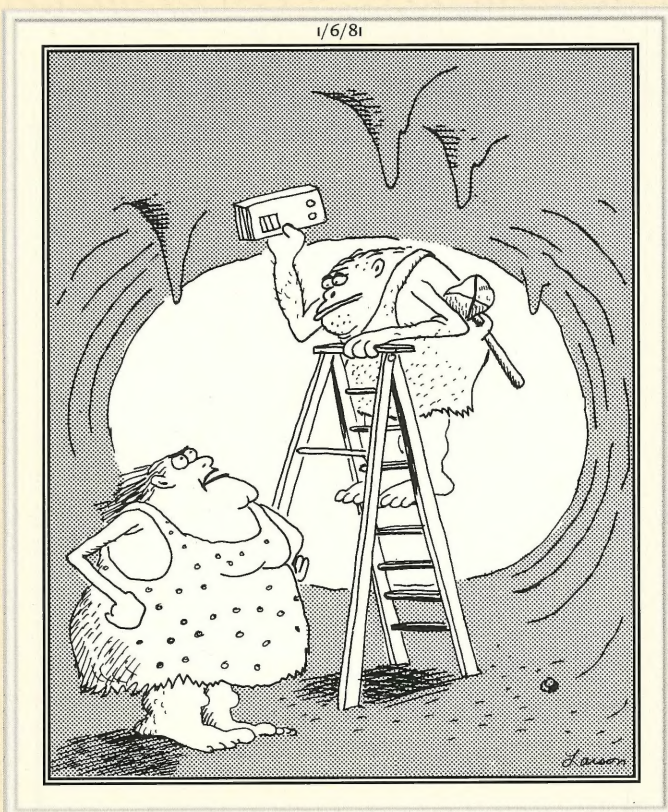
"That won't be necessary, Carl. ... I think we can safely conclude that they're definitely not afraid of mice."



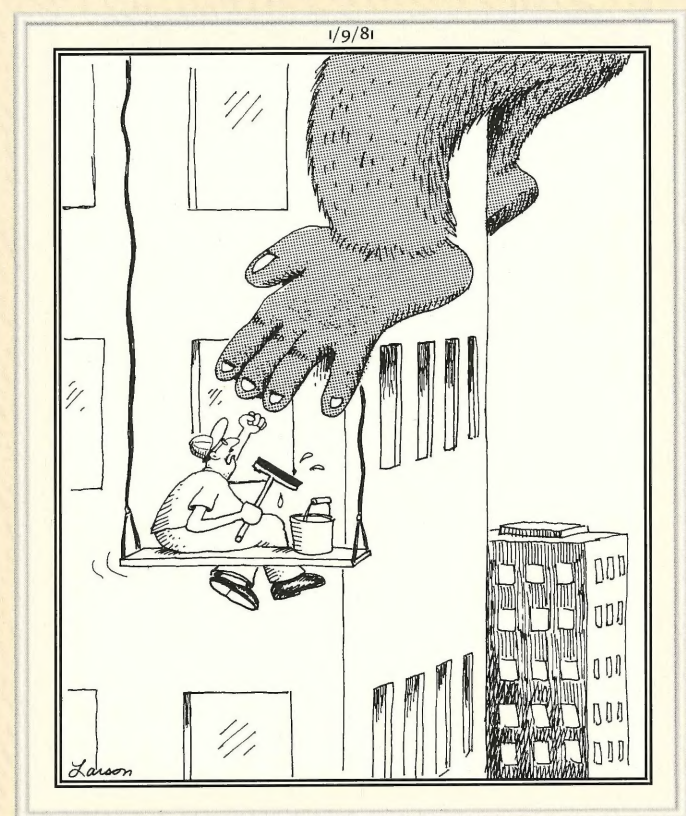
"I don't know which one of you is doing it, but at the end of the sonata we shall refrain from playing 'Shave and a Haircut.'"

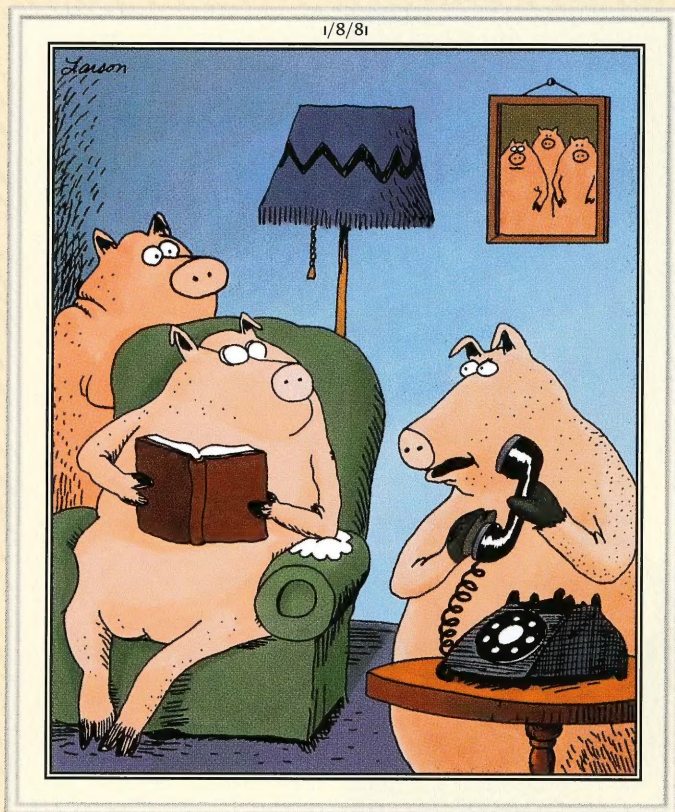


"I told you guys to slow down and take it easy or something like this would happen."

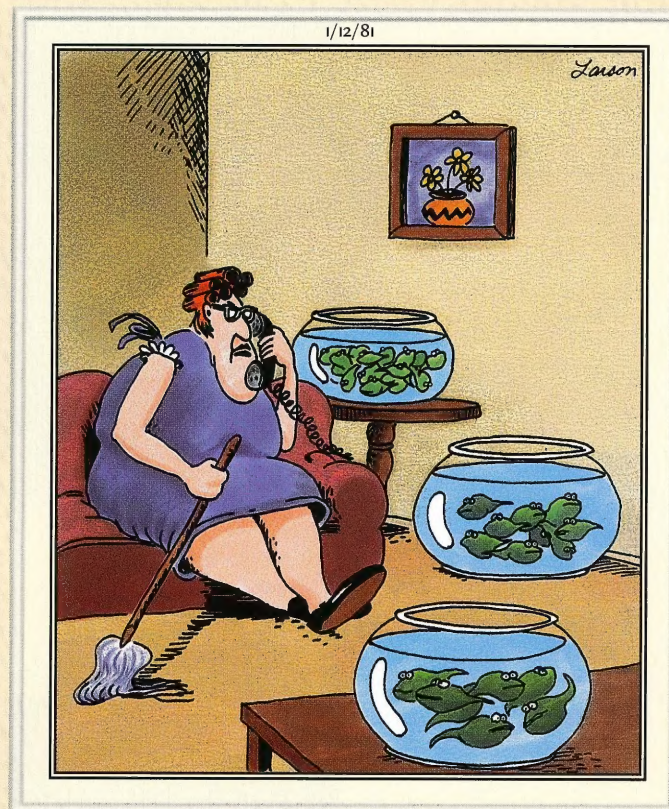


"You idiot! ... Twenty bucks for a smoke alarm and we don't even know what the stuff is!"

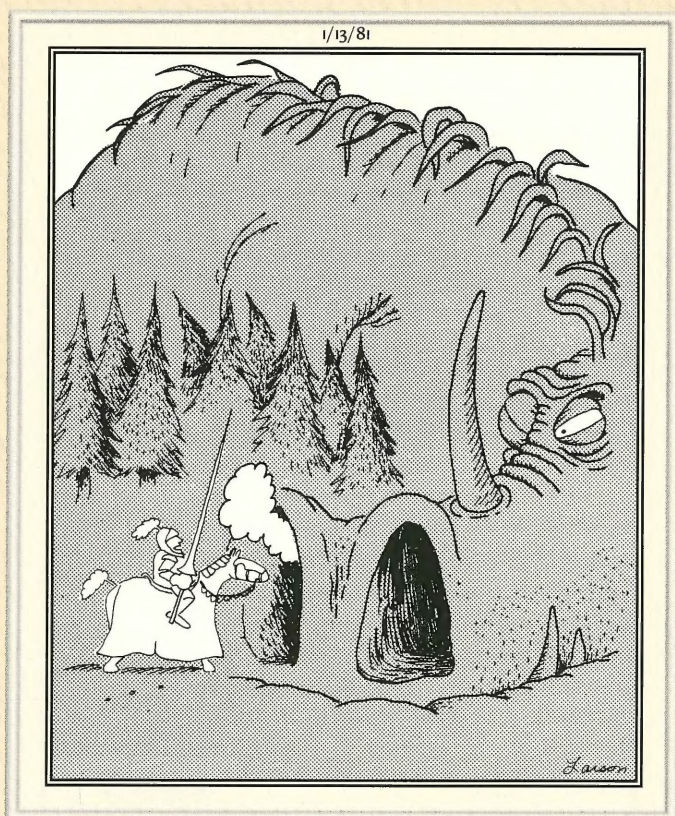




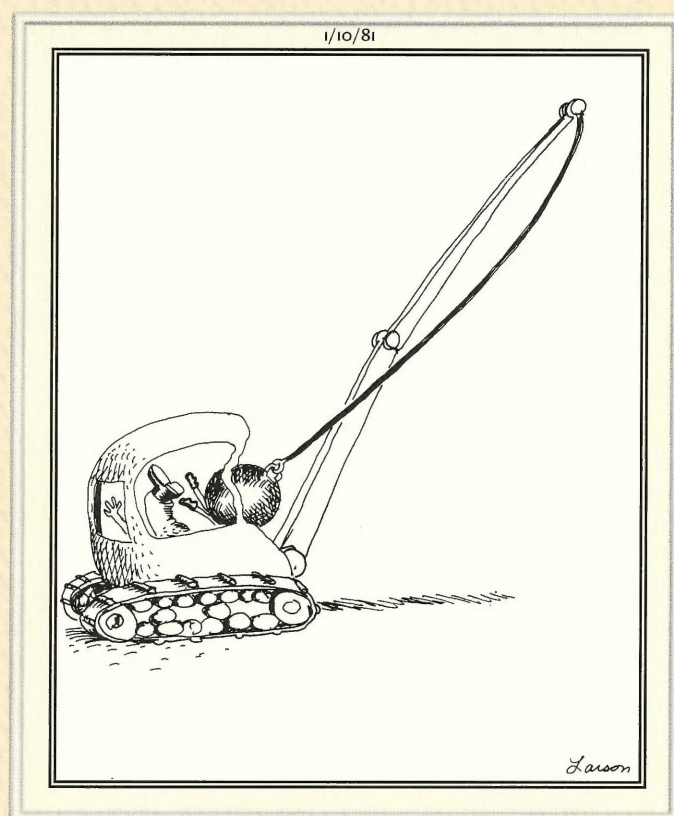
"Disgusting! ... It's just a sort of heavy huffing and puffing."



"Well that's how it happened, Sylvia. ... I kissed this frog, he turns into a prince, we get married, and WHAM! ... I'm stuck at home with a bunch of pollywogs."

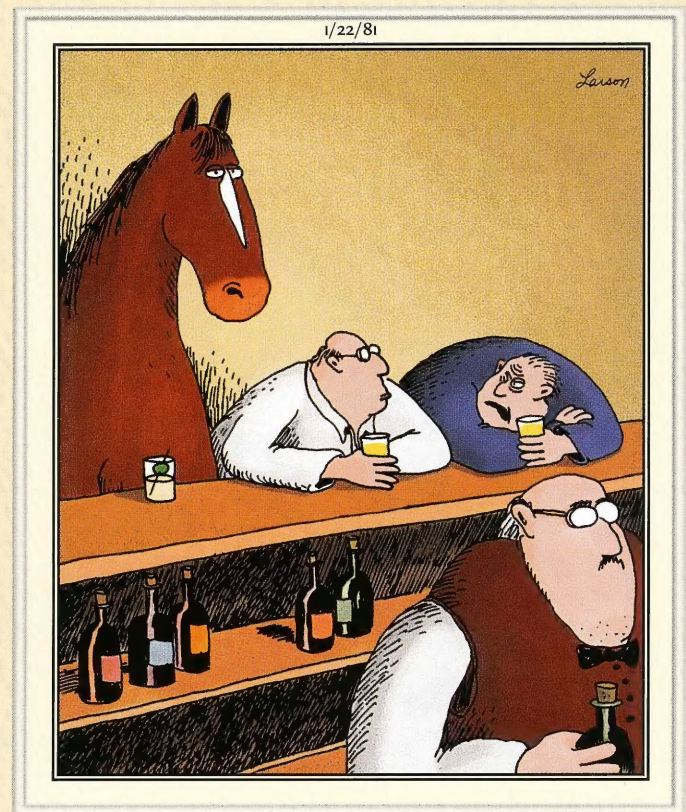


"Come out of that cave and meet your doom, you miserable dragon! You can't hide in there forever, you overgrown chameleon!"

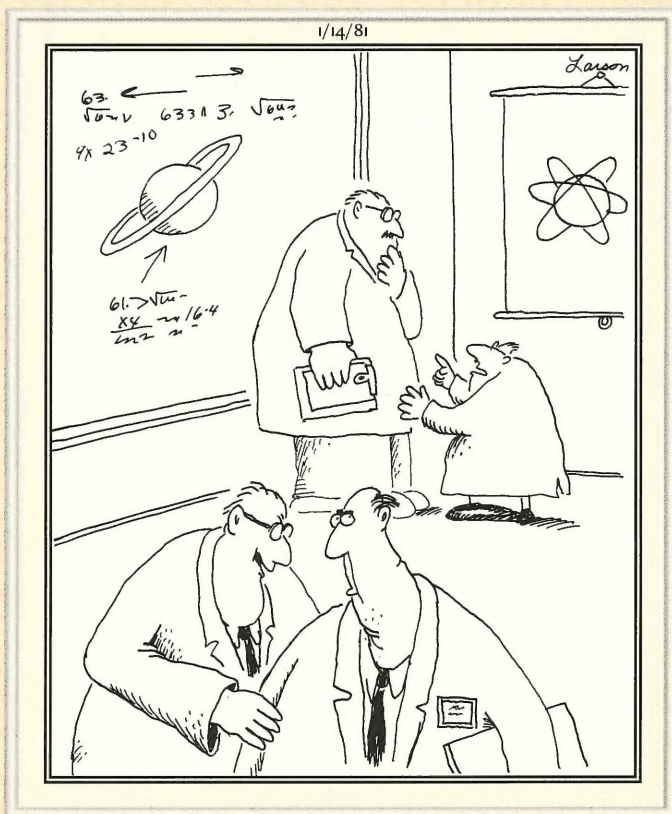




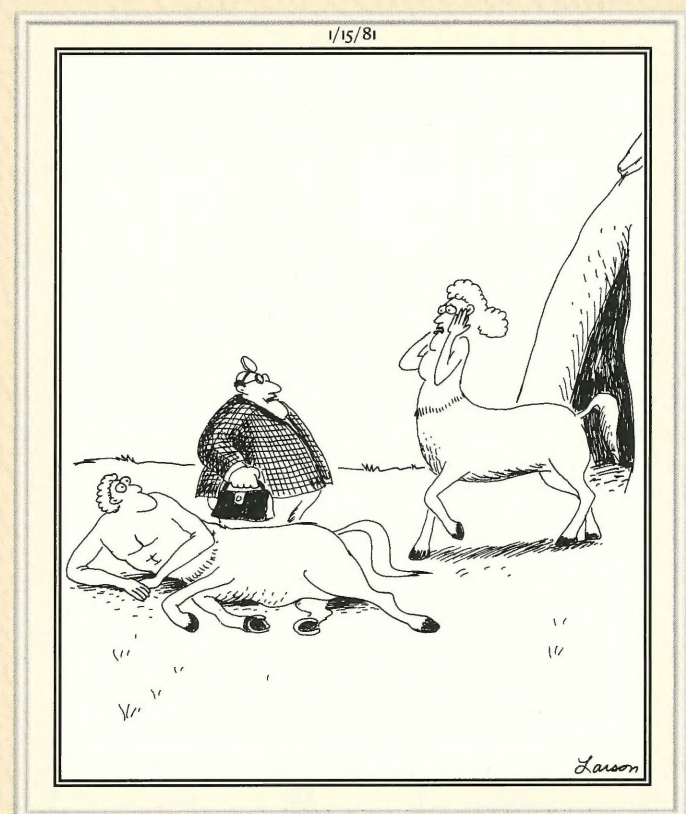
"And now, standing at my side, I give you the man who conquered Everest, the Matterhorn, Kilimanjaro ..."



"Sure—but can you make him drink?"



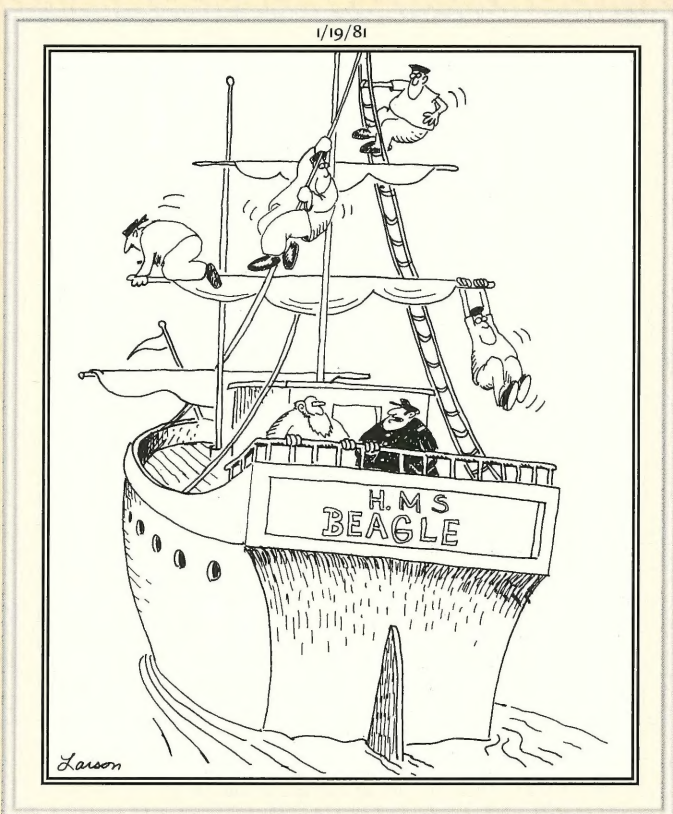
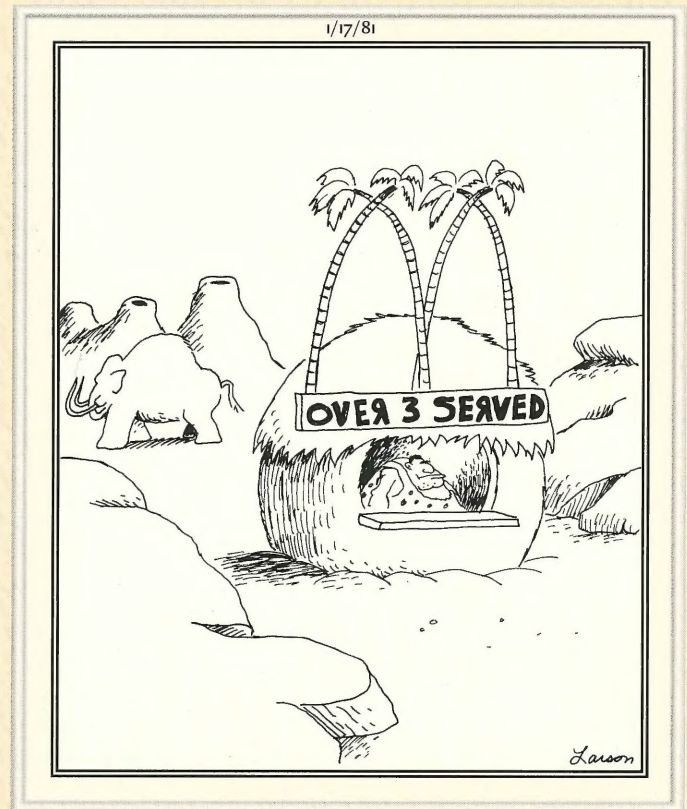
"There goes Williams again ... trying to win support for his Little Bang theory."



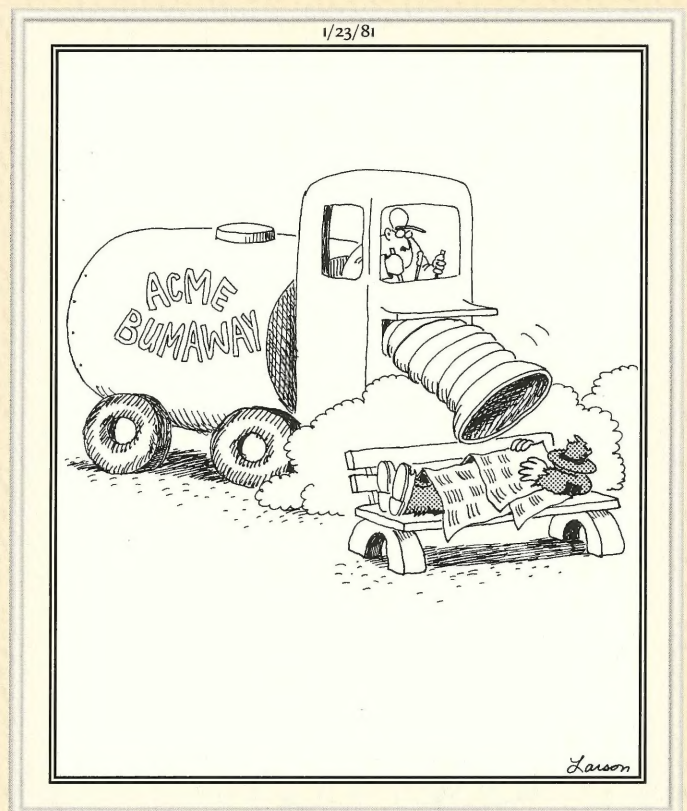
"I'm afraid his leg is broken, Ma'am. ... He'll have to be shot."



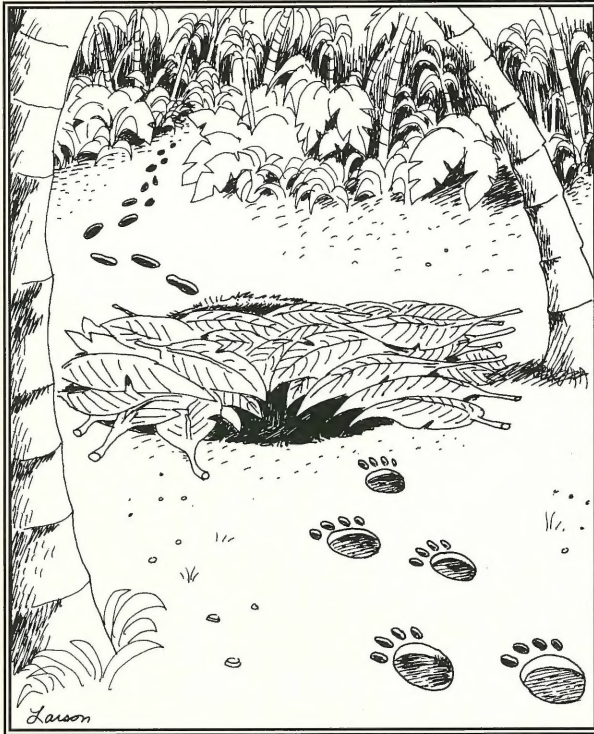
"I'm leaving you for another, Zog. ... His cranium is larger, his thumbs are more opposable, and he's really going somewhere."



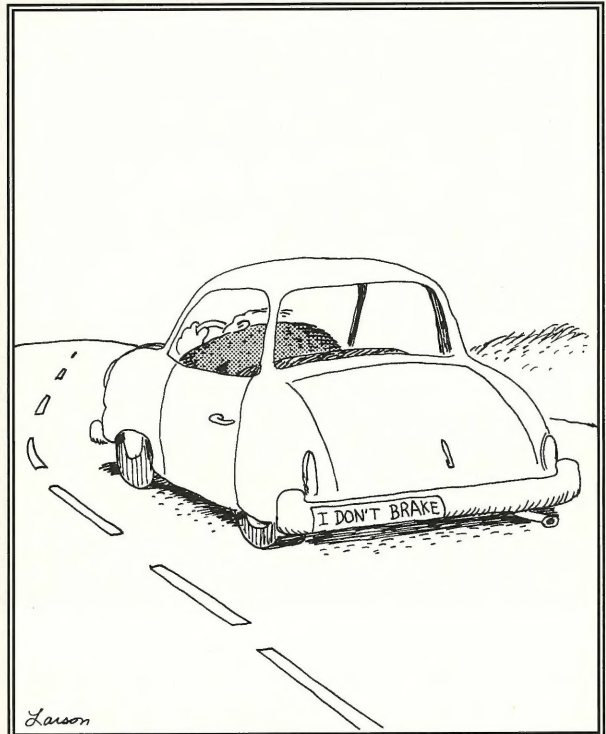
"Well, Mr. Darwin ... have you reached any conclusions so far?"



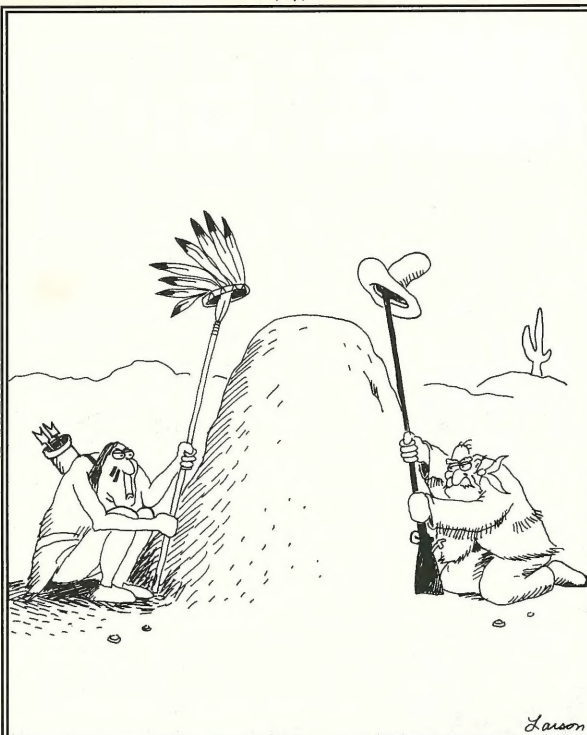
1/24/81



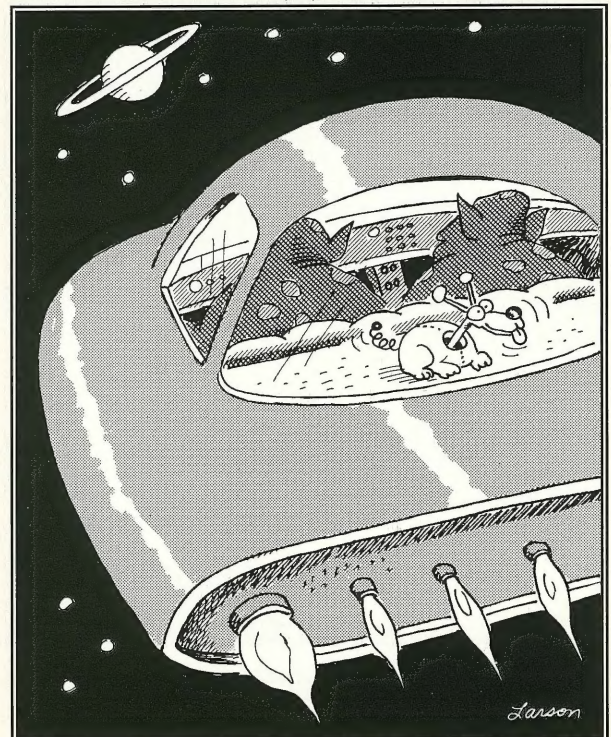
1/26/81



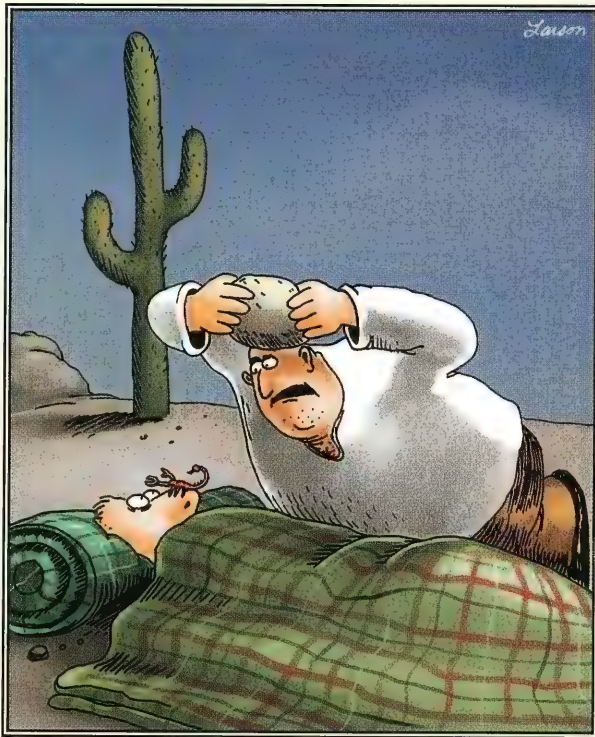
1/27/81



1/28/81

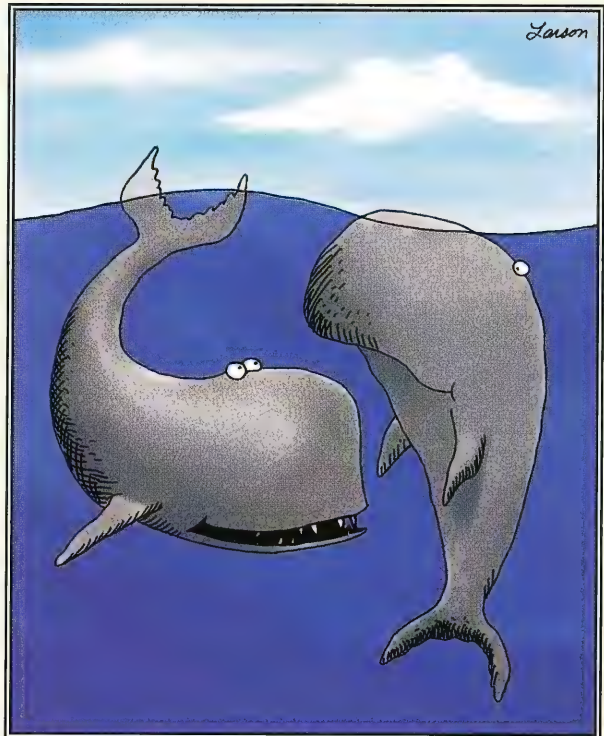


1/21/81



"Hold still, Carl! ... Don't ... move ... an ... inch!"

1/29/81



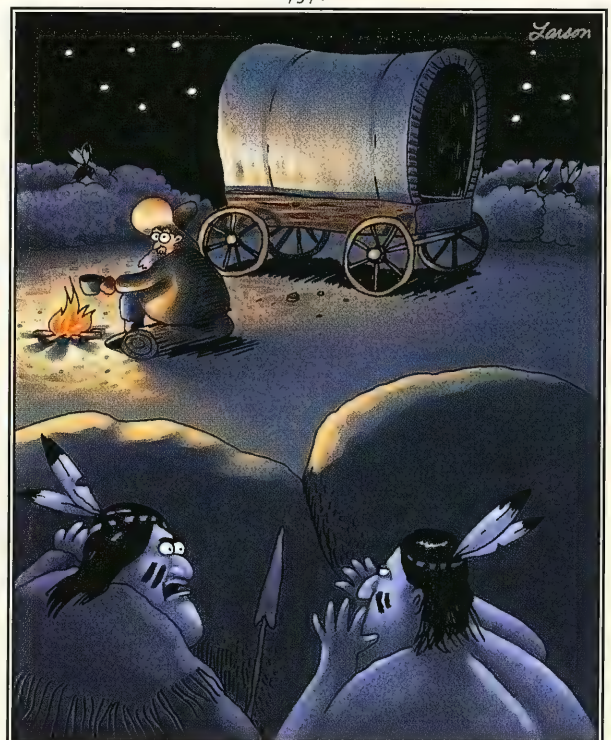
"Gee, I don't know, Eddie ... how many college students do you think you could eat at one time?"

1/30/81



"C'mon, Sylvia ... where's your spirit of adventure?"

1/31/81

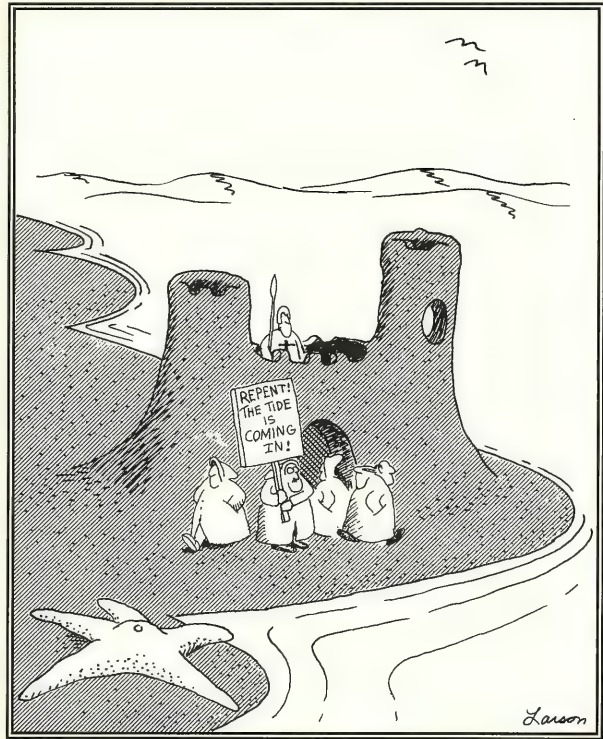


"Bird calls! Bird calls, you fool! ... Not mountain lions!"

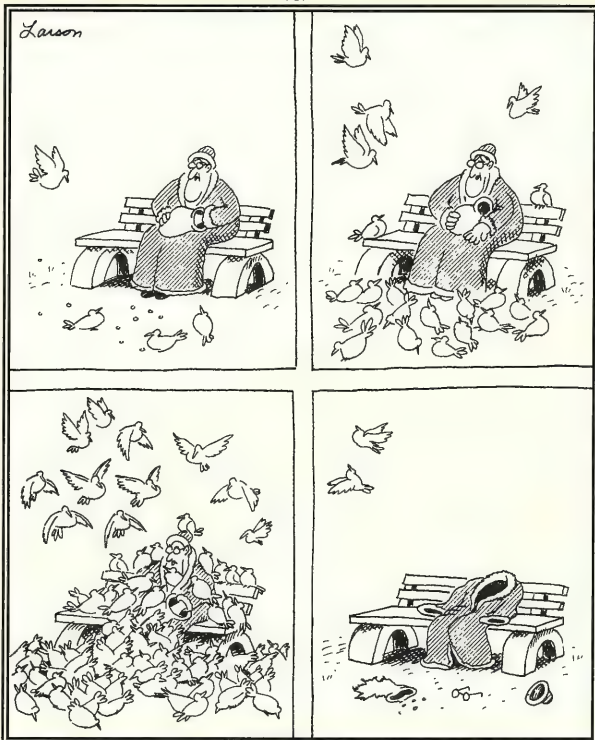
2/2/81



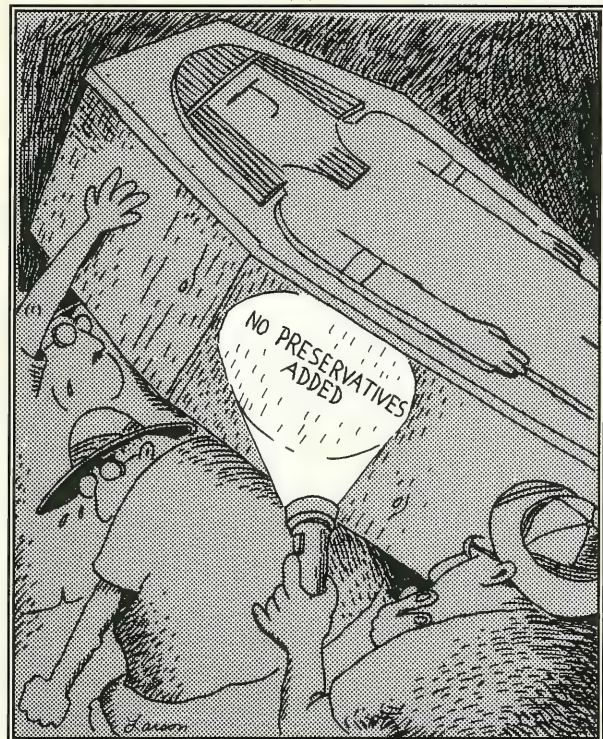
2/3/81



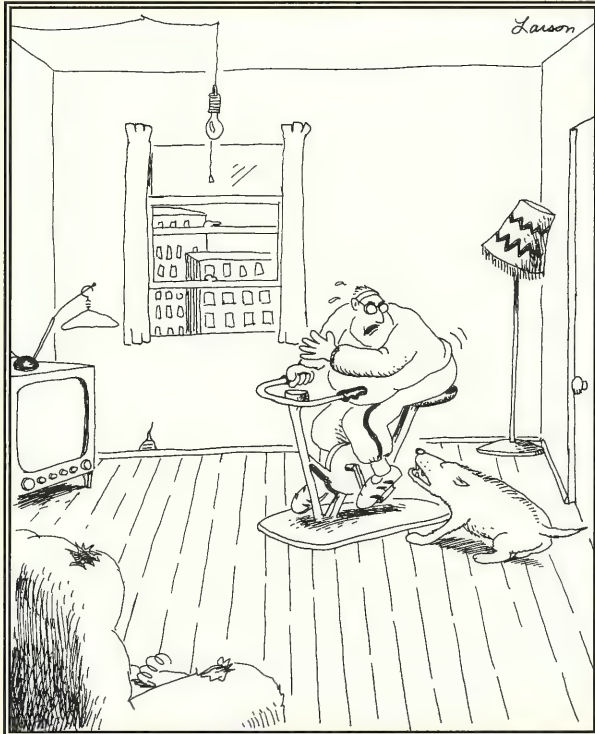
2/5/81



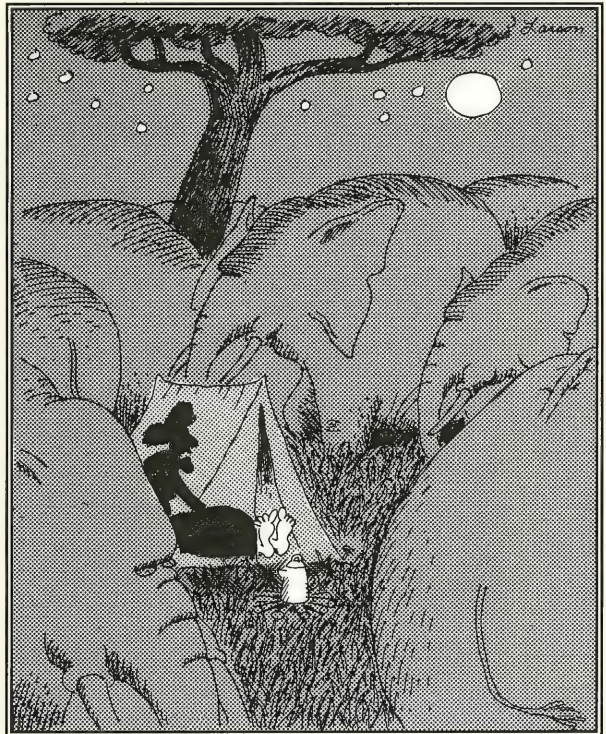
2/6/81



2/7/81

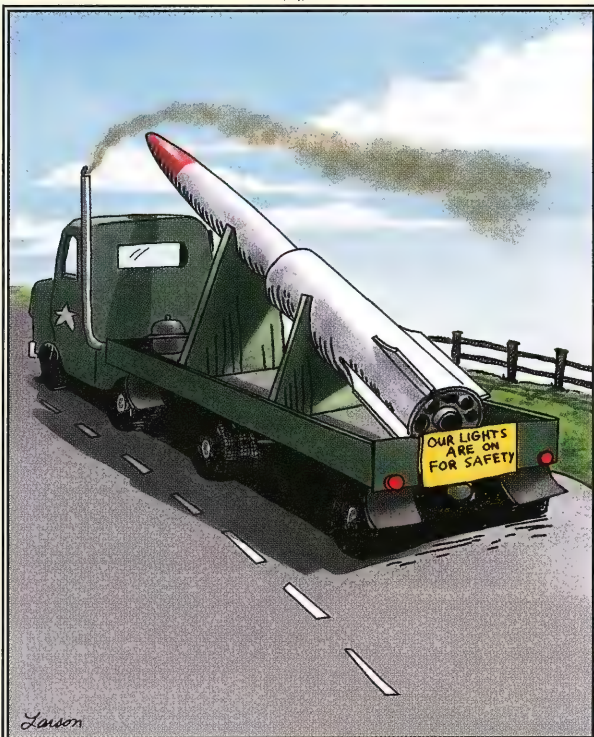


2/10/81



"Lester! Wake up! Lester! ... I think I heard footsteps."

2/4/81

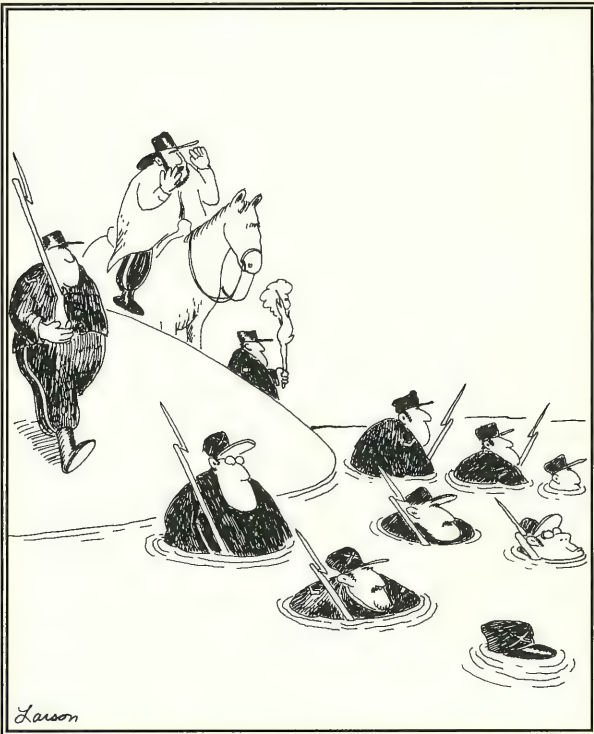


2/9/81



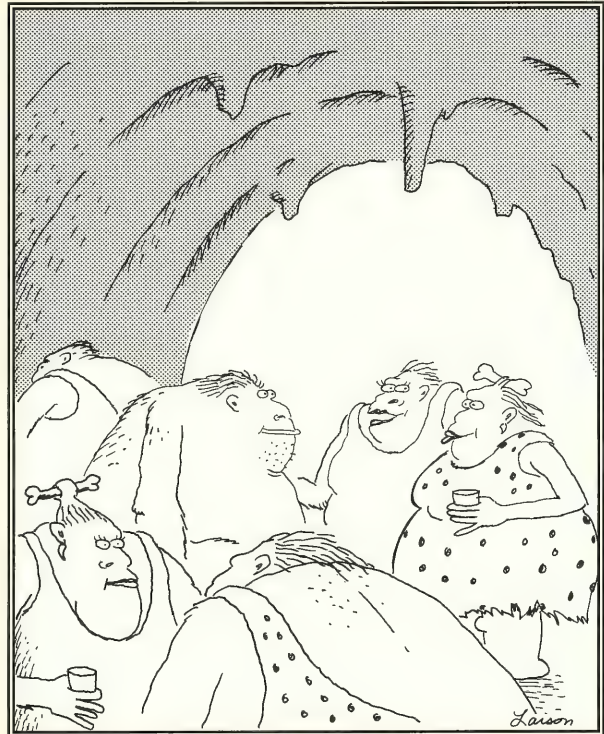
"I'm not sure, Al, but we sure got into a mess of 'em."

2/12/81



"This is General Sherman! The march to the sea is over! Turn back, I say! HALT! HAAAAAALT!"

2/11/81



"Thag, this is Noona. Noona, this is Thag. ... Thag is a Hunter and Gatherer."

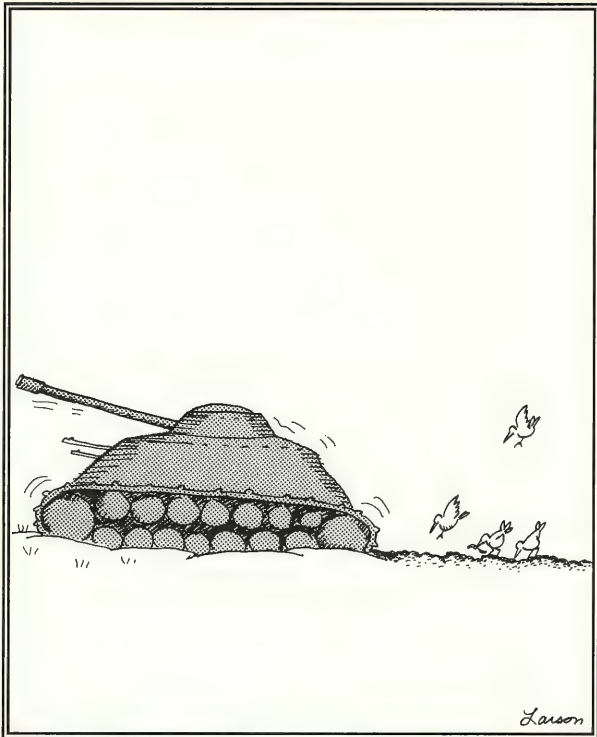
2/16/81



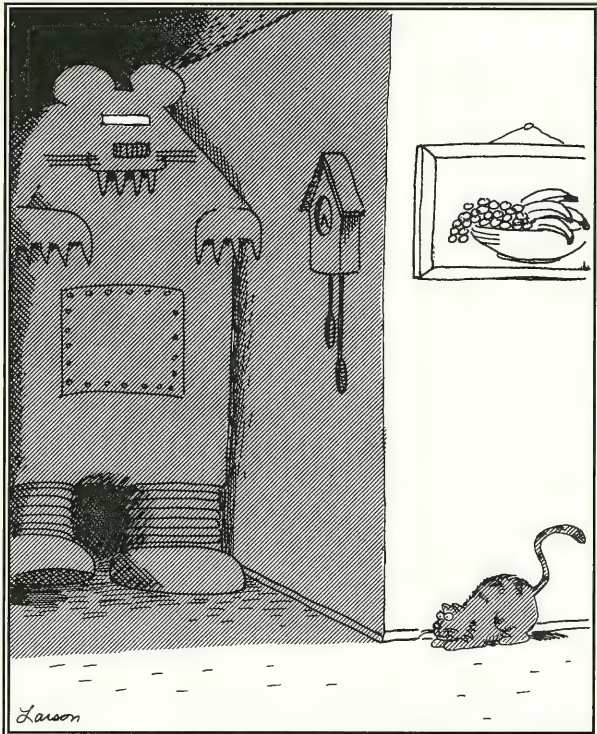
2/13/81



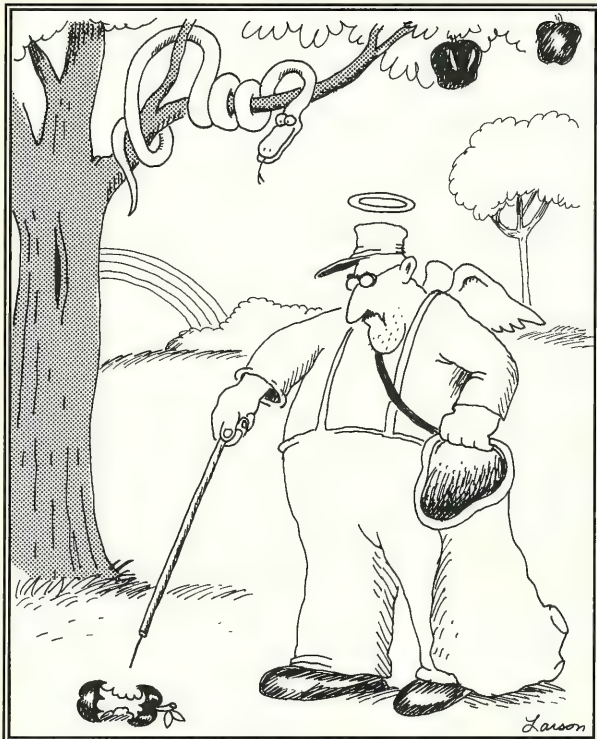
2/14/81



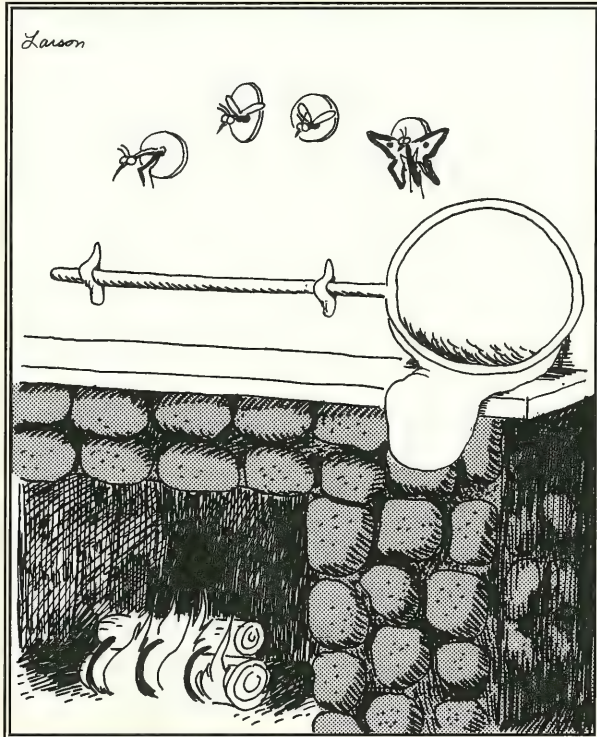
2/17/81

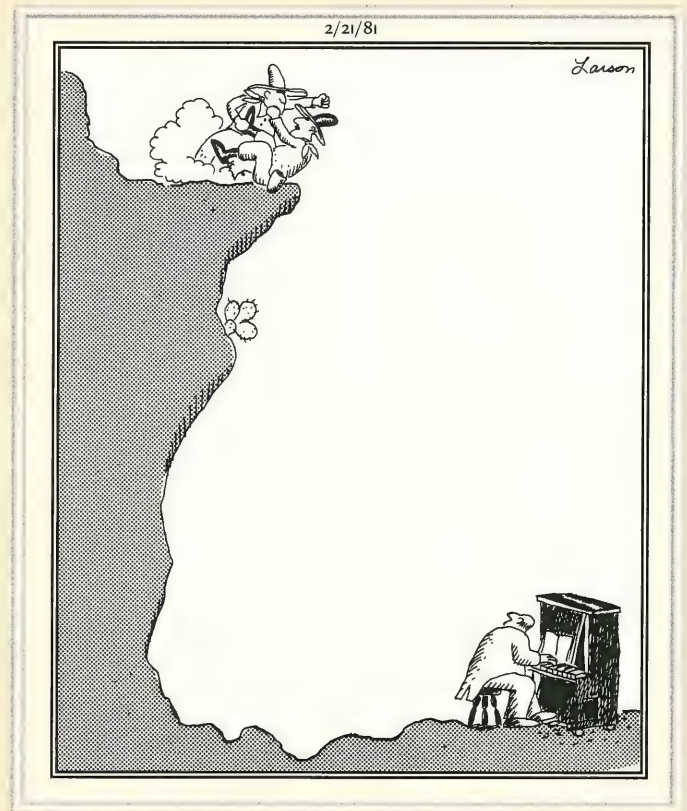
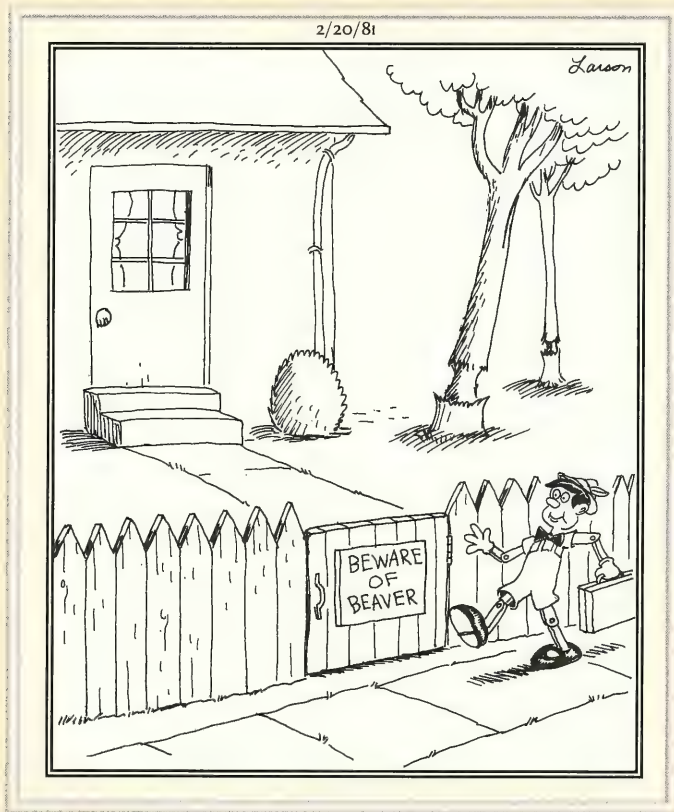


2/18/81

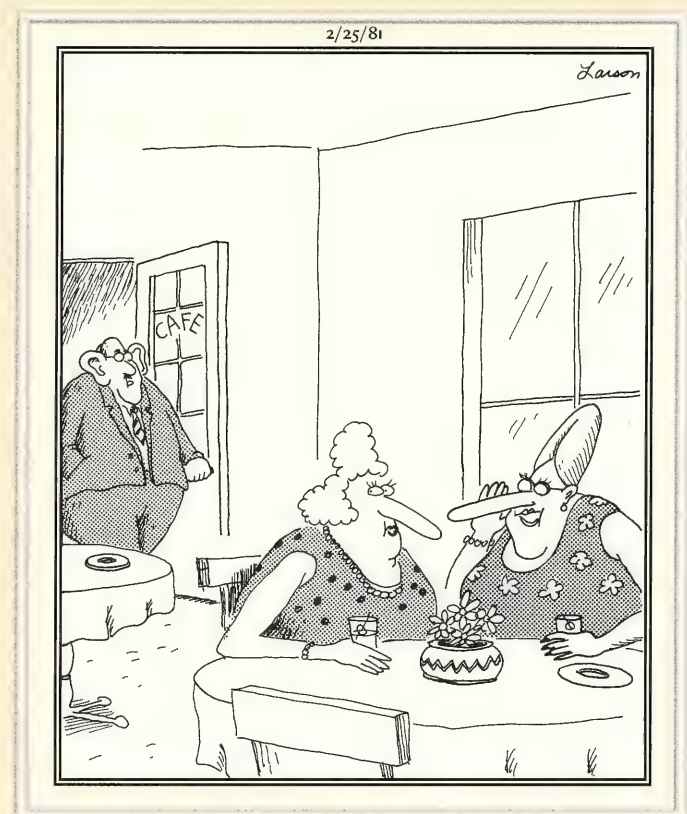


2/19/81



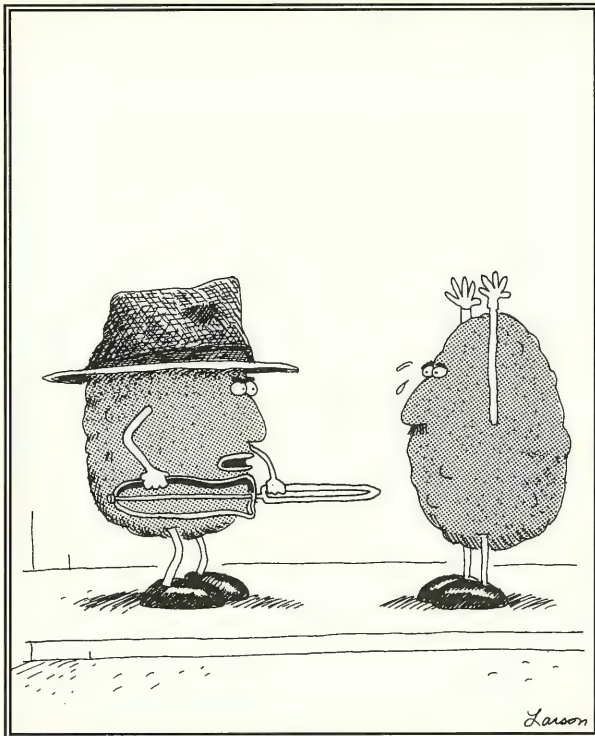


"Okay, Bob! Go! Go!"



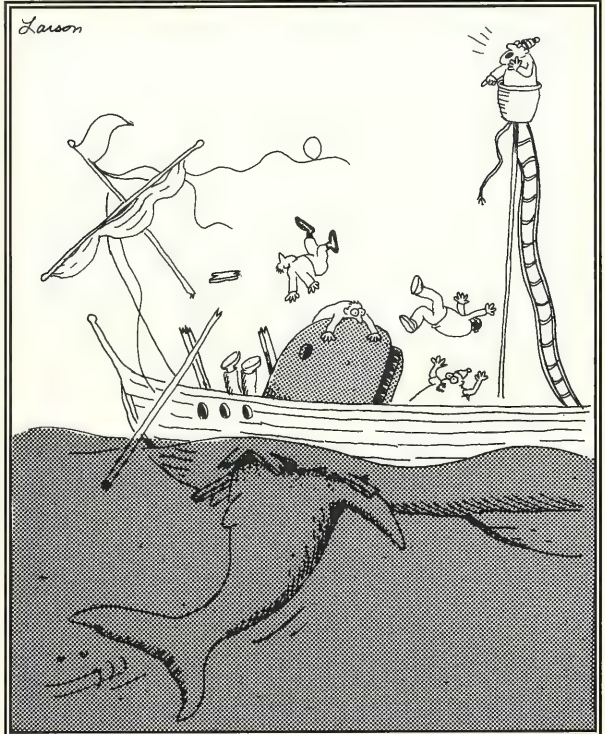
"Oh! Here he comes. ... Now, whatever you do, don't say anything about his ears."

2/26/81



"Get 'em up there!"

2/28/81



"THAAAAAAR SHE BLOOOOOOWS!"

2/23/81



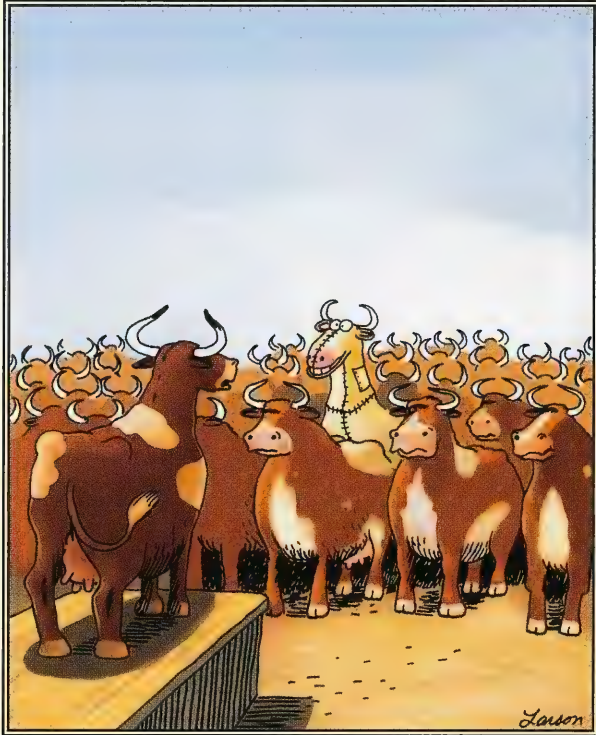
"And I'm not going to tell you again—
clean up your room!"

2/27/81



"We're here, Eric! Antarctica! ...
Bottom of the world!"

3/2/81



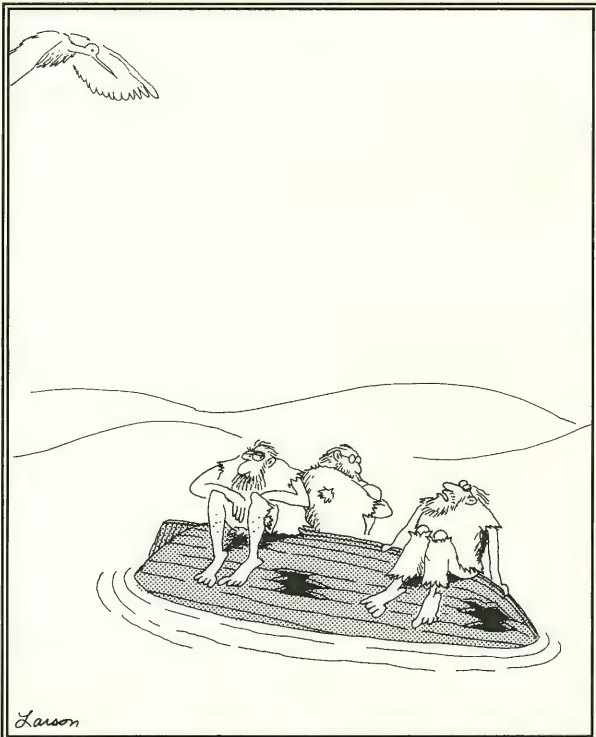
"The revolution has been postponed. ...
We've discovered a leak."

3/4/81



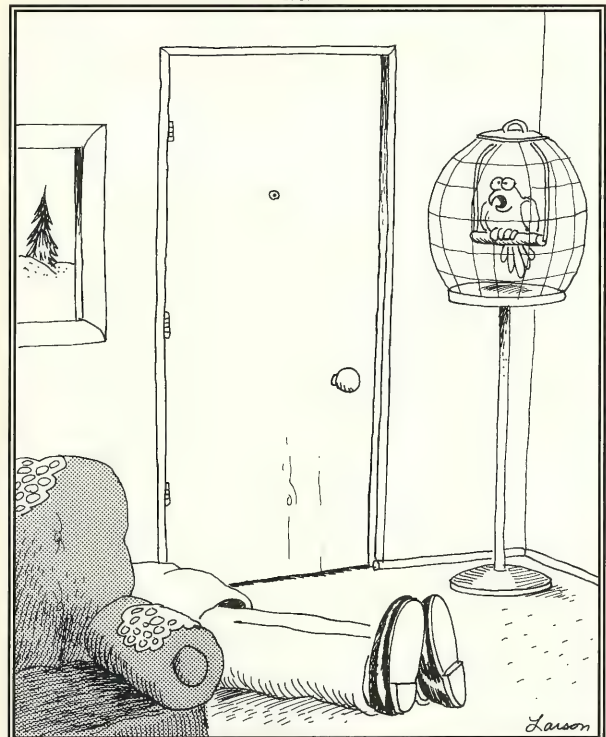
"Quick, Agnes! Look! ... There it is again!"

3/3/81

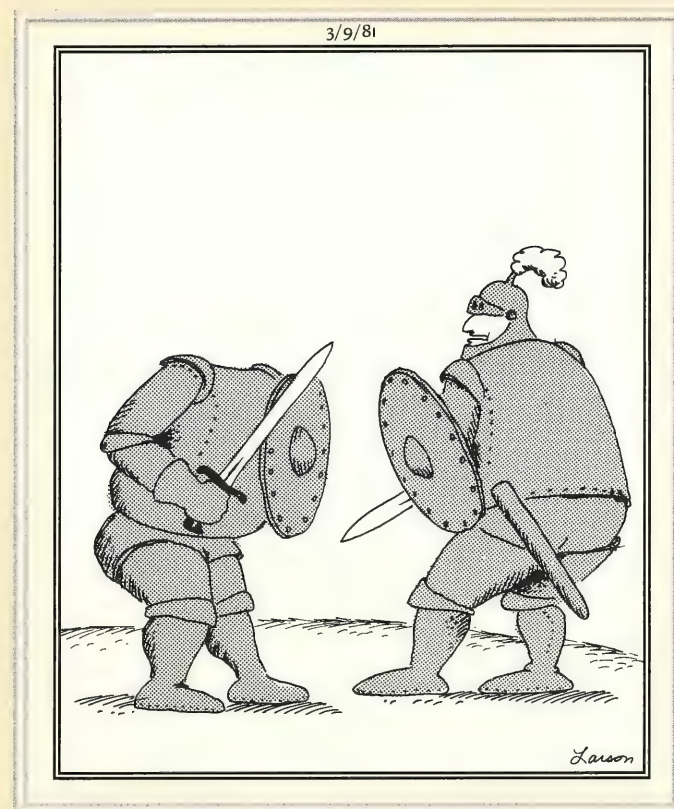
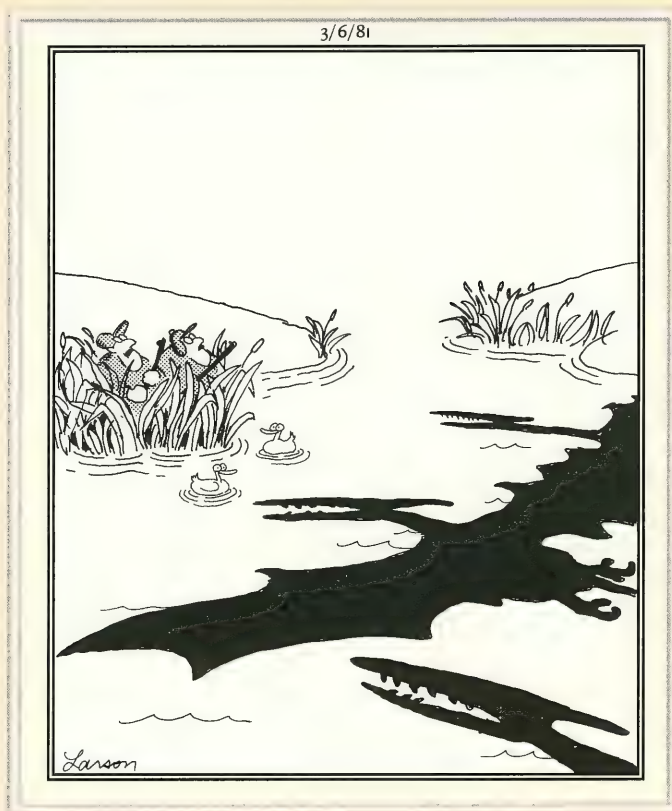


"Oh no! An albatross! ... Well, there
goes our luck."

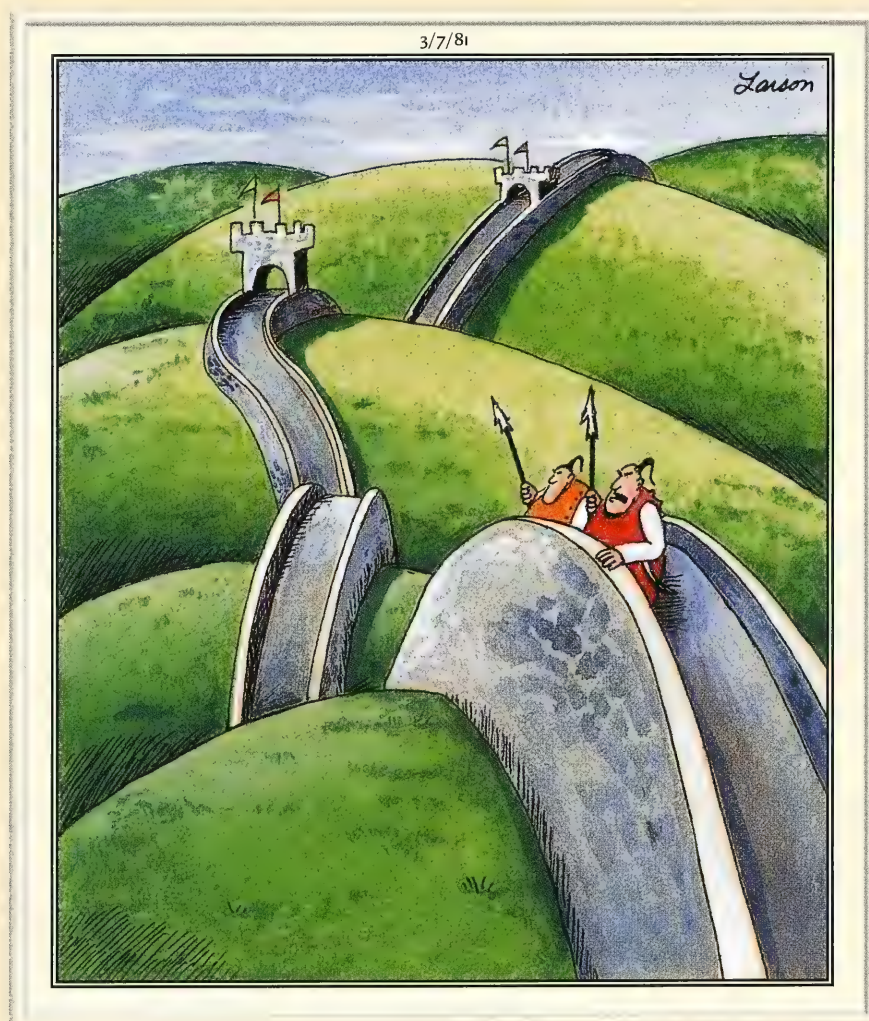
3/5/81



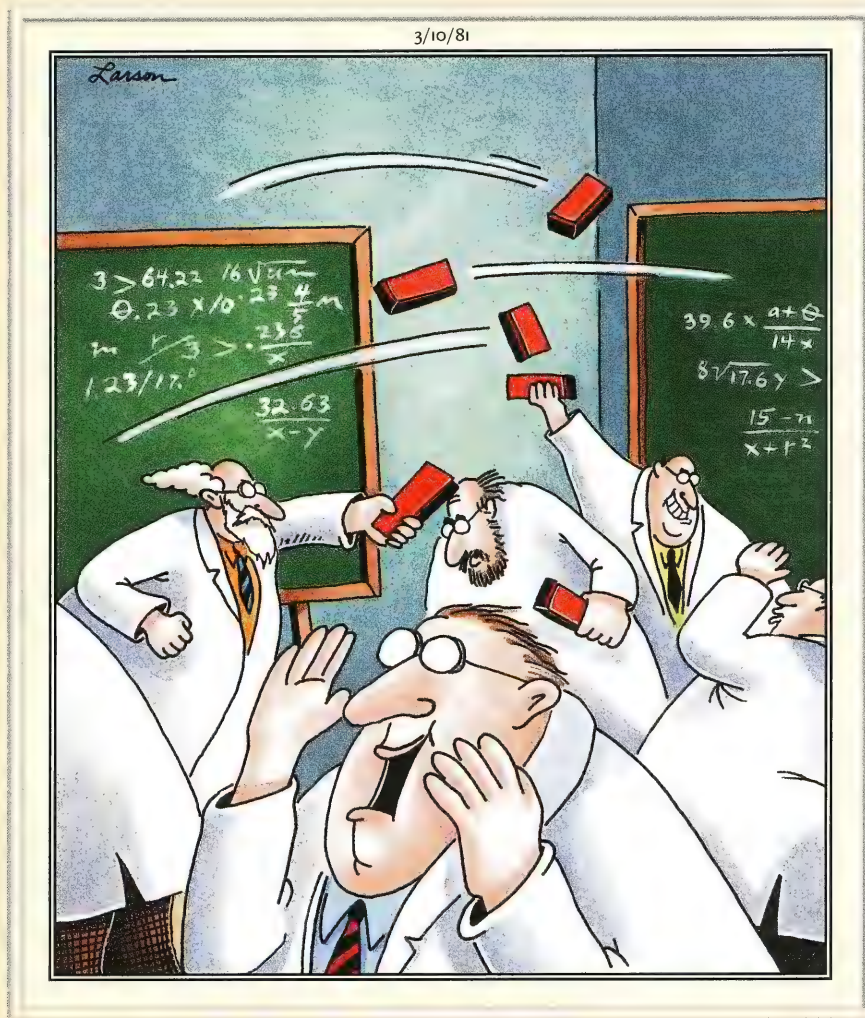
"Knock, knock, knock ... ding-dong,
ding-dong ... anybody home? ...
knock, knock, knock ..."



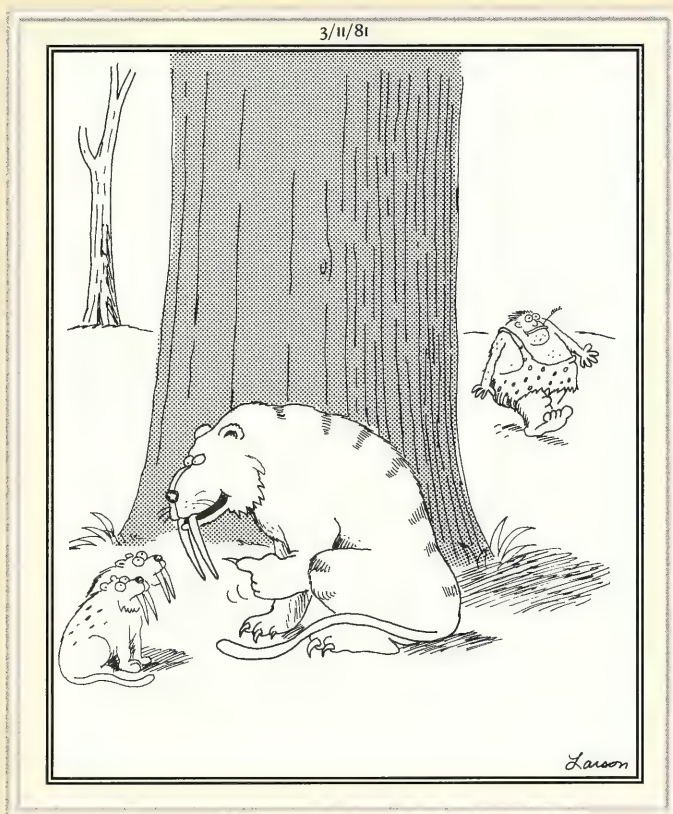
"Give up, Sir James. ... You've lost."



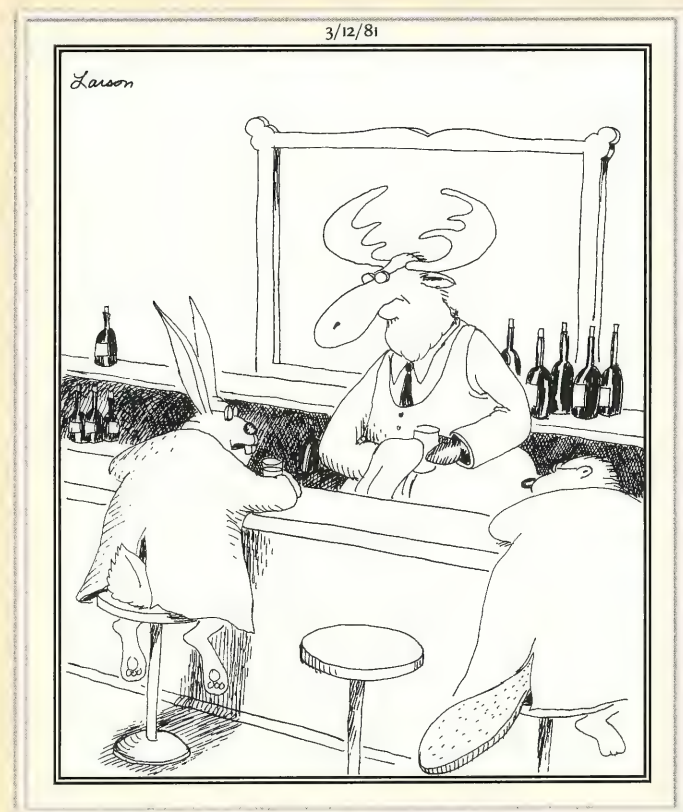
"Now we'll see if that dog can get in here!"



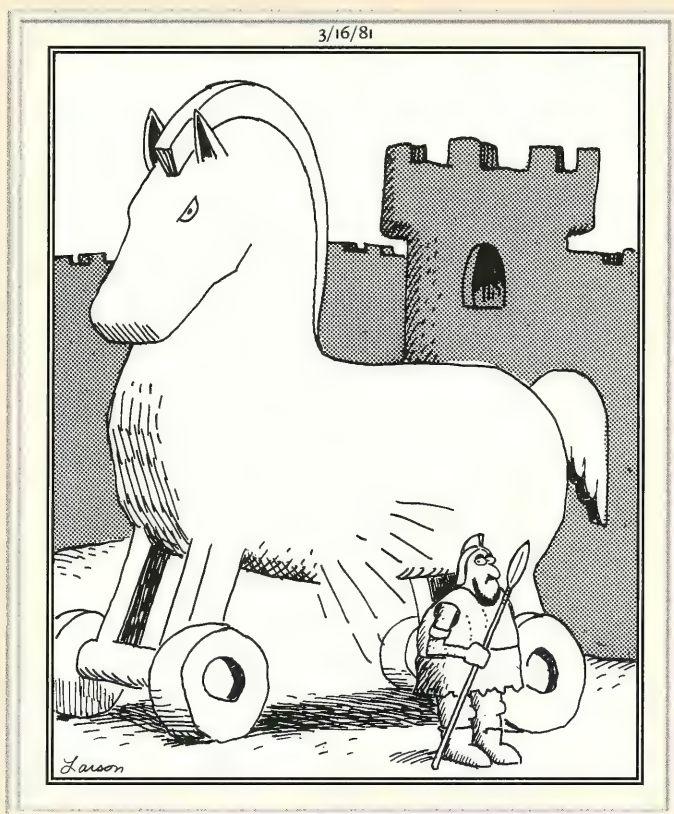
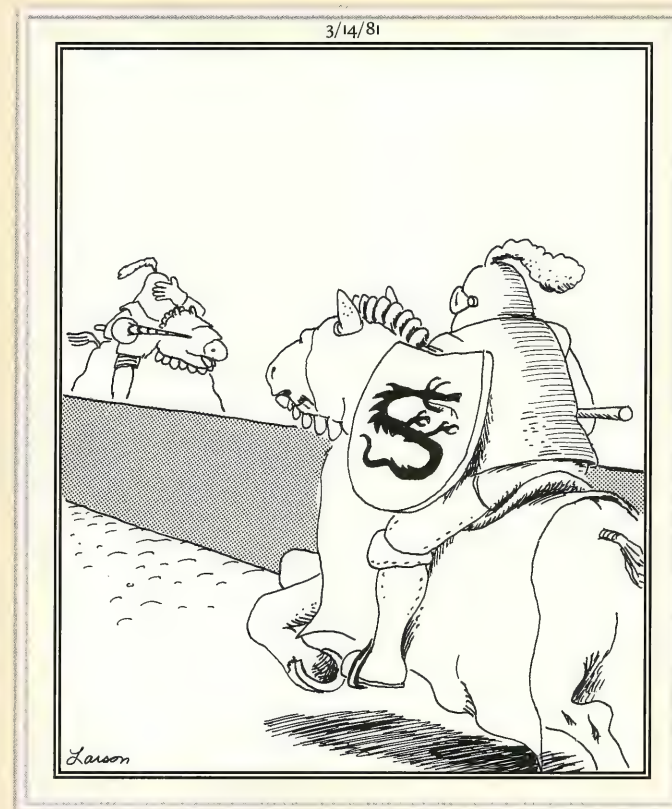
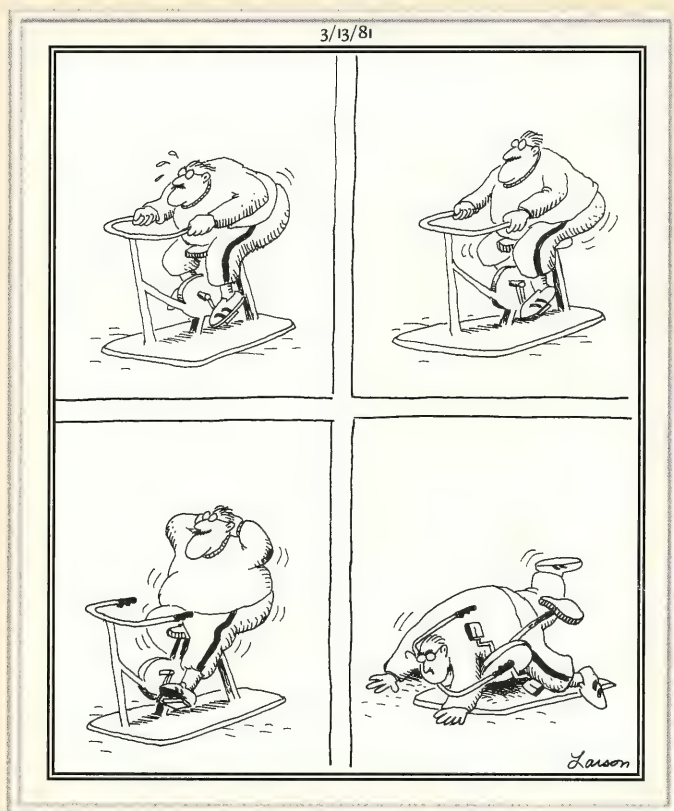
"Eraser fight!!"



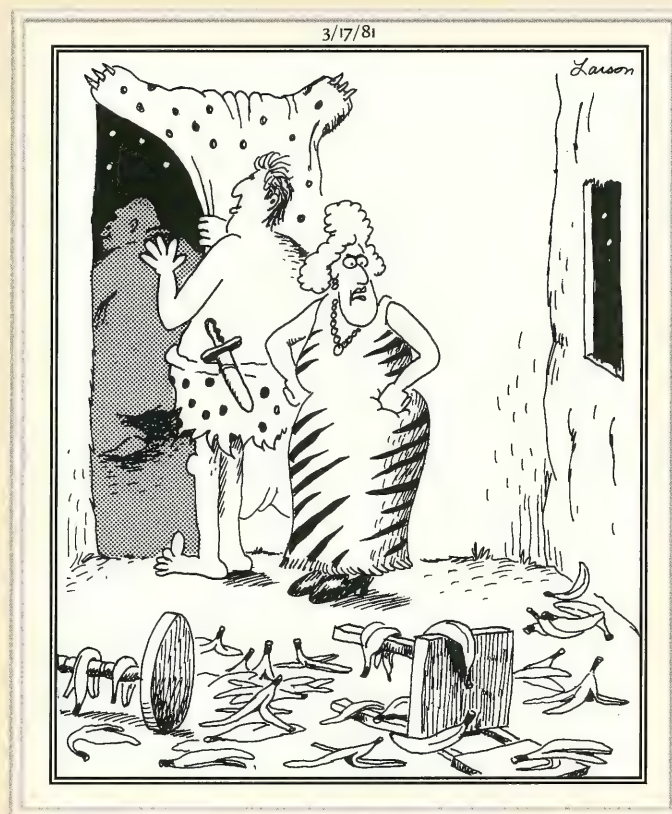
"And now for today's lesson. ... You've probably been wondering what *these* are for."



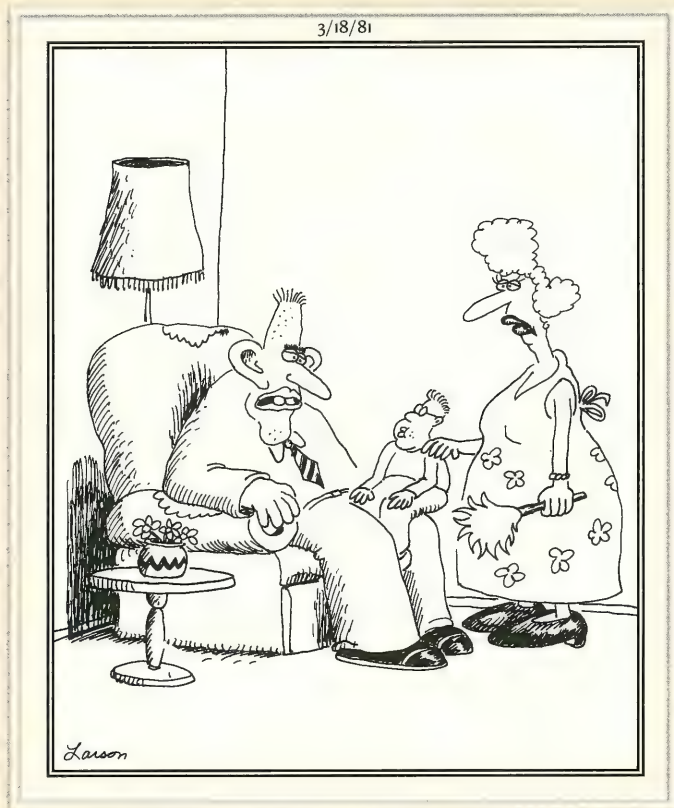
"Listen—if you think you got it rough, you should try *my* child-support payments."



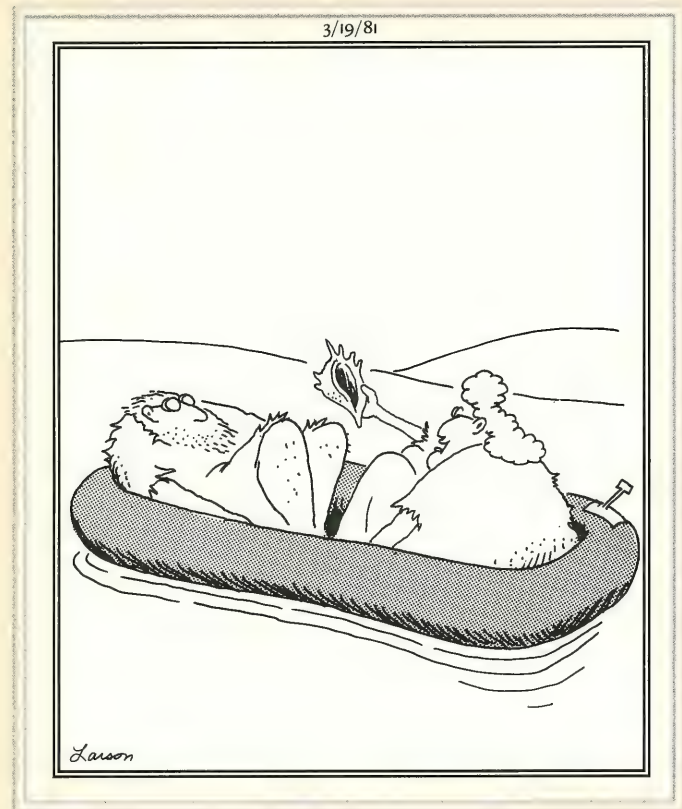
"You should have thought of that earlier, Cornelius. ... You're just going to have to hold it until nightfall."



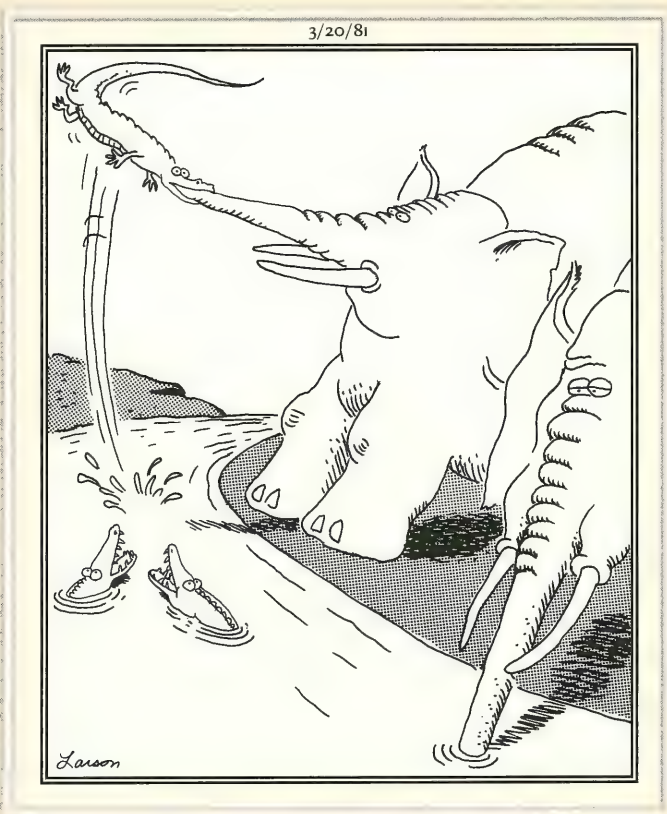
"Well, that's the last of 'em ... but just look at this place!"



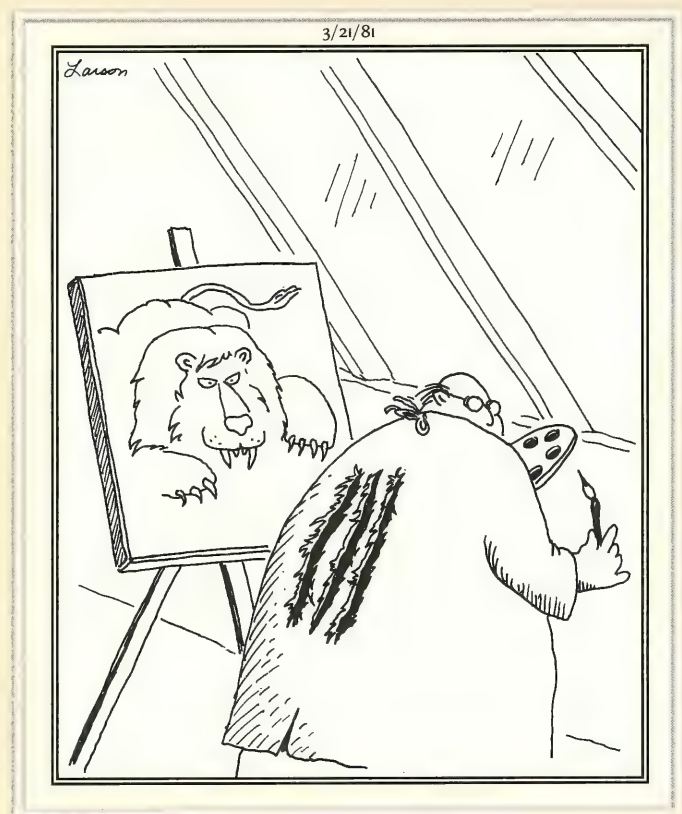
"This may be hard, son, but your mother and I agreed it was time you were told the truth. ... You were adopted."

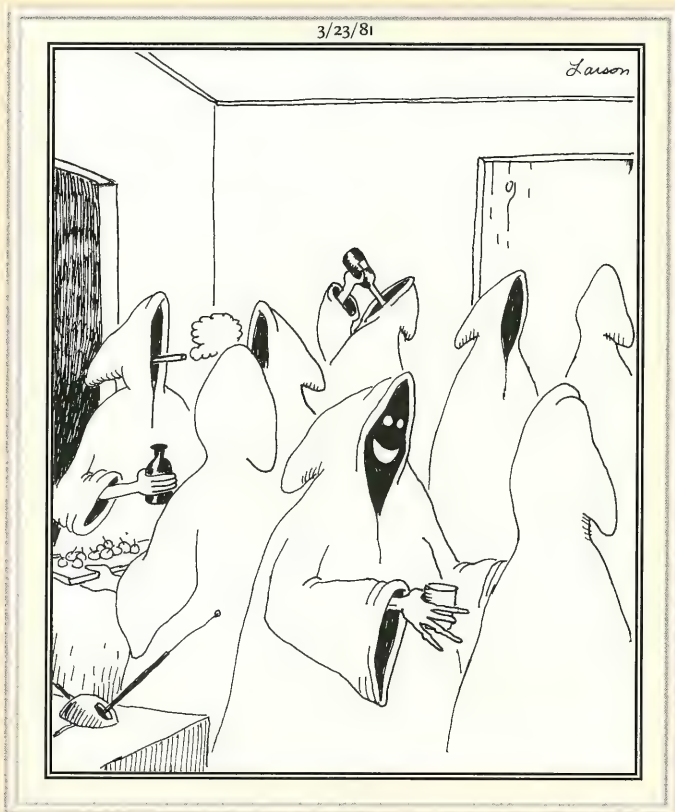


"Andrew! Listen! ... You can hear the ocean!"

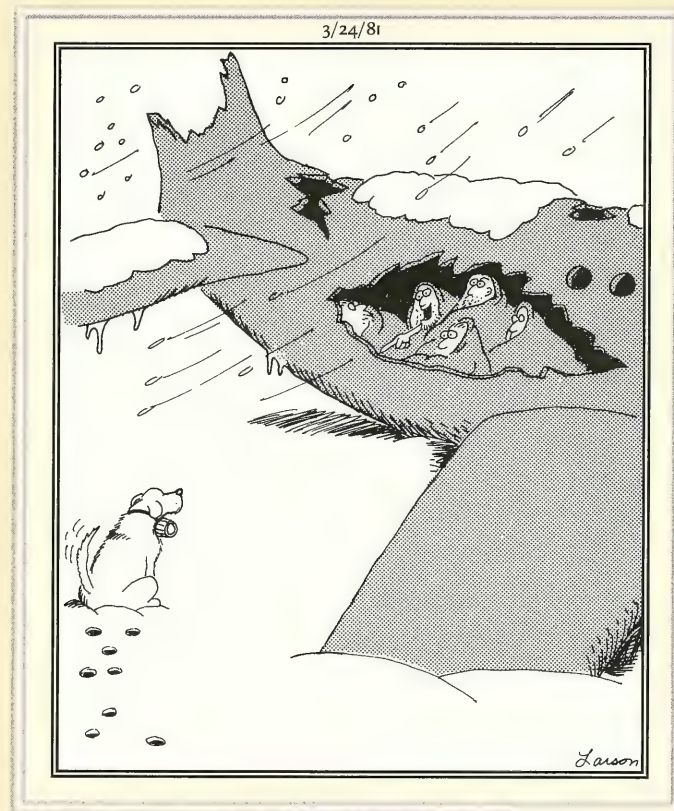


"Hang on, Bernard! You've got him! ... Give him slack!"

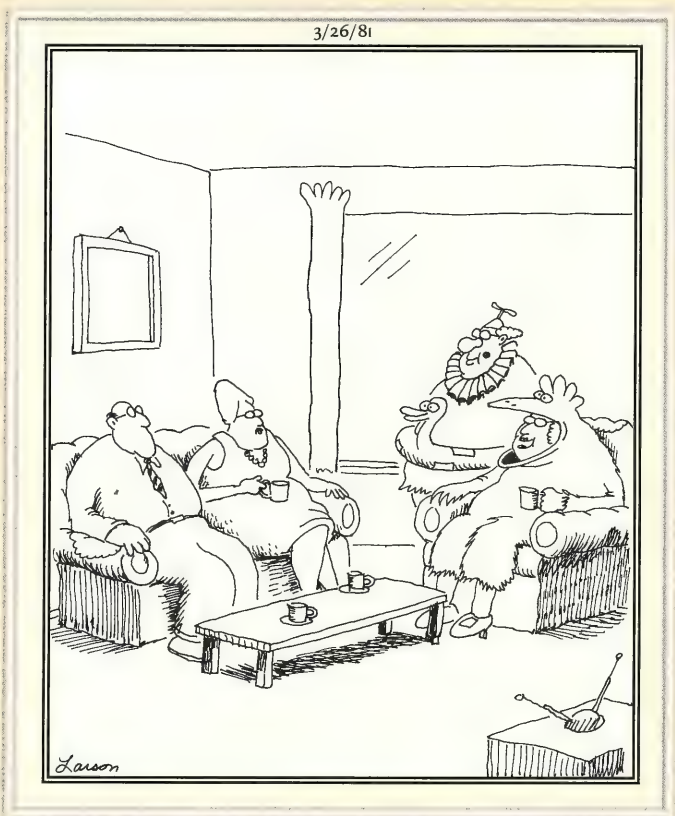




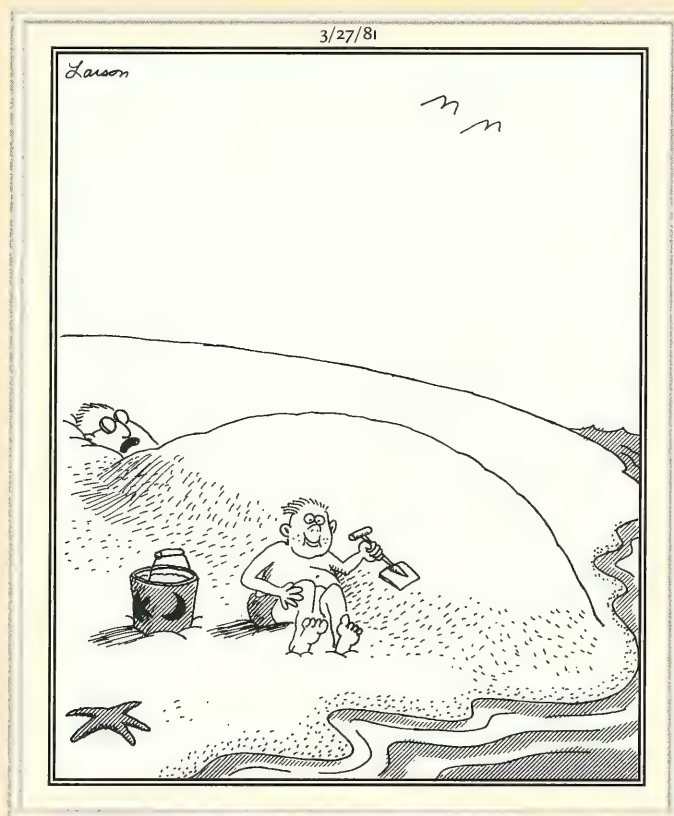
"Hey, Bob! So how's death been treating you?"



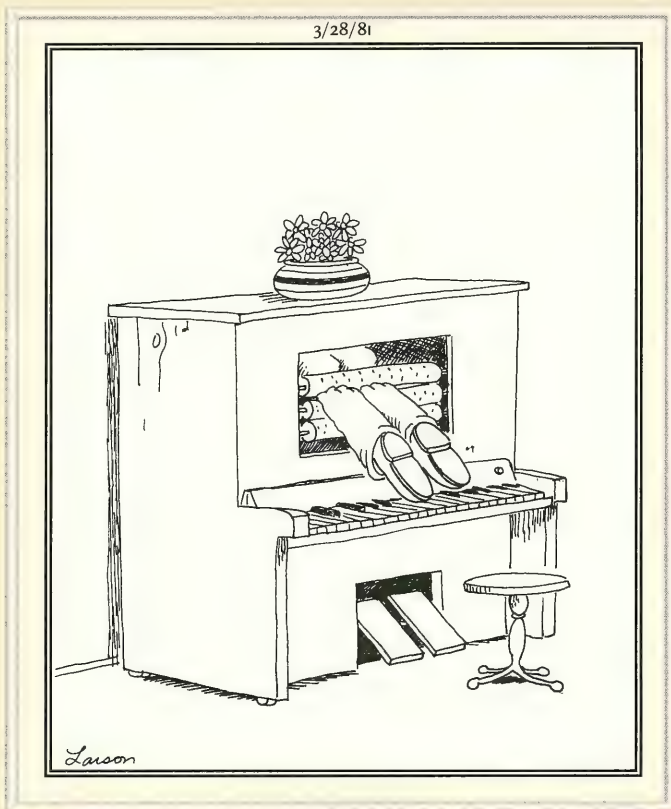
"FOOD!"



"So then Carl says to me, 'Look—let's invite over the new neighbors and check 'em out.'"



"Okay, Billy. ... Tide's coming in now. ... Dig me out, Billy. ... Billy, I don't want to get angry. ..."



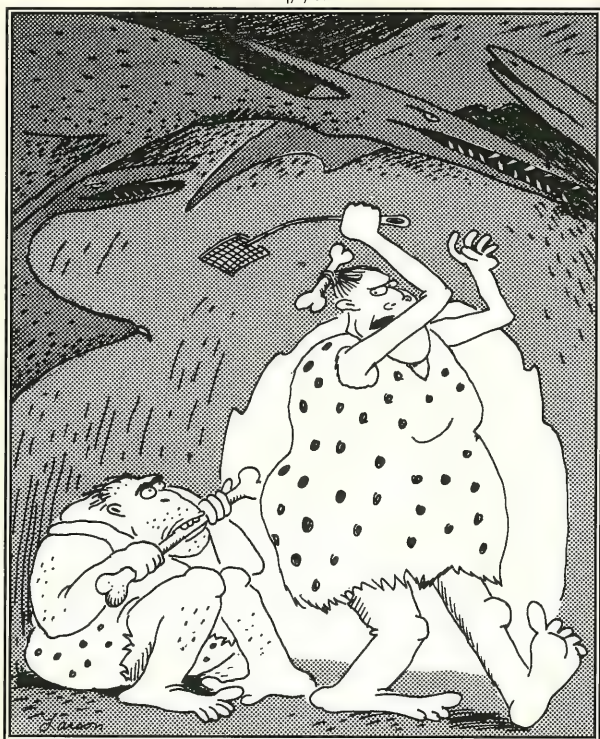
"And now we'll see if it attacks its own reflection."



"You heard me, Simmons! You get that cursed bugle fixed!"



4/1/81

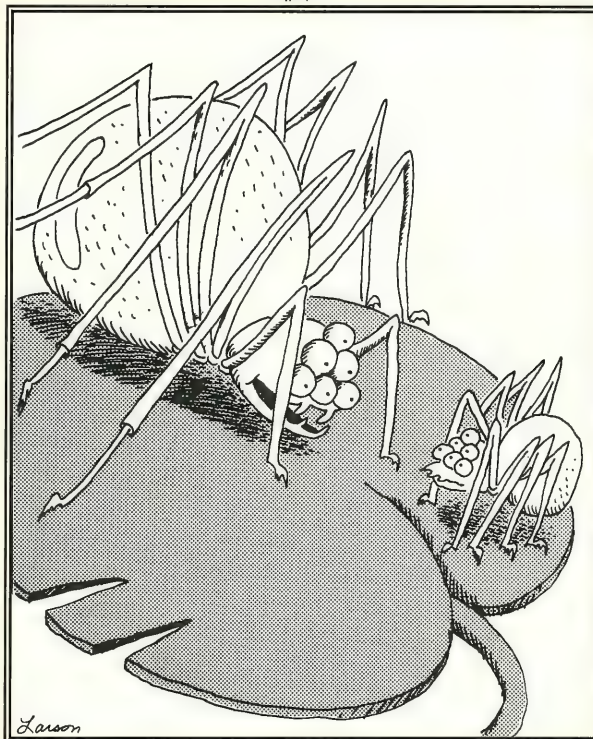


"Curse you, Zog! I've told you a hundred times to get them screens up!"

4/4/81

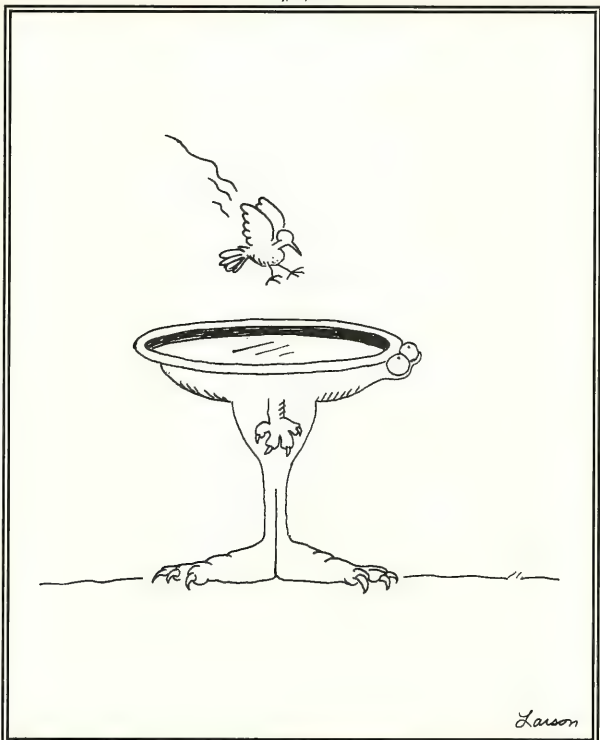


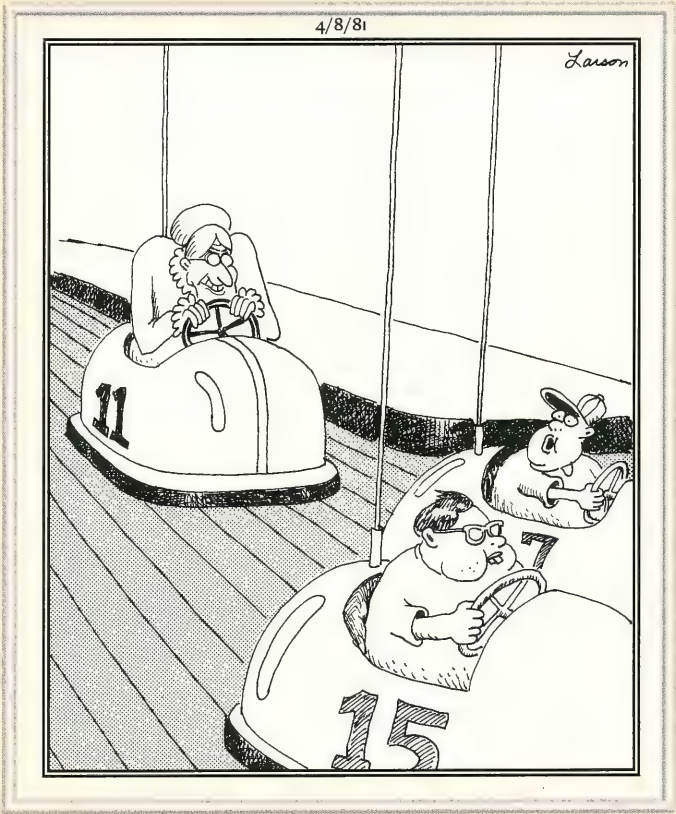
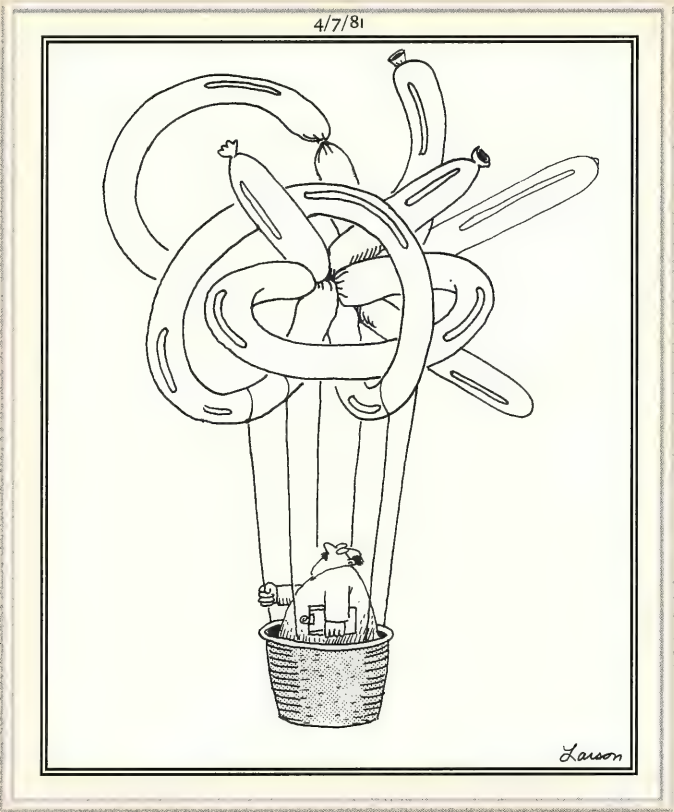
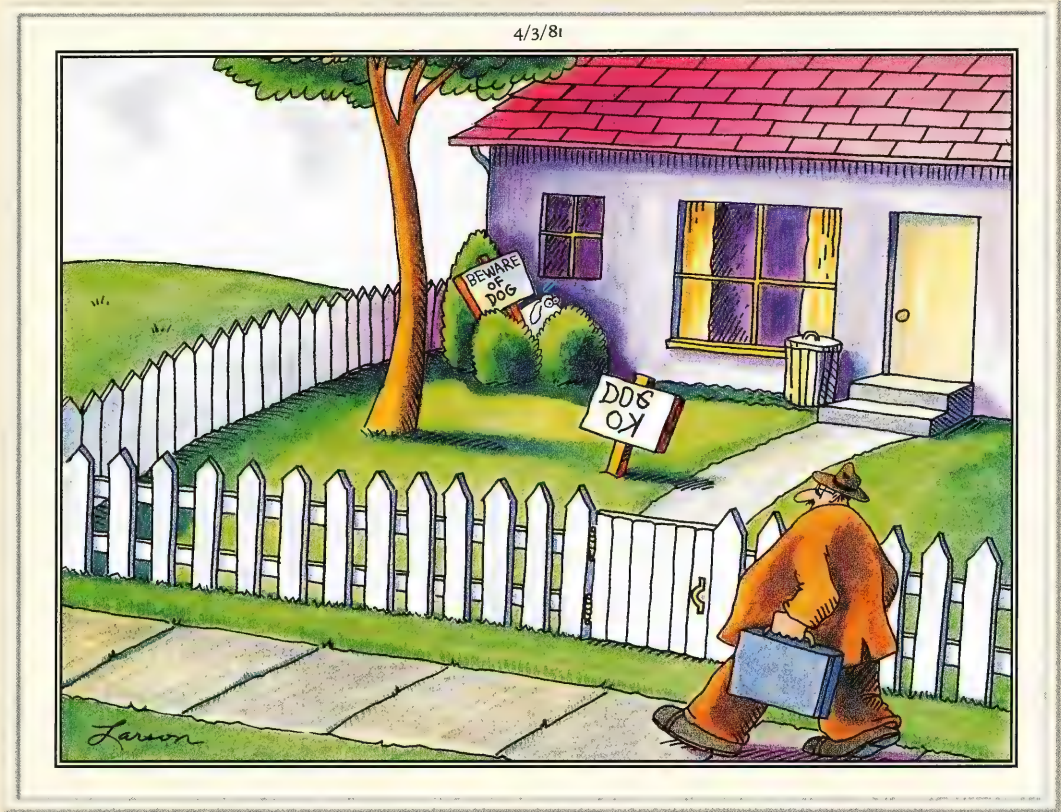
4/2/81



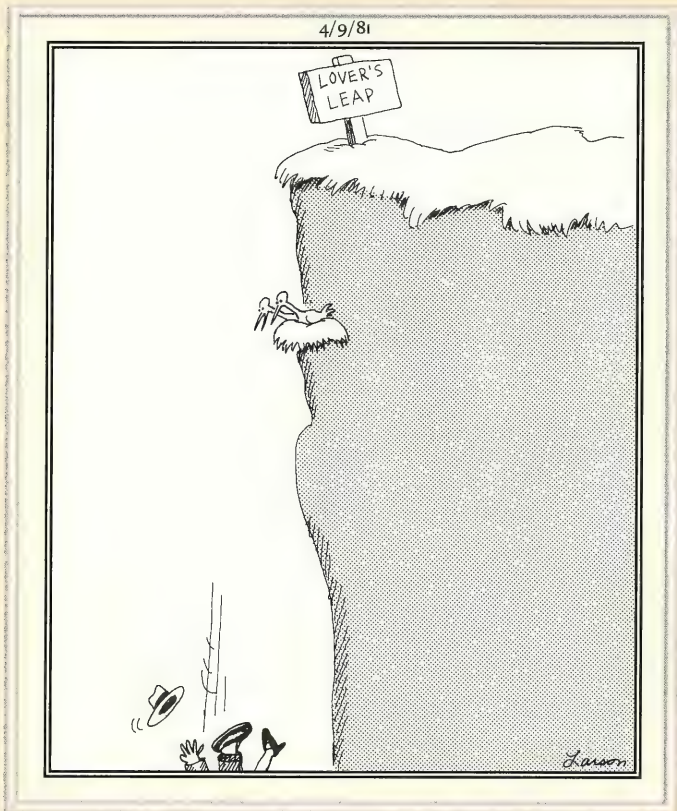
"Of course, that was back in the days when you were just a twinkle in your father's eyes."

4/6/81

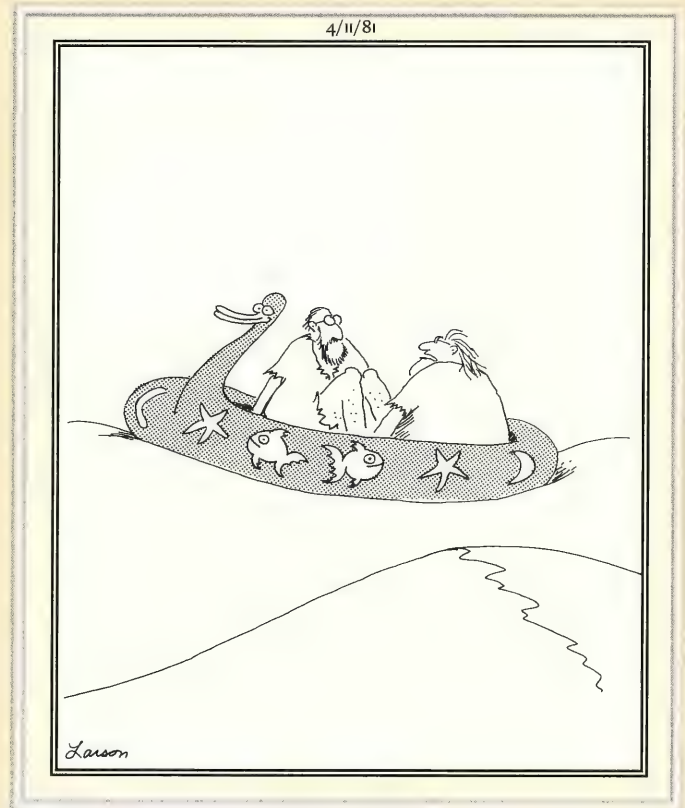




"Watch it, Randy! ... She's on your case!"



"There they go again ... leaving the nest too early."



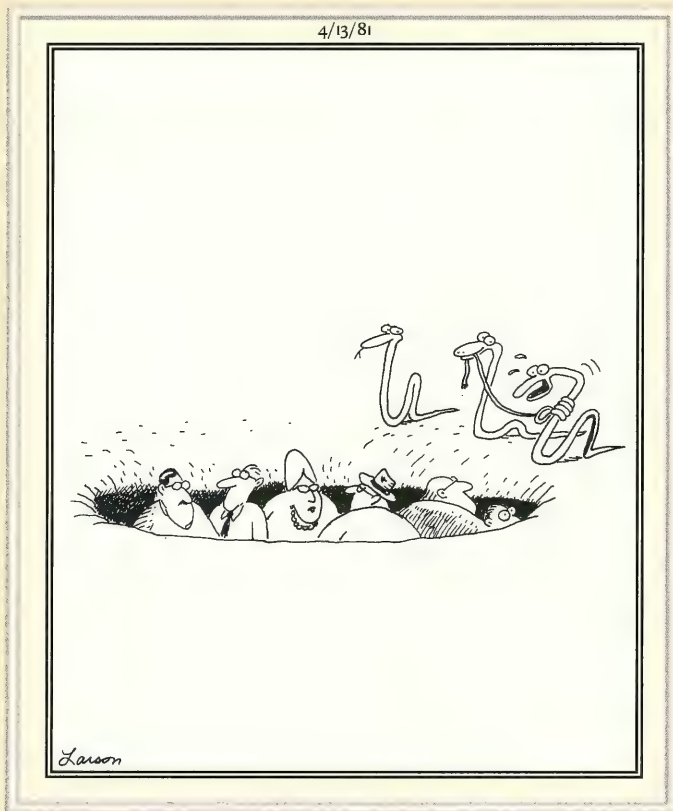
"Seven days at sea ... but thank God no one's seen us yet."



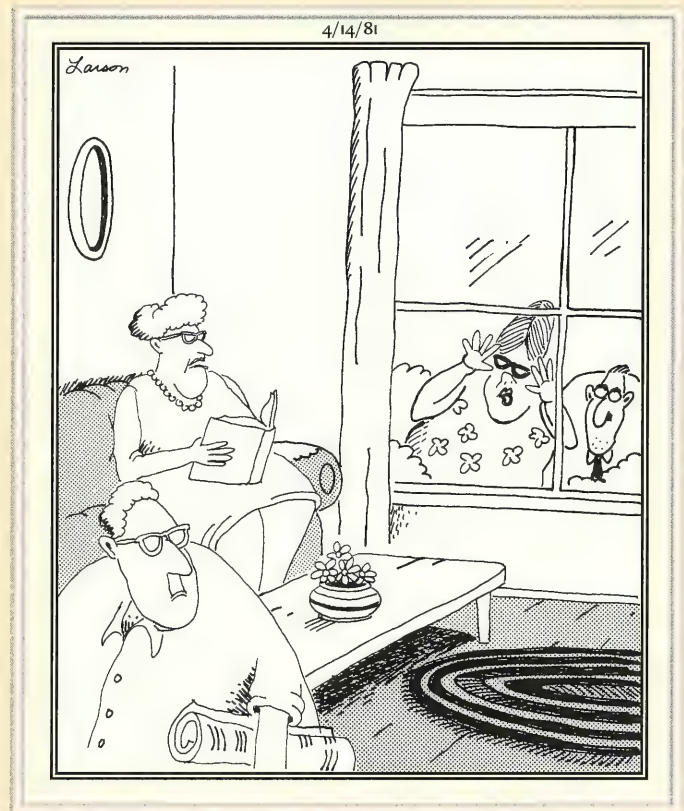
"Of course, living in an all-glass house has its disadvantages ... but you should see the birds smack it."



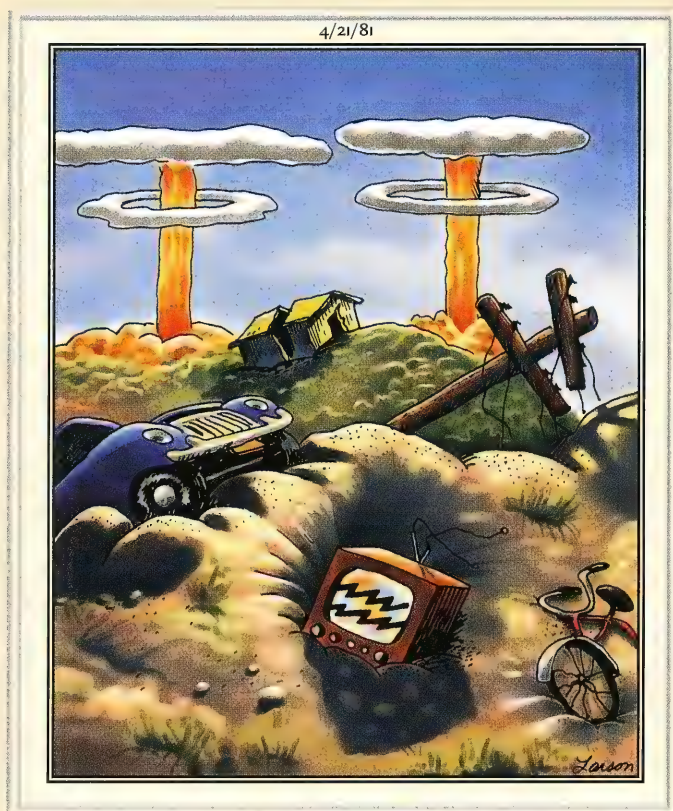
"Go get 'em, brother."



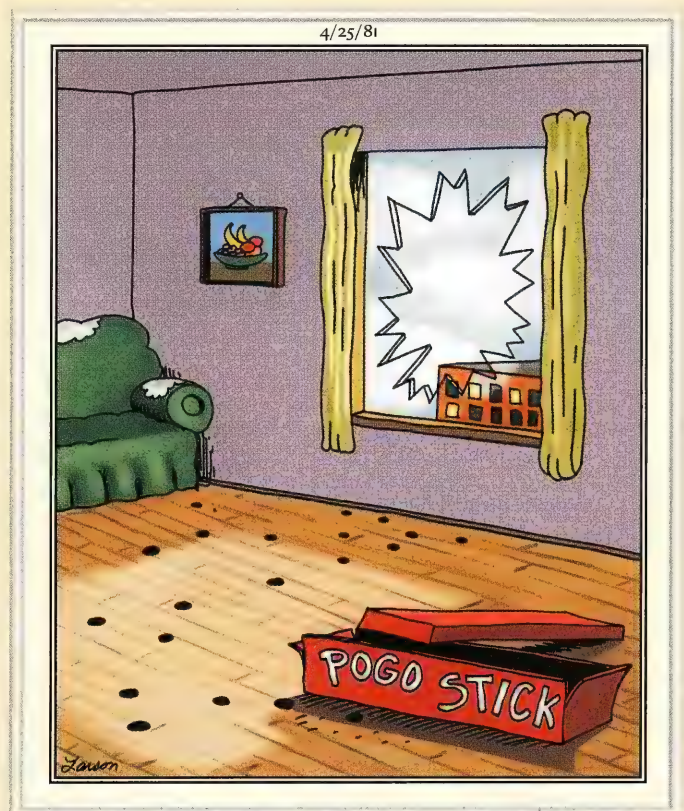
"No! No! Not that! Not *the* pit!"



"Uh-oh, Warren. ... The Williamses are checking us out again."

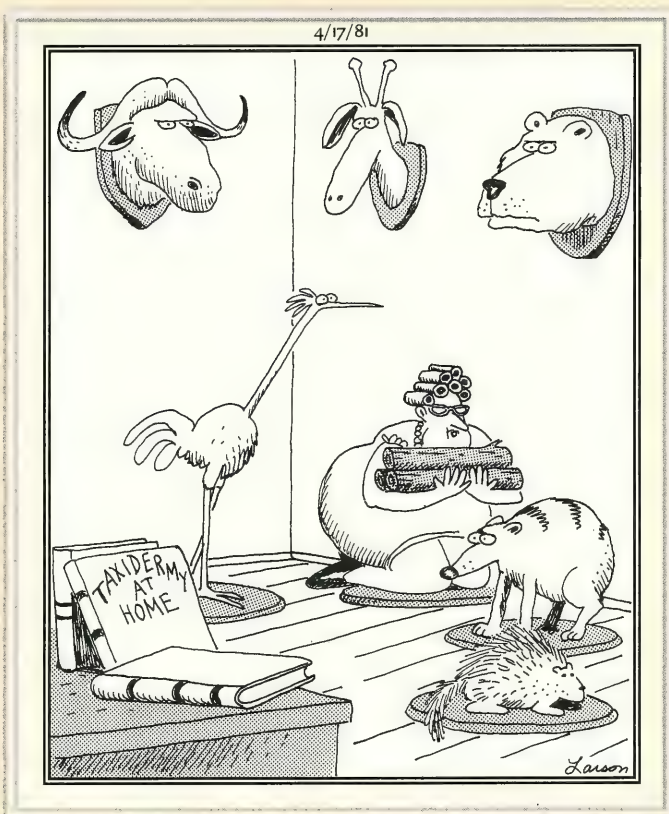


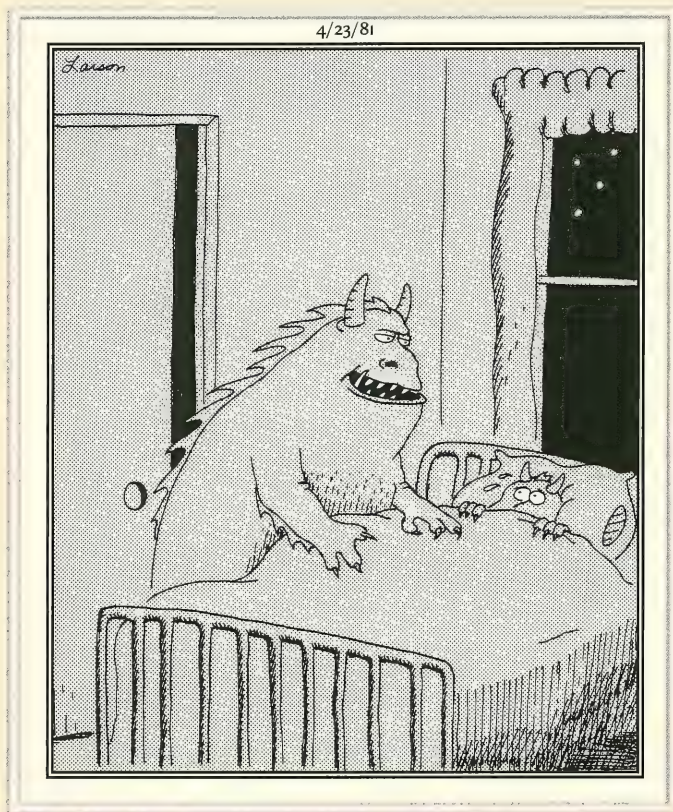
"This is a test. For the next thirty seconds, this station will conduct a test of the emergency broadcast system ..."



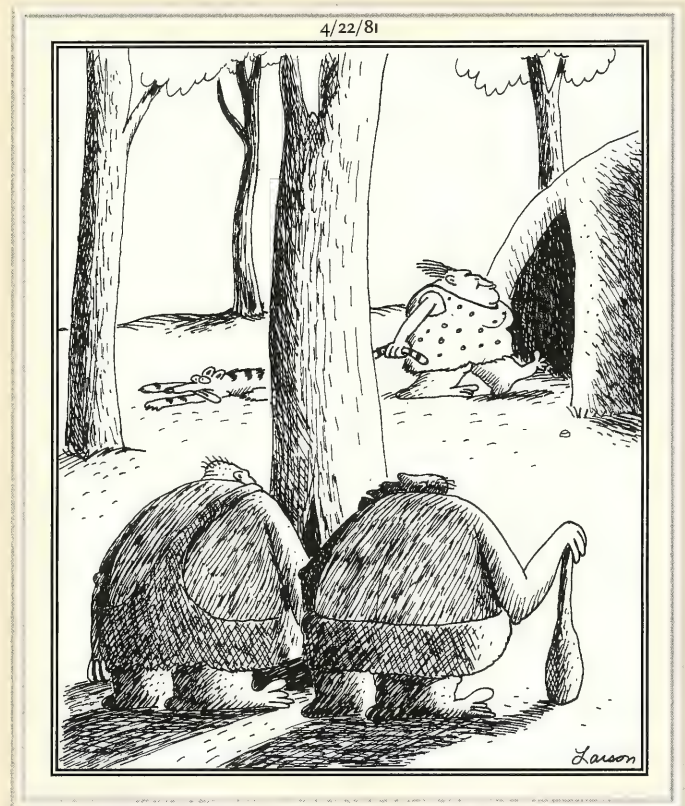


"Well, I guess that explains the abdominal pains."

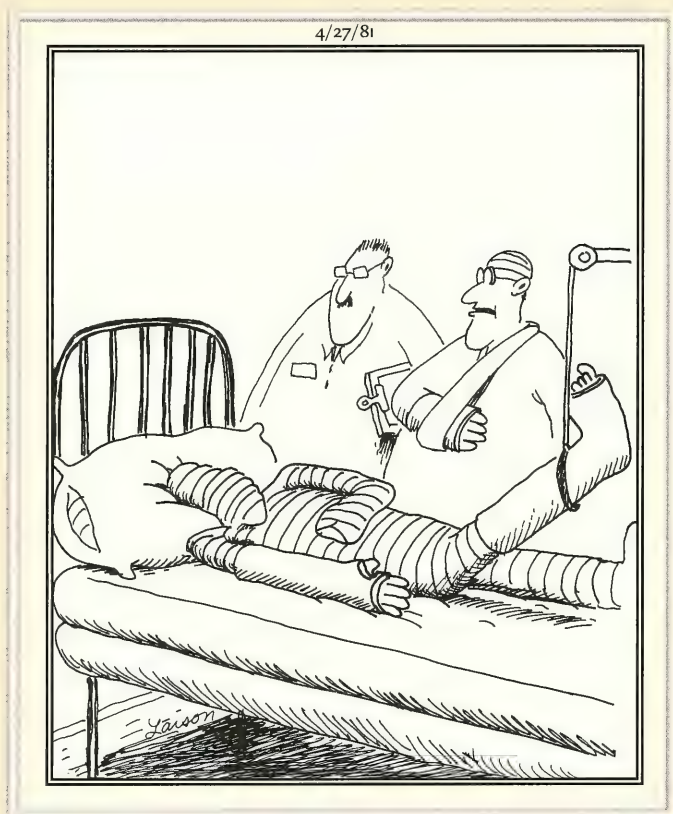




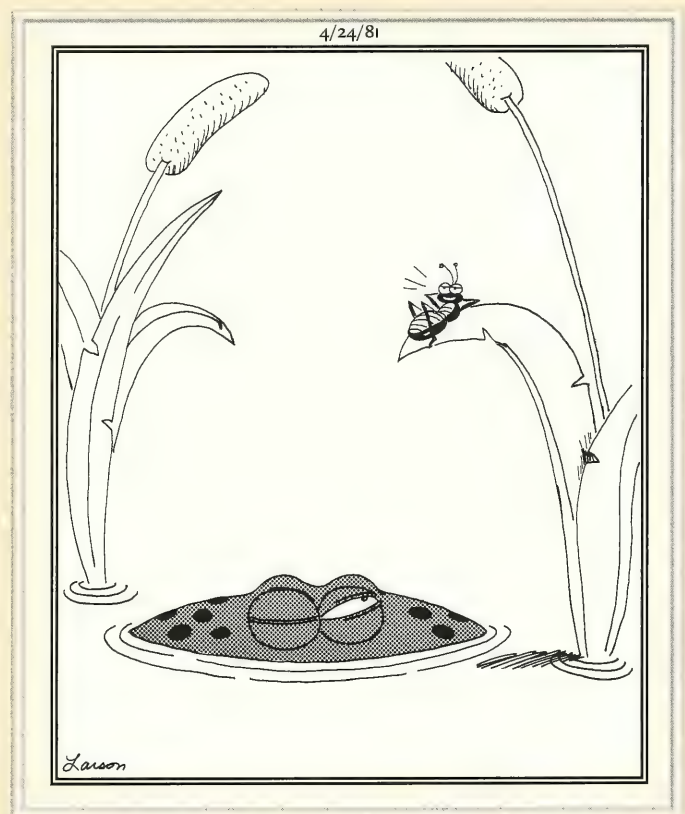
"Now, close your eyes and go back to sleep, honey. ... There's nothing in your closet."



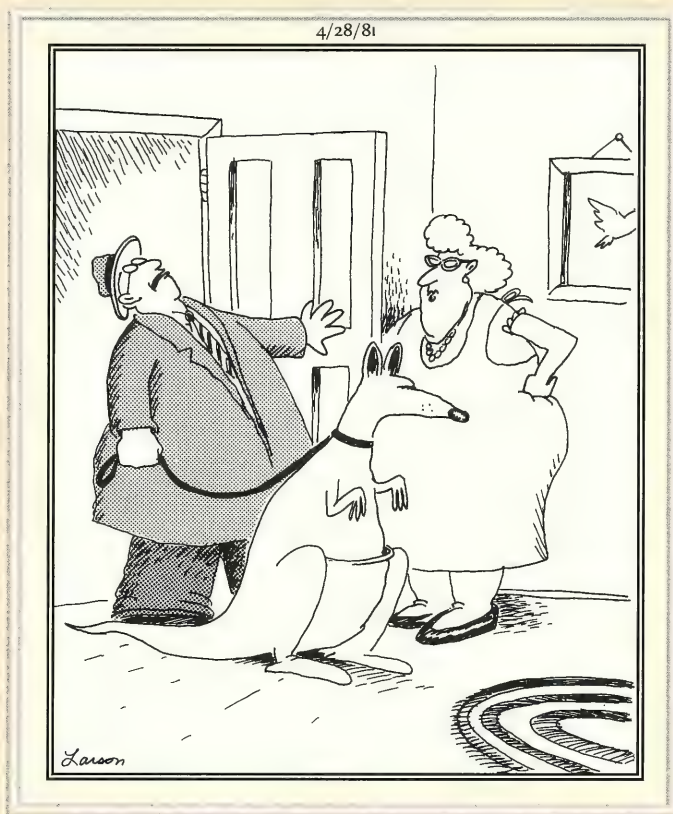
"Remember, Thag, approach her carefully. If she doesn't recognize your courtship behavior, she might eat you."



"So there he was—this big gorilla just lying there. And Jim here says, 'Do you suppose it's dead or just asleep?'"



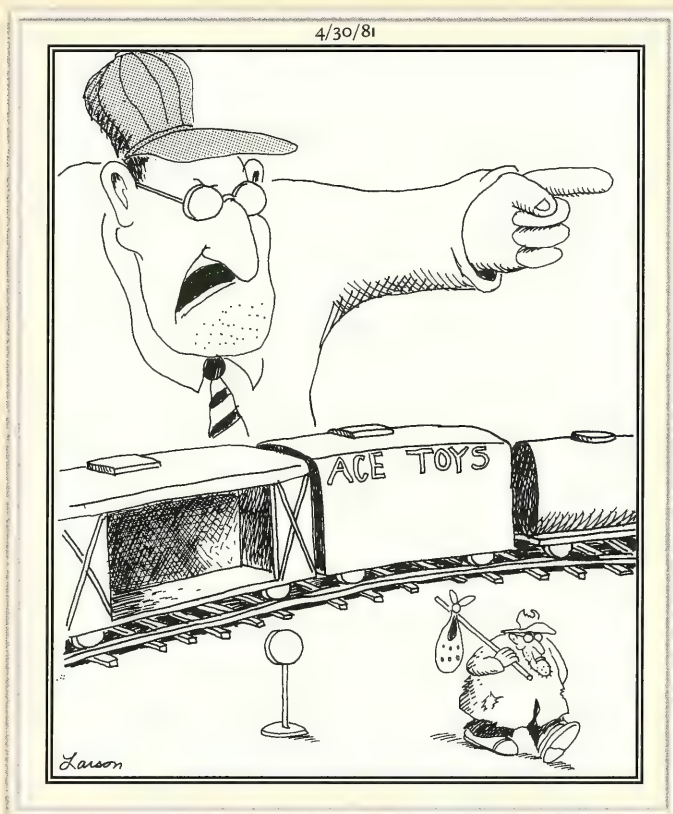
"Ahhhh ... life!"



"Florence! It's my neck again! ...
I can't move it!"



"And you should definitely stay away from
short blondes and tall buildings."



"And stay off!"

4-30-81

Editor
Los Angeles Times
Times Mirror Square
Los Angeles, CA

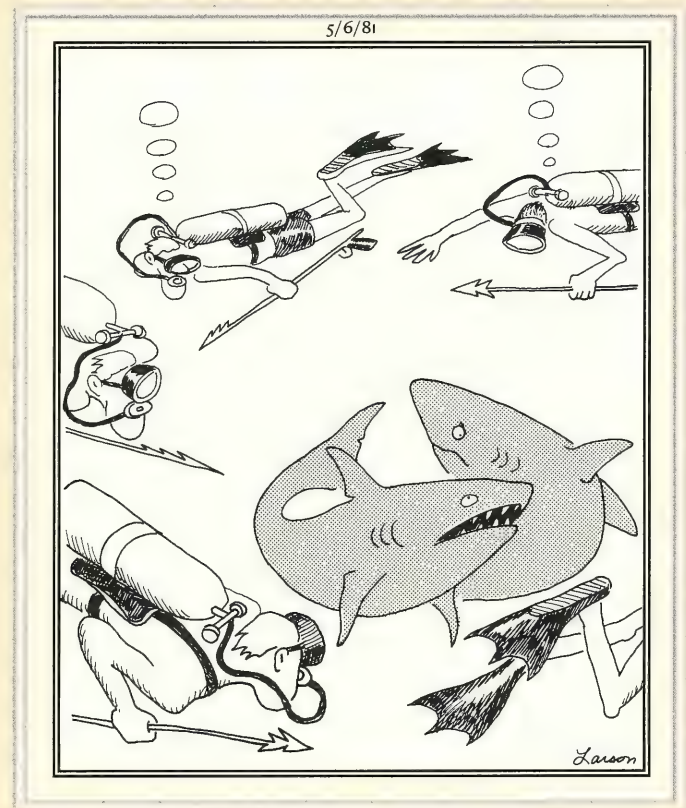
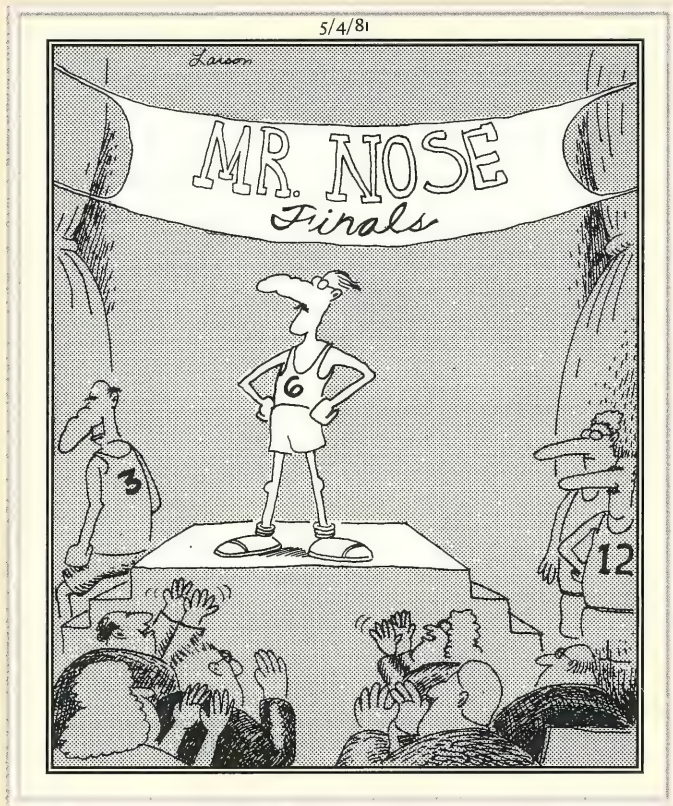
Sirs:

I must register strong exception to your cartoon
"The Far Side" by Gary Larson in today's paper.

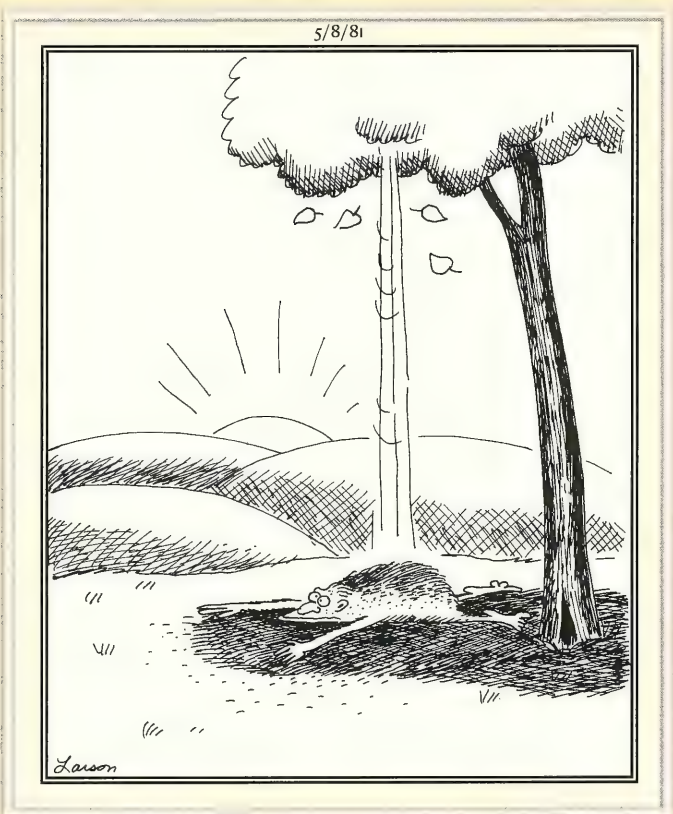
Being an old railroader and model railroad fan for
longer than I care to admit I must inform you and Gary
Larson that no model railroader in his right mind would
force a perfectly sculptured "bum" from his railroad
"layout".

A model railroader seeks perfection in his miniature
world. A miniature creature would be welcomed as heartily
as the perfect switch or a track that never gets greasy.
His only complaint would be if the "bum" was
"out of scale."

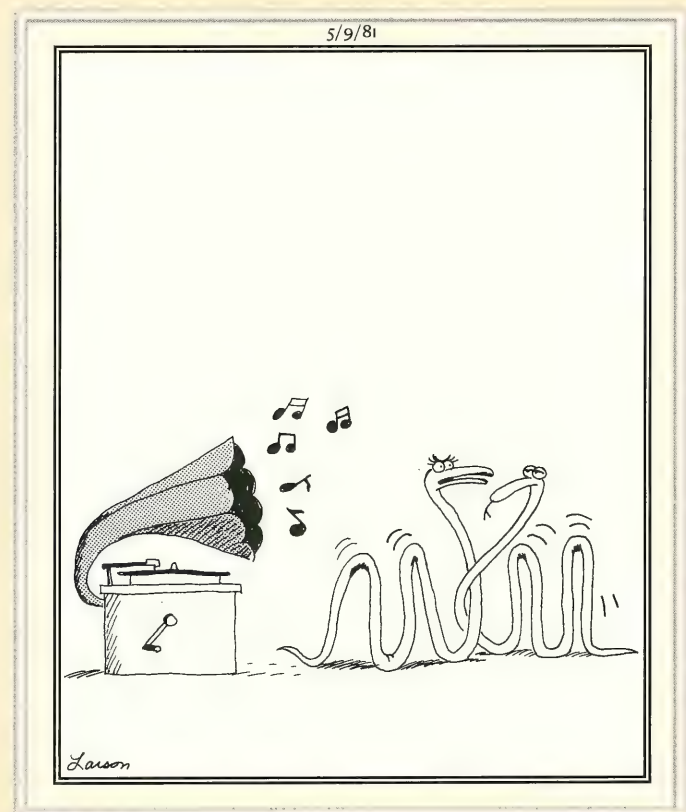
HOn3 forever,
Howard Decker



"Just stay calm and don't make any erratic movements."

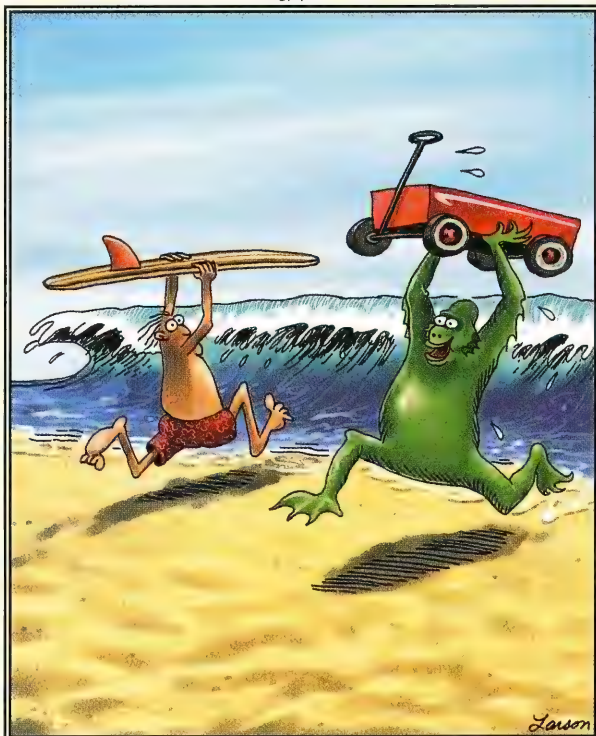


The Dawn of Man

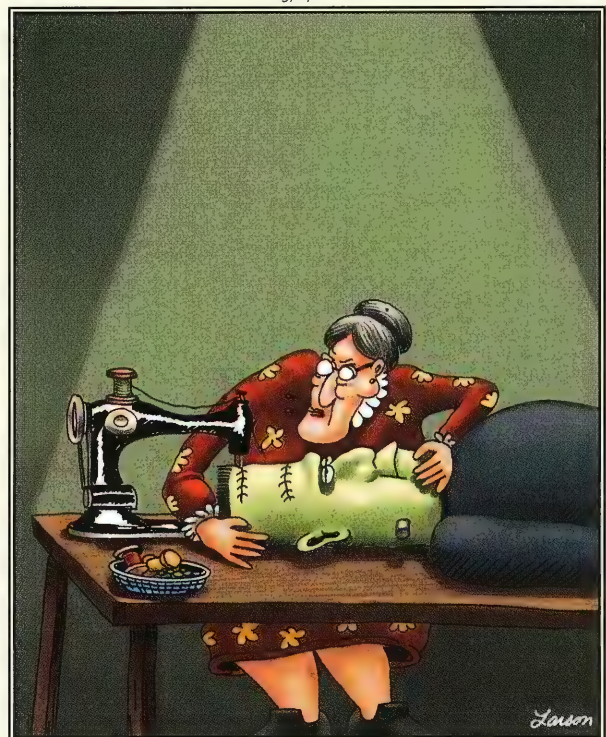


"Now follow me. Step, step, slither, step ... step, step, slither, step ..."

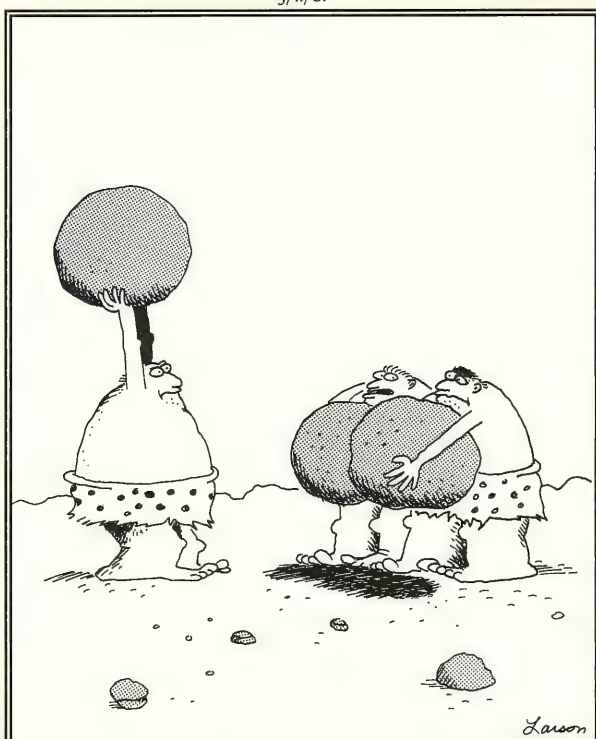
5/1/81



5/2/81

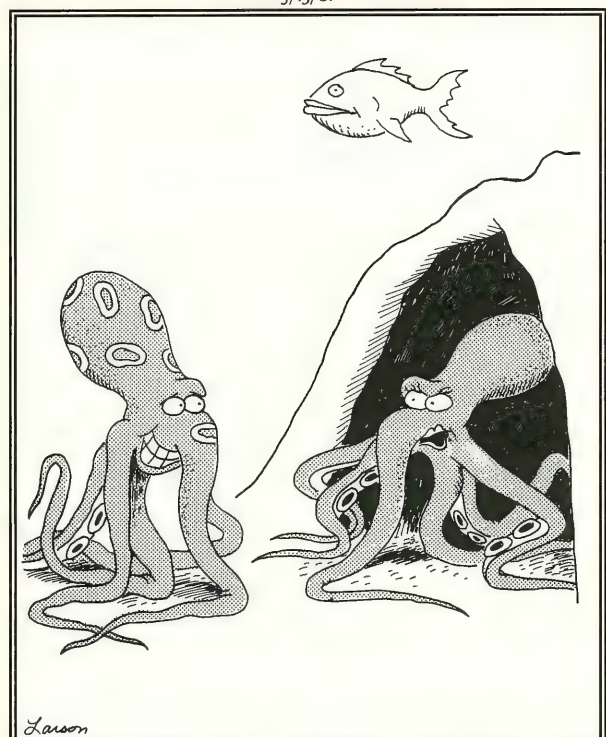


5/11/81



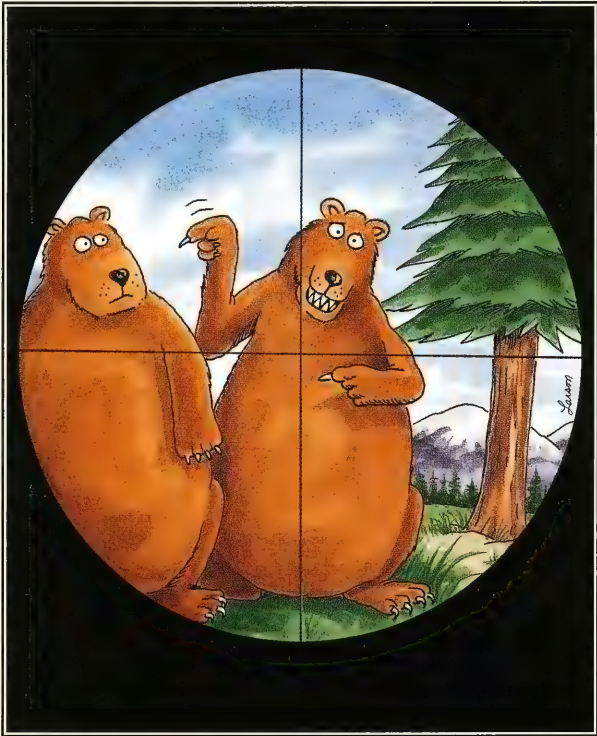
"We better do as he says, Thag. ...
He's got the drop on us."

5/13/81



"Oh, yeah? ... And I suppose you got those
suction marks at the meeting, too!"

5/5/81



5/7/81



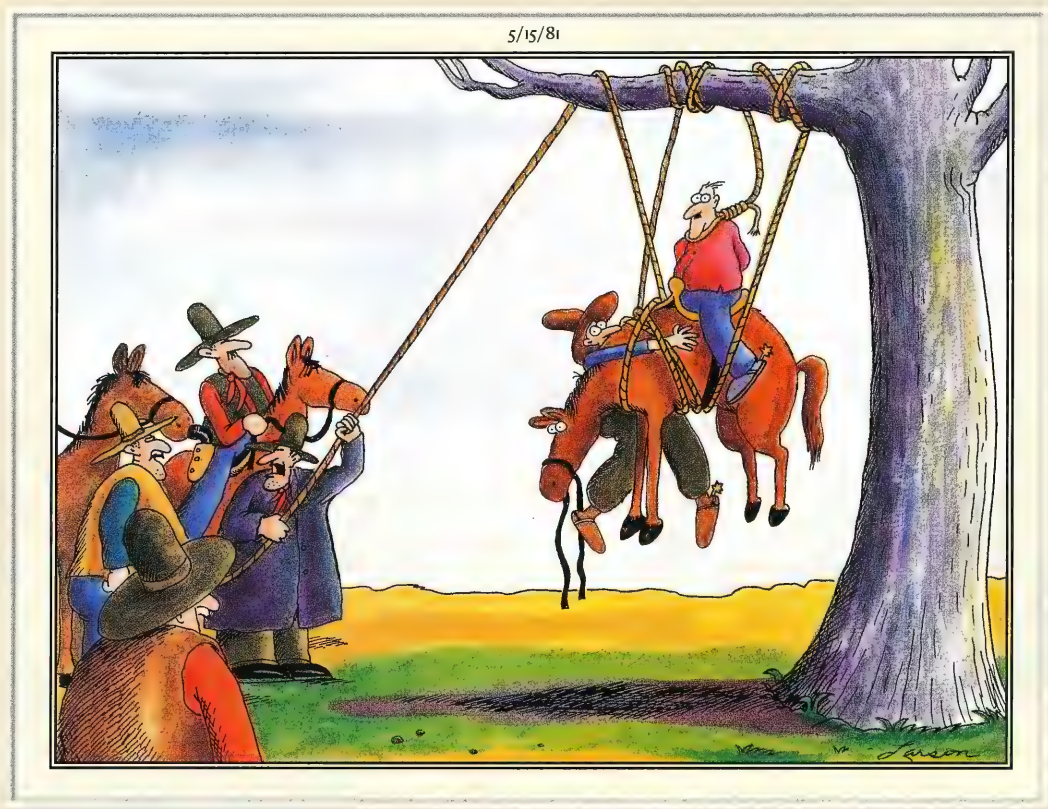
5/12/81



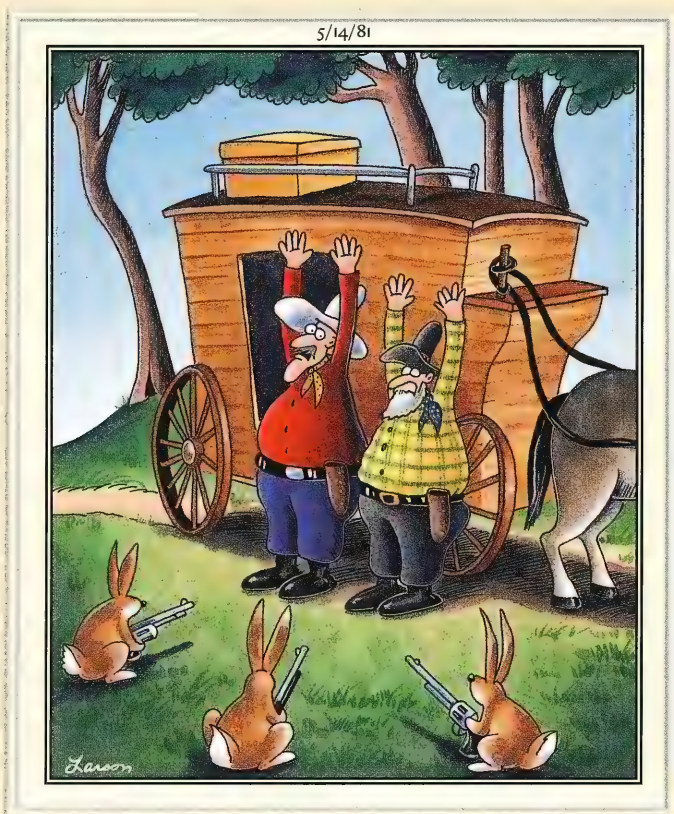
5/19/81



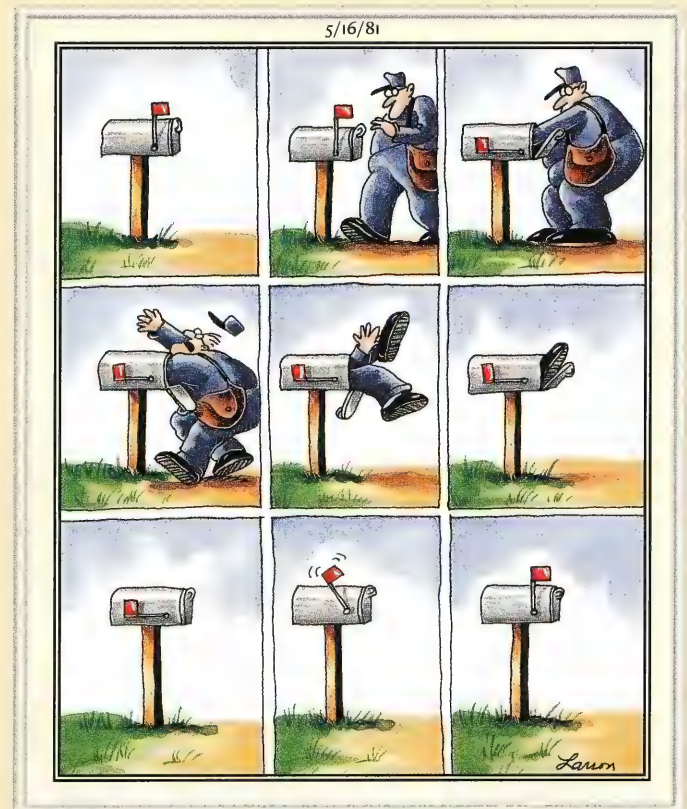
"Now I remember, Helen! ... That's the old peasant woman who said she'd put a curse on me if I snapped her!"



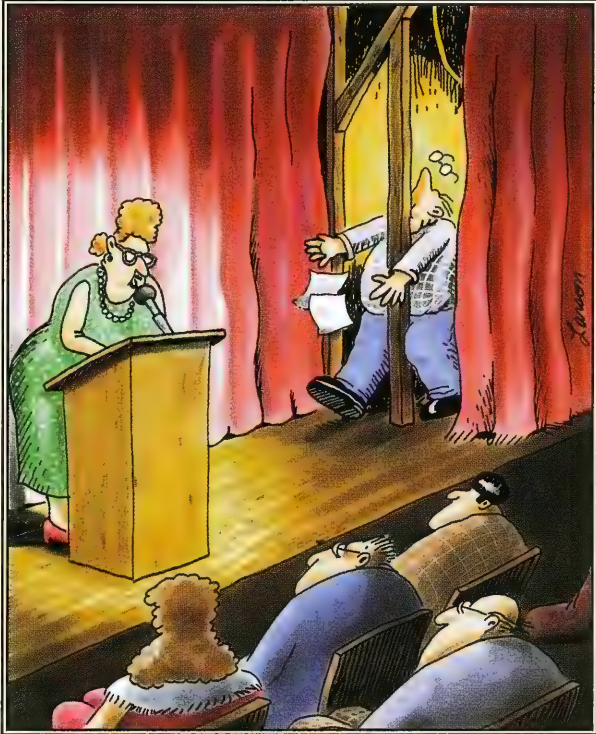
"Okay, okay, okay. ... Everyone just calm down and we'll try this thing one more time."



"This ain't gonna look good on our report, Leroy."

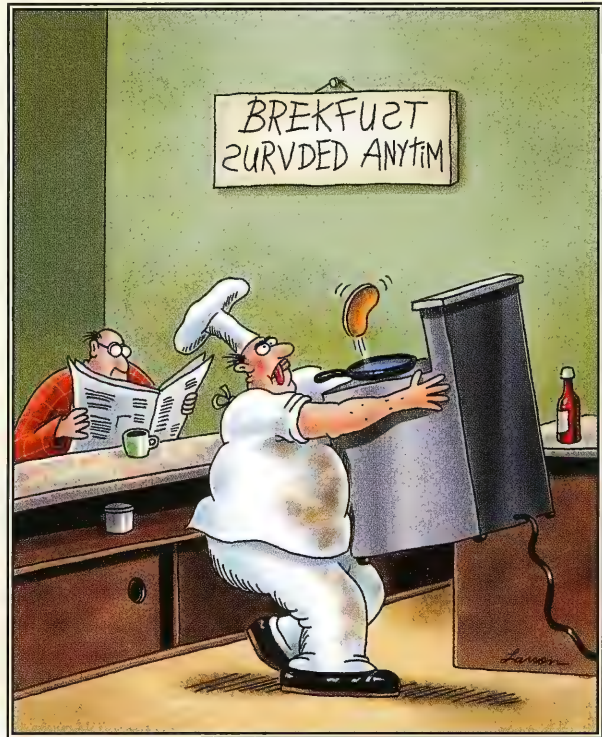


5/20/81

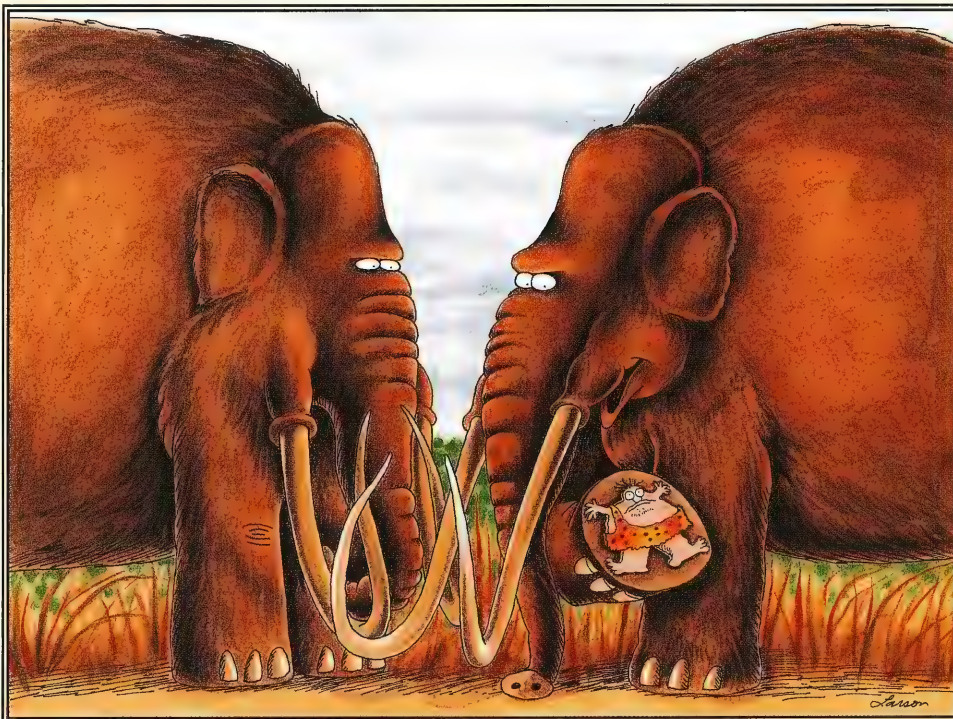


"And so, without further ado, here's the author of *Mind over Matter* ..."

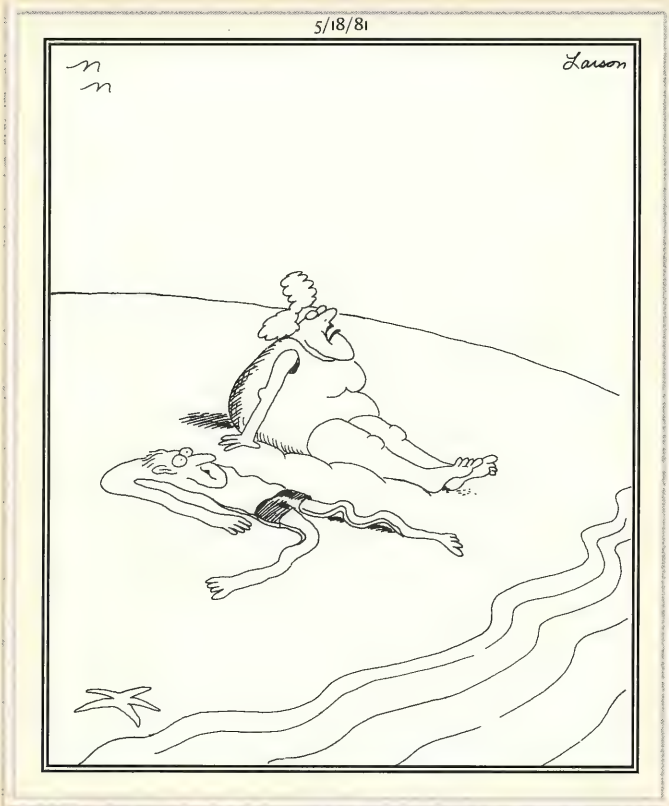
5/23/81



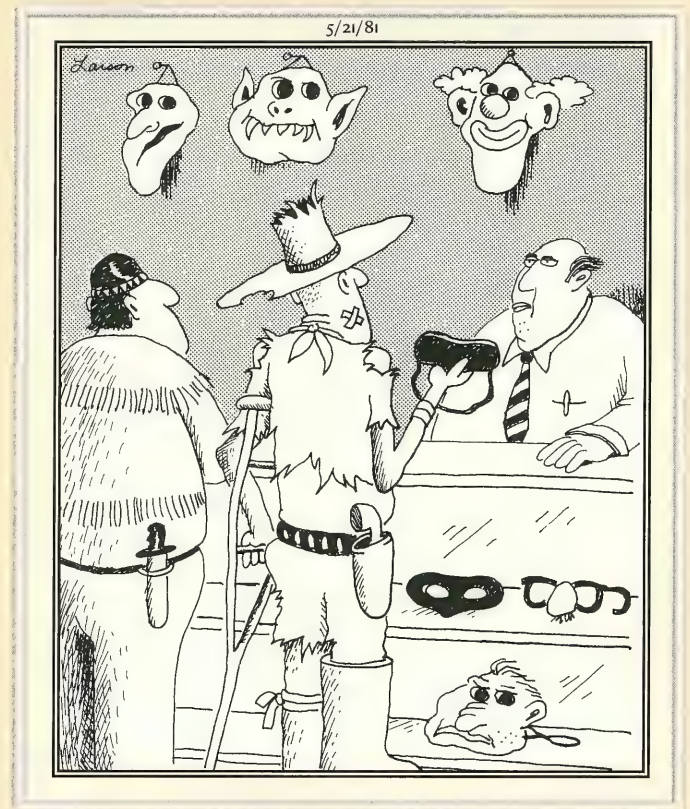
5/27/81



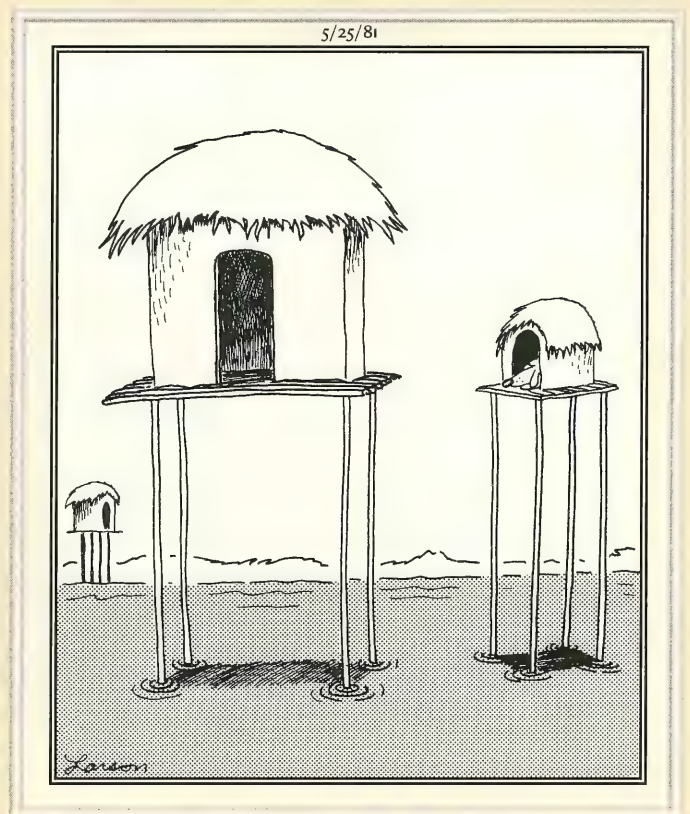
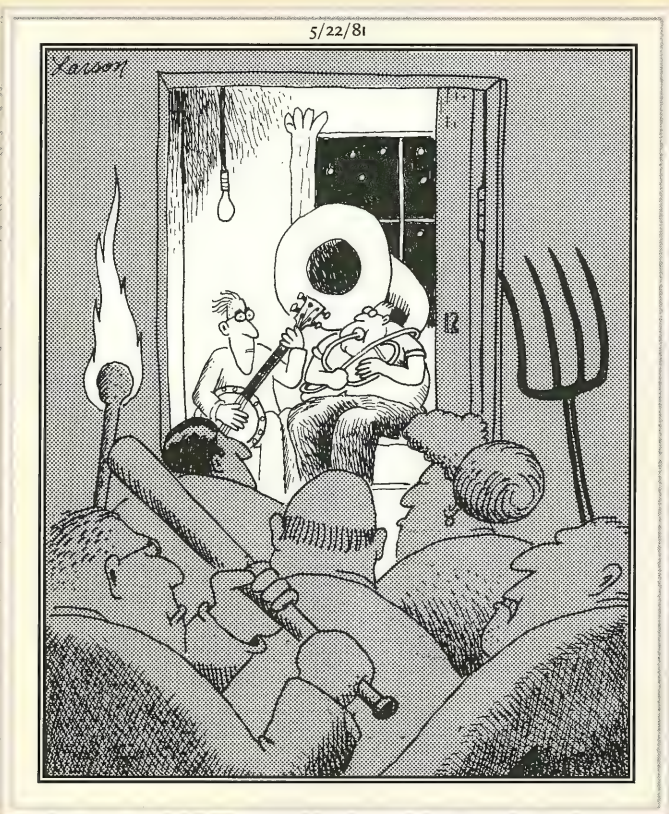
"Well, what the? ... I *thought* I smelled something."

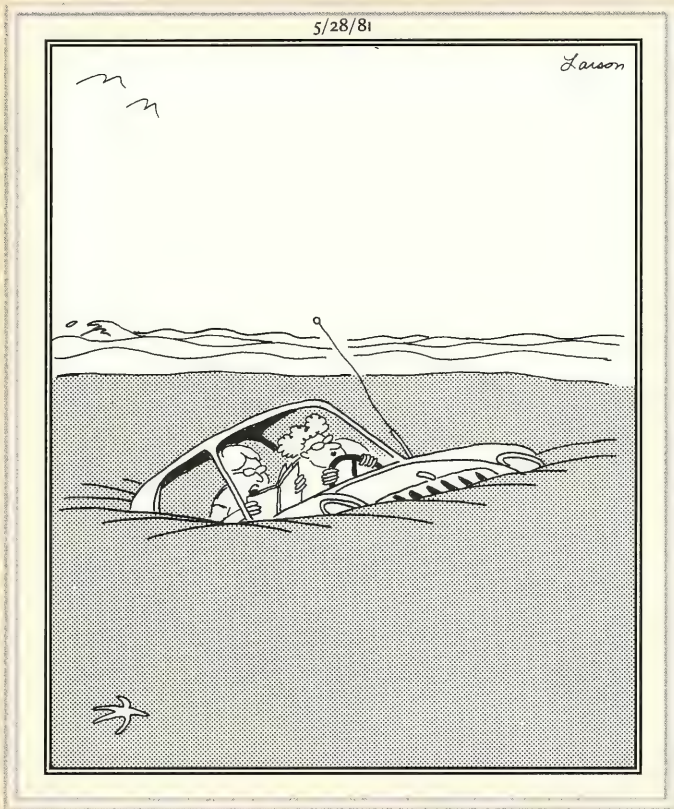
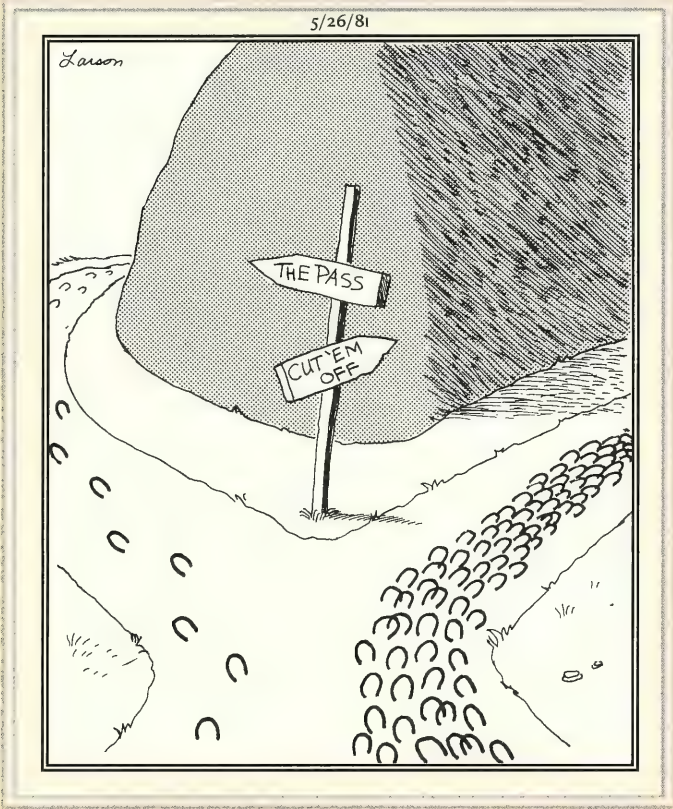


"My goodness, Harold! ... Now there goes one big mosquito!"

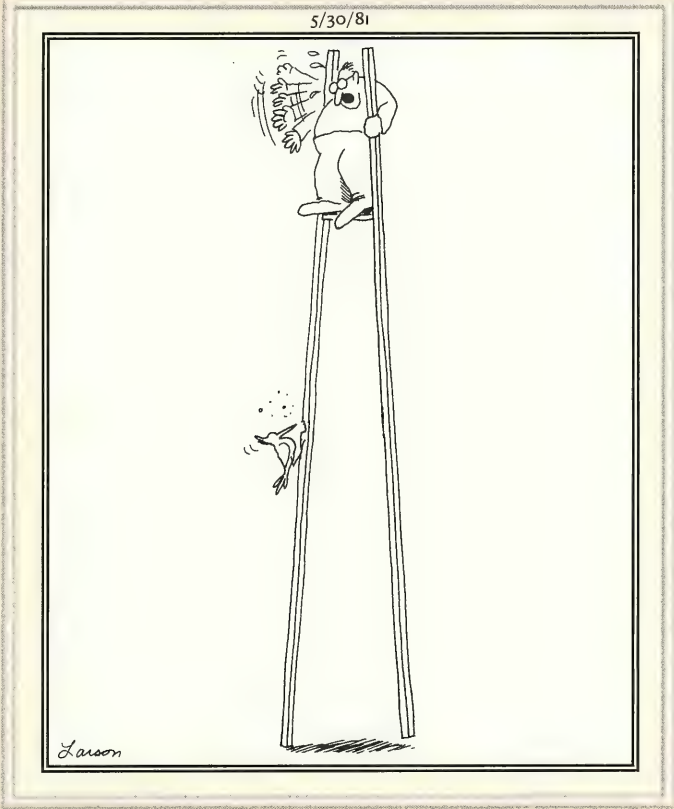
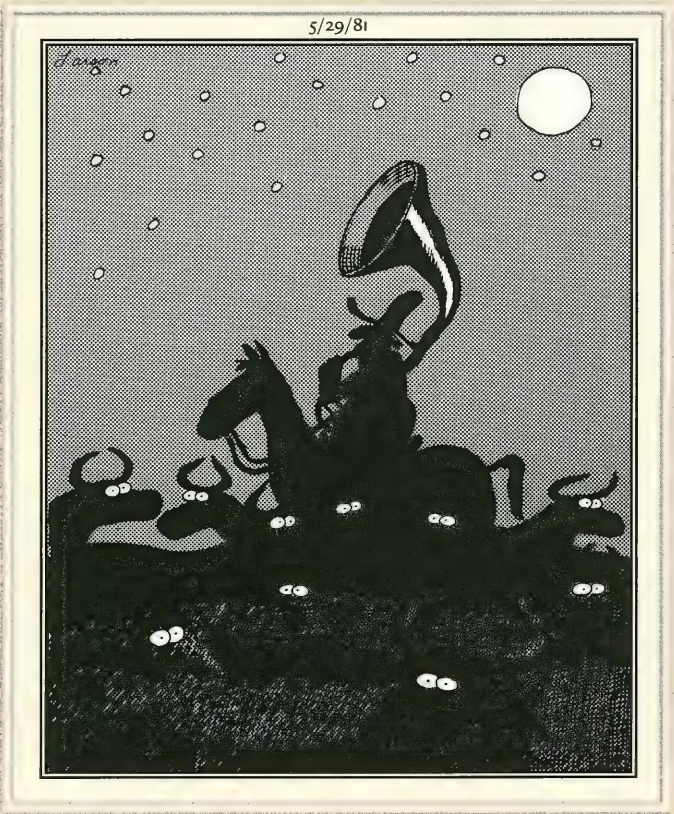


"Say ... wasn't there supposed to be a couple of holes punched in this thing?"

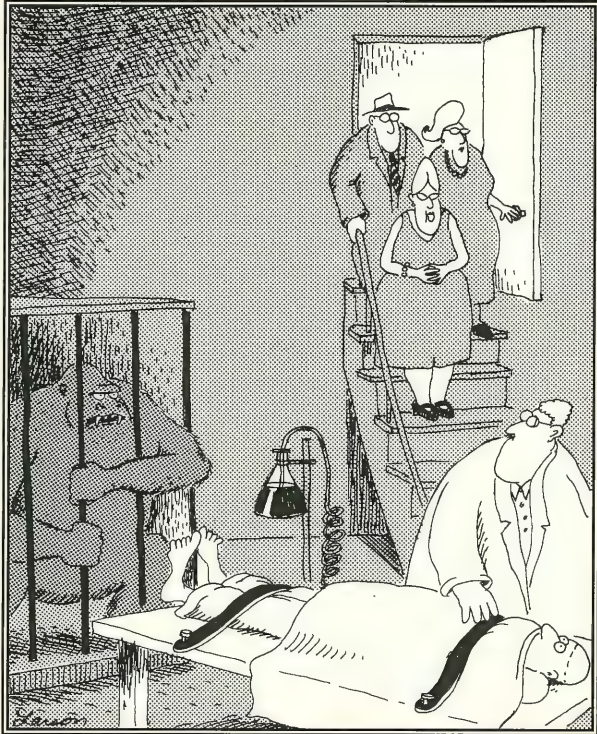




“Well, the Answer Man says, ‘If the wheels start to spin, try rocking the car back and forth’...”

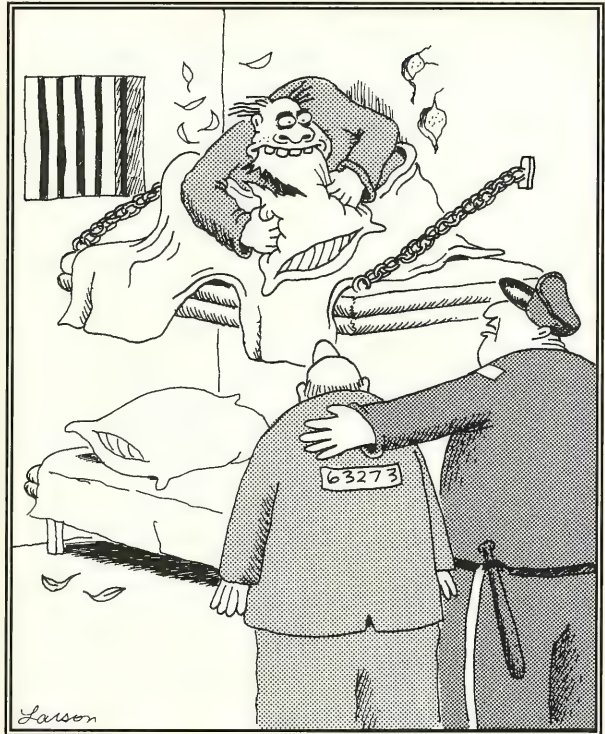


6/1/81



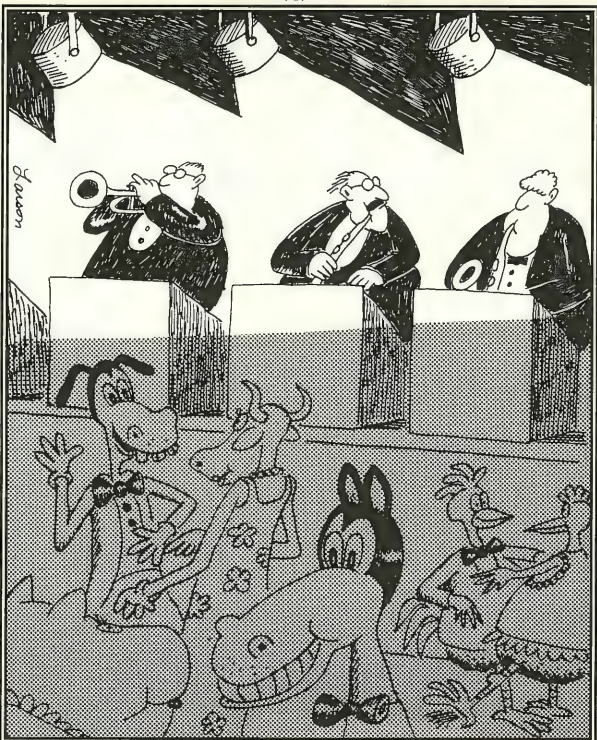
"Honey, the Merrimonts are here. ... They'd like to come down and see your ape-man project."

6/2/81



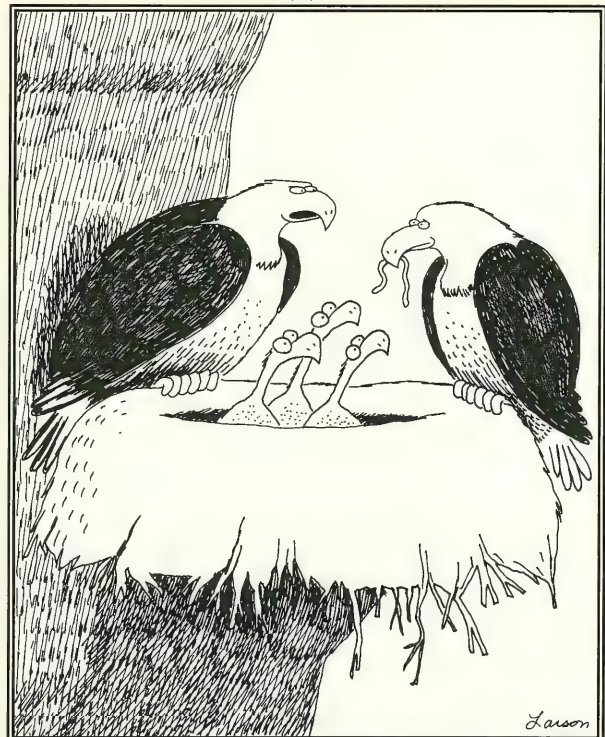
"Hey, Durk! ... New cellmate, Durk! ... New cellmate! ... Friend, Durk! ... Friend!"

6/3/81



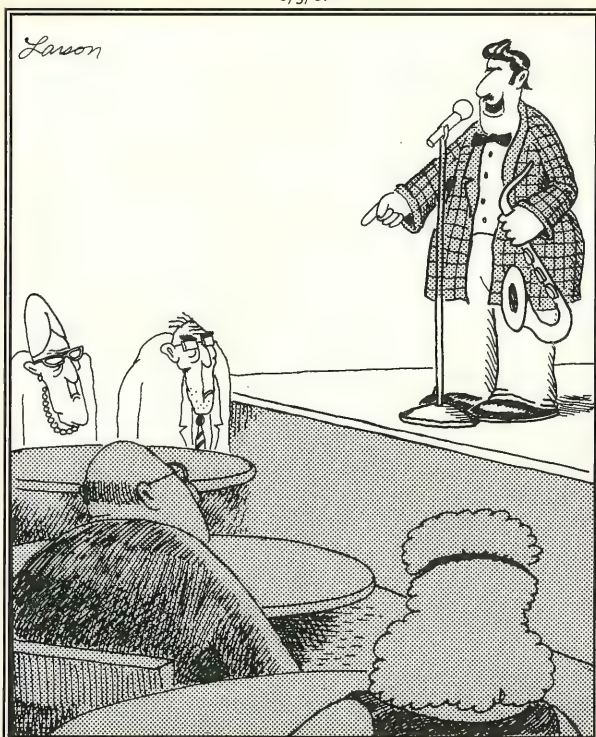
"That does it, Carl. ... You're through doing the bookings."

6/6/81



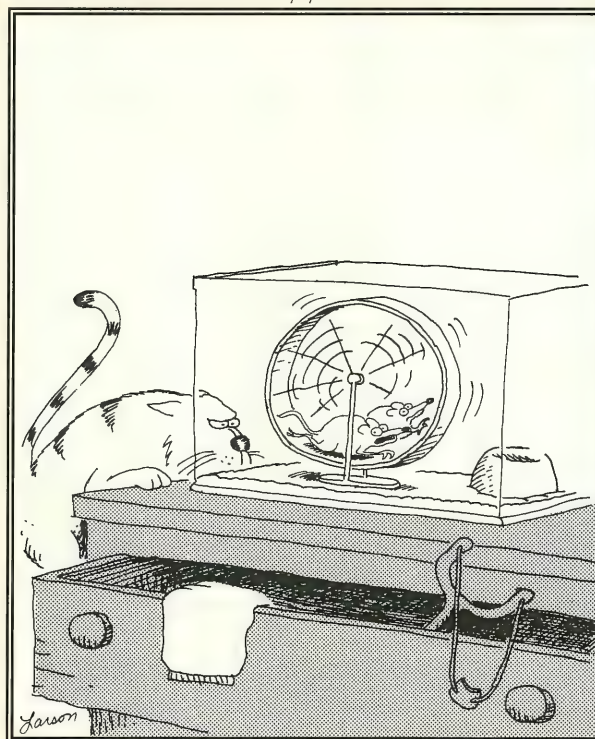
"Well, well. ... The great hunter returneth."

6/5/81



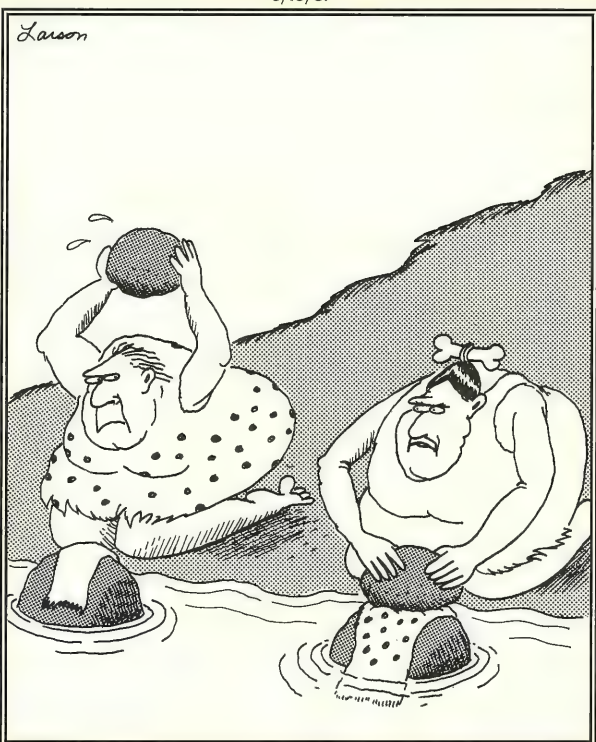
"And then, whenever I come to the word 'chicken,' the couple here in front will jump up and make clucking sounds!"

6/8/81



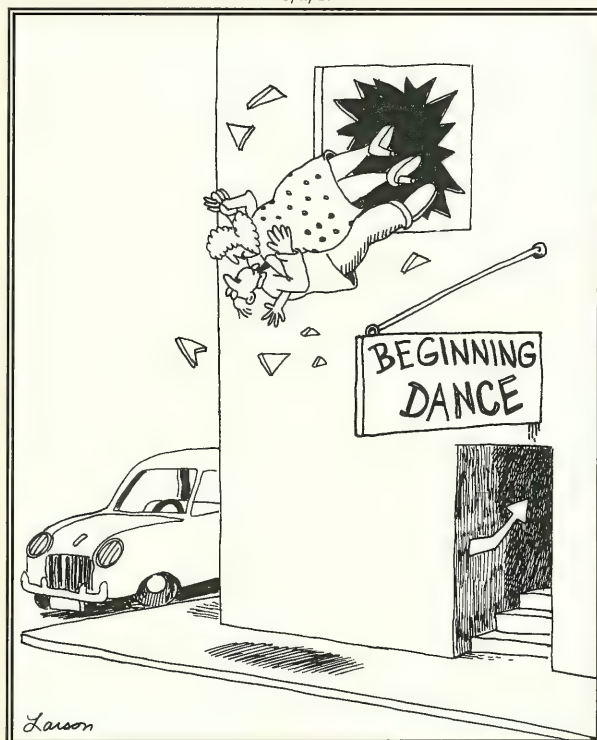
"Faster! He's still there!"

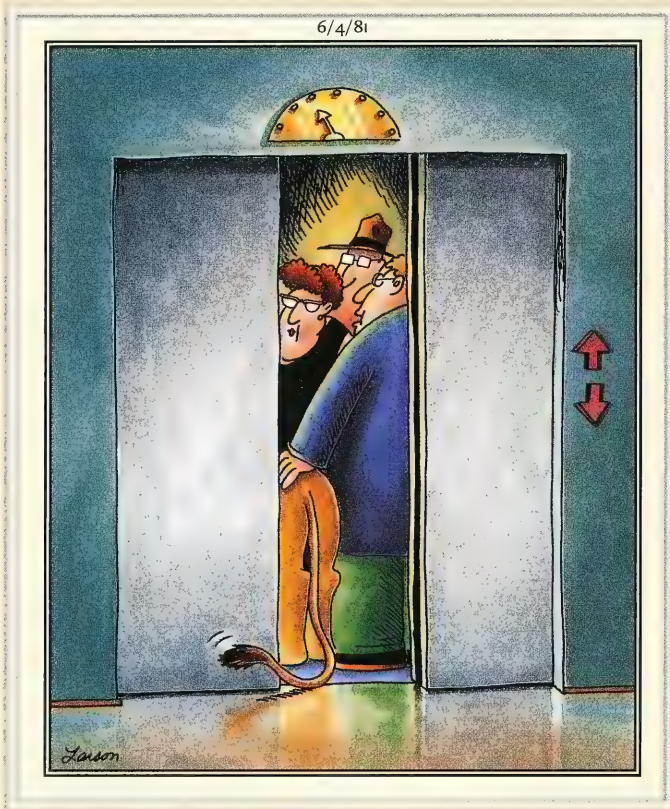
6/10/81



"Well, I learned one thing. ... This works good on clothes, but don't try it on your dog."

6/11/81

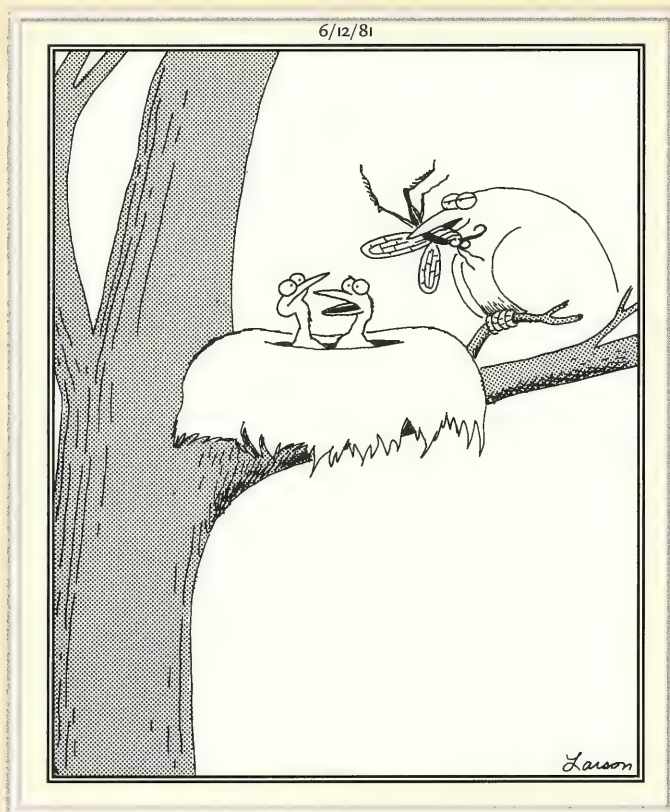




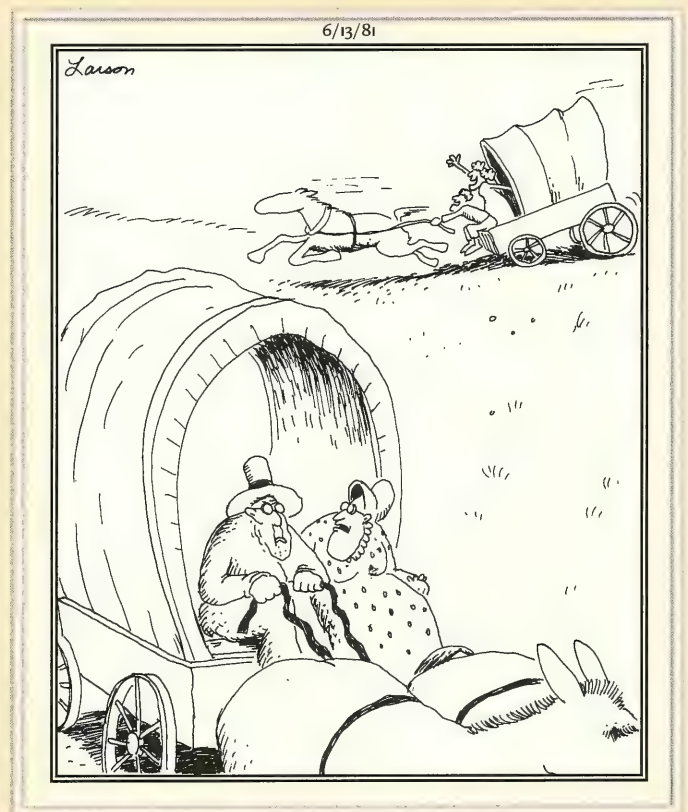
"Don't be alarmed, folks—he's completely harmless unless something startles him."



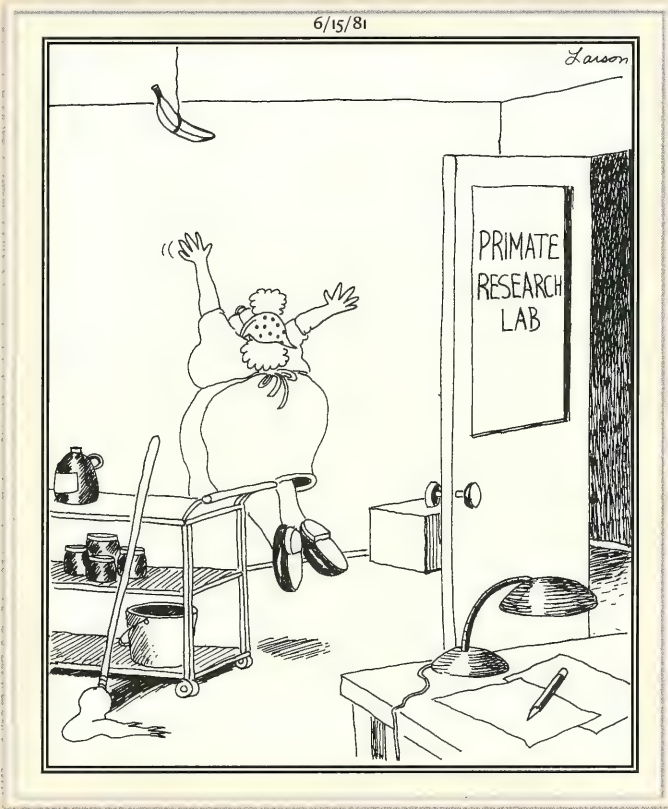
"Agnes! It's that heavy, chewing sound again!"



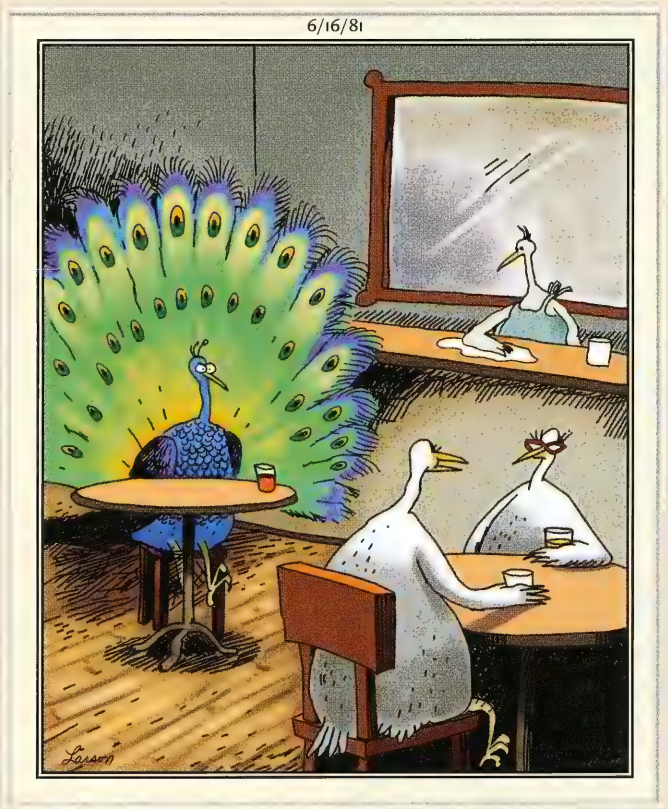
"No way! ... This time I get the legs and thighs; you get the wings and back!"



"I wish they'd keep those danged teenagers off the trails."



"Well, this better not be just a wild goose chase. ... Little Big Horn, huh?"



"Don't encourage him, Sylvia."



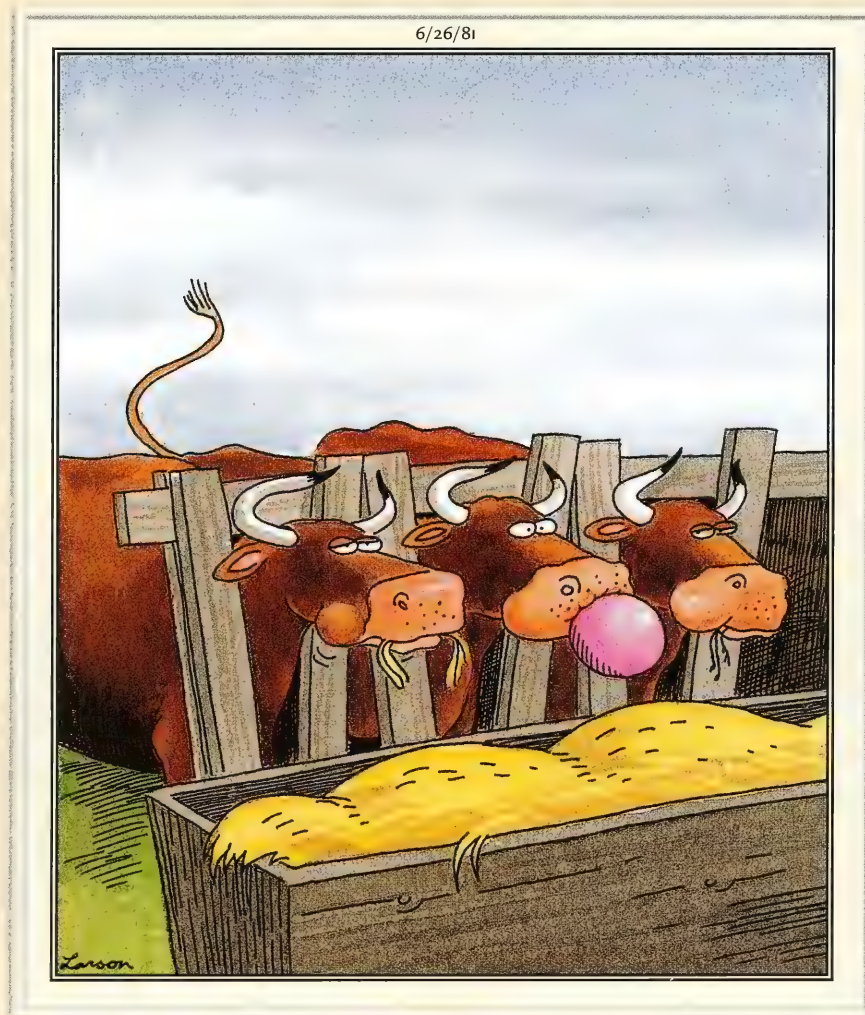
"Doesn't have buck teeth, doesn't have buck teeth, doesn't have ..."



"Hey, Richard! Your stupid dog's following us again!"

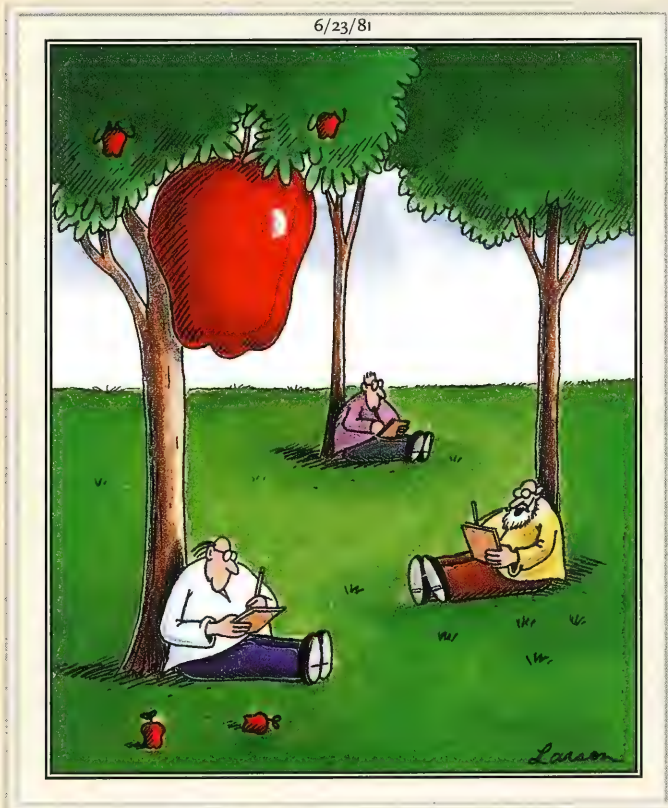


"Hot oil! We need hot oil! ... Forget the water balloons!"

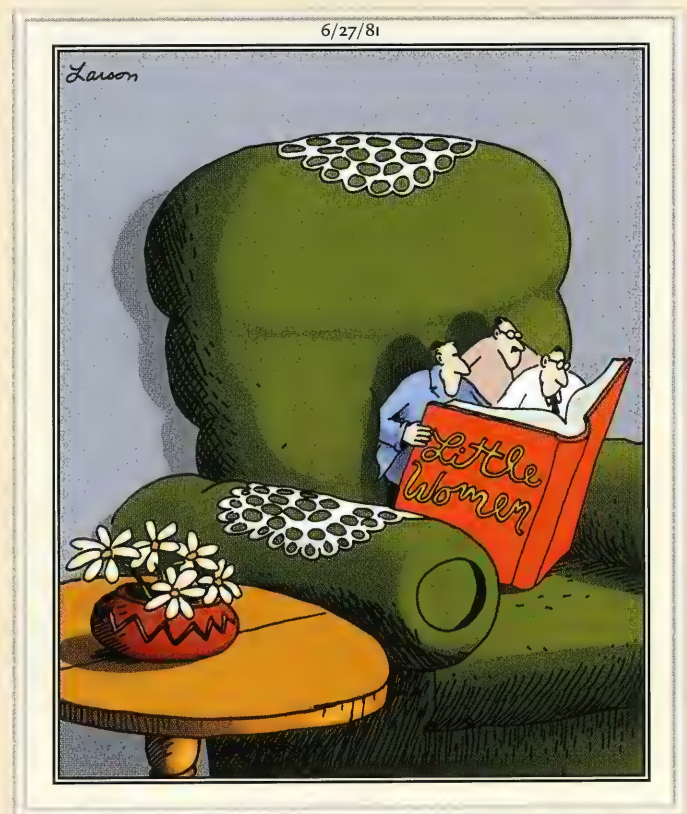




"With a little luck, they may revere us as gods."



"Nothing yet. ... How about you, Newton?"





"Andrew ... the cows have come home."



"Vive la difference."

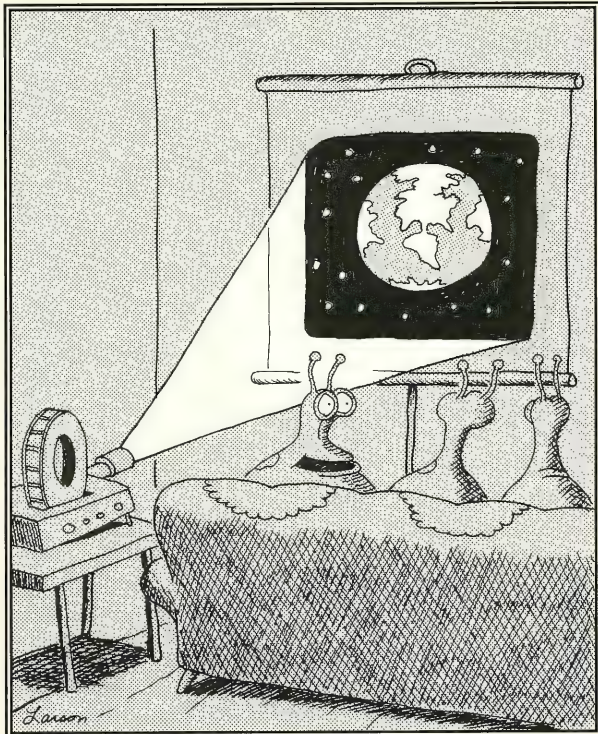


"Dear Henry: Where were you? We waited and waited but finally decided that ..."



"Hey! You kids! ... Can't you read?"

7/1/81



"Oh, yeah. ... Now that place was *really* a greasy spoon!"

7/2/81



"God help us all."

7/3/81



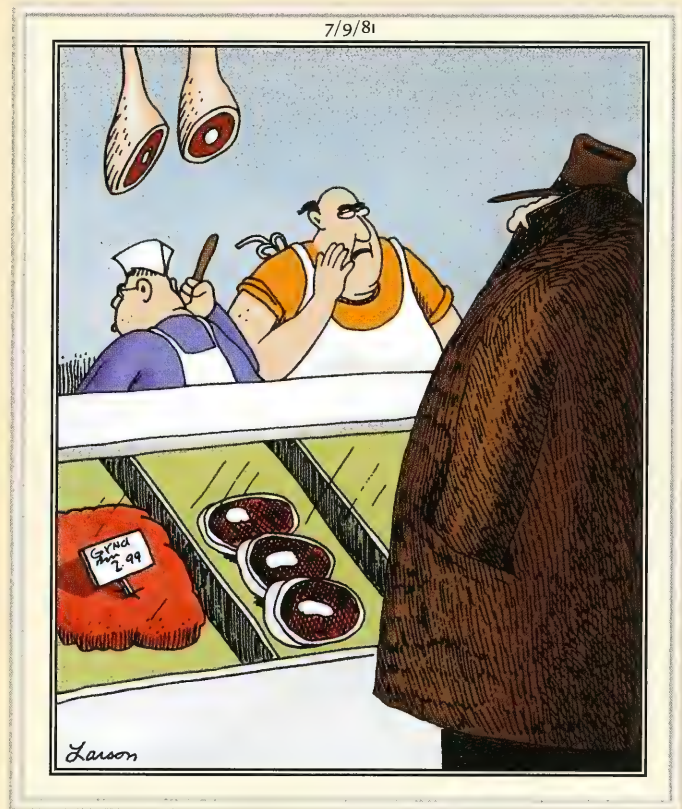
7/6/81



"Listen ... this party's a drag. But later on, Floyd, Warren, and myself are going over to Farmer Brown's and slaughter some chickens."



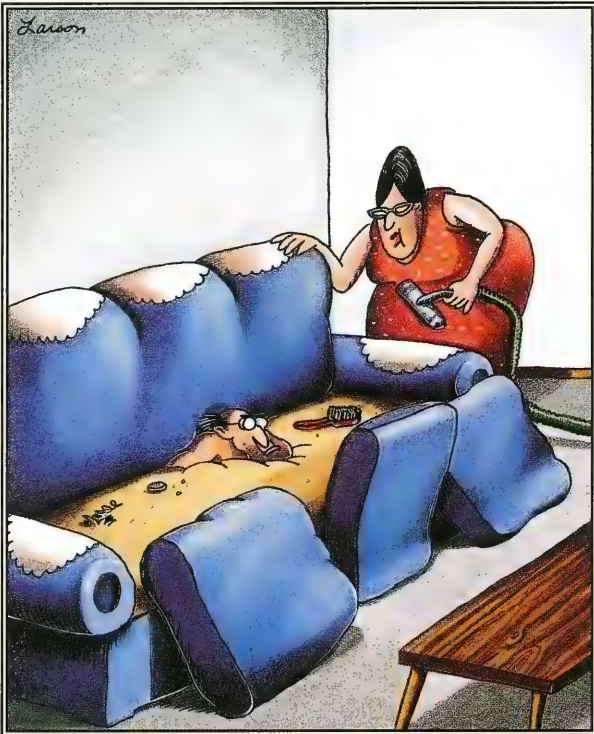
"It's no use. ... We've just got to get ourselves a real damsel."



"Well, I never thought about it before ... but I suppose I'd let the kid go for about \$1.99 a pound."



7/13/81



"Andrew! So that's where you've been!
And good heavens! ... There's my old
hairbrush, too!"

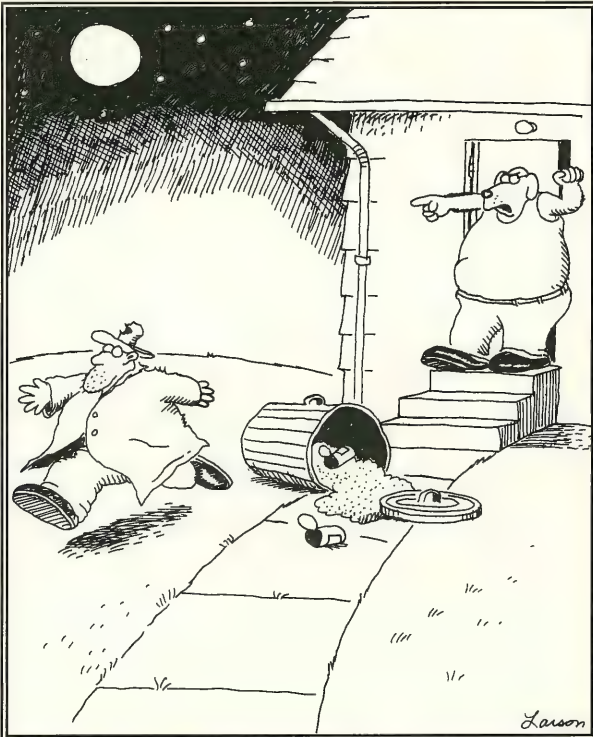
7/10/81



I'll come back to
you, Sidney!.. But I
won't crawl!

Larson

7/14/81



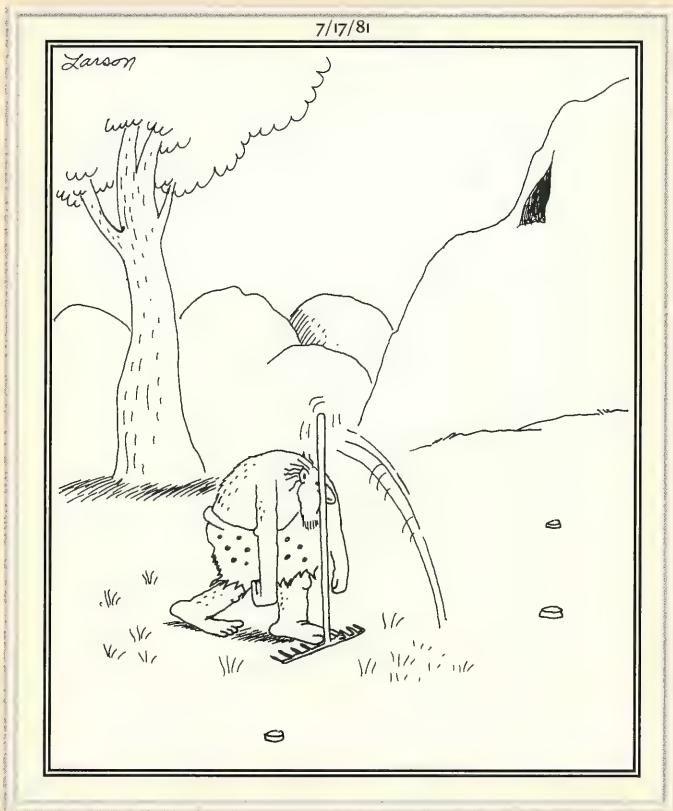
Larson

7/15/81

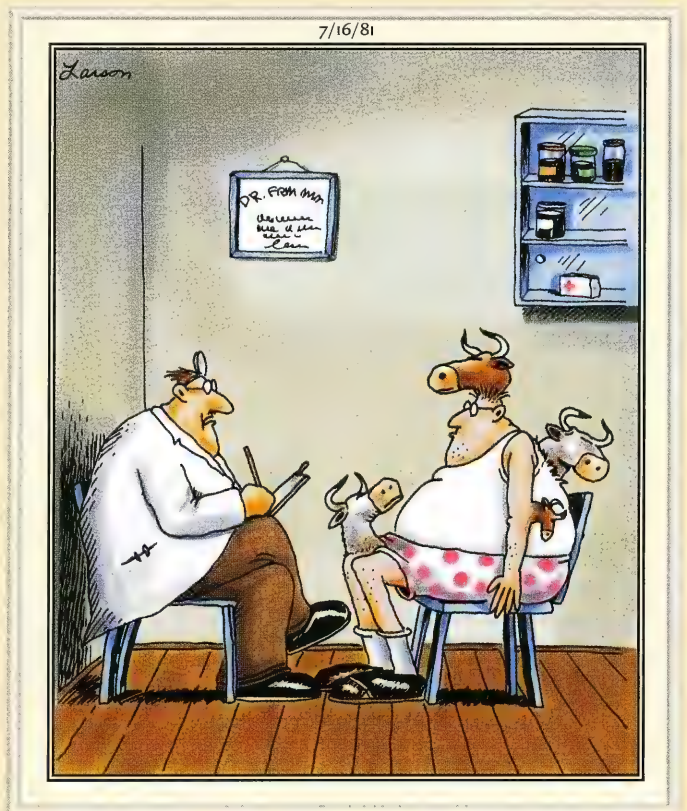
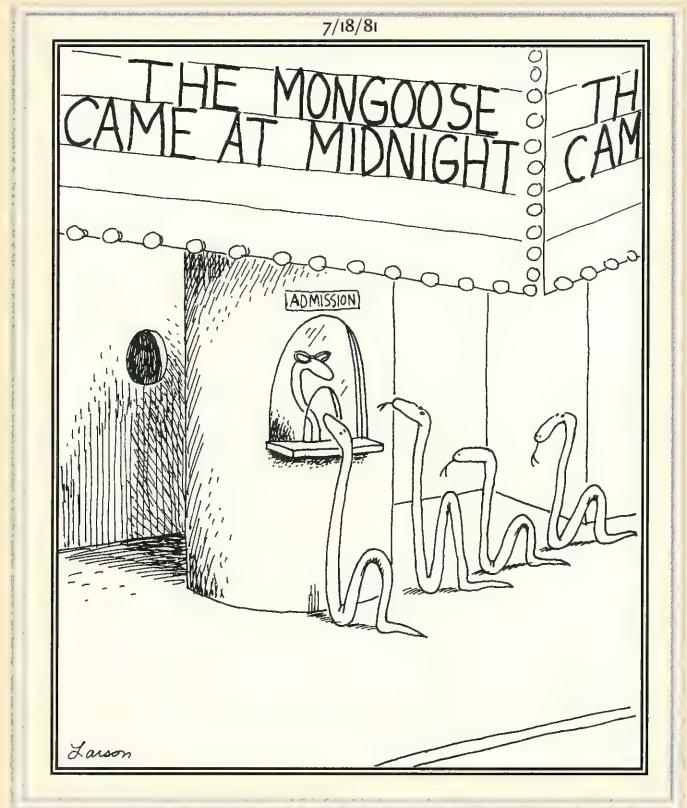


Larson

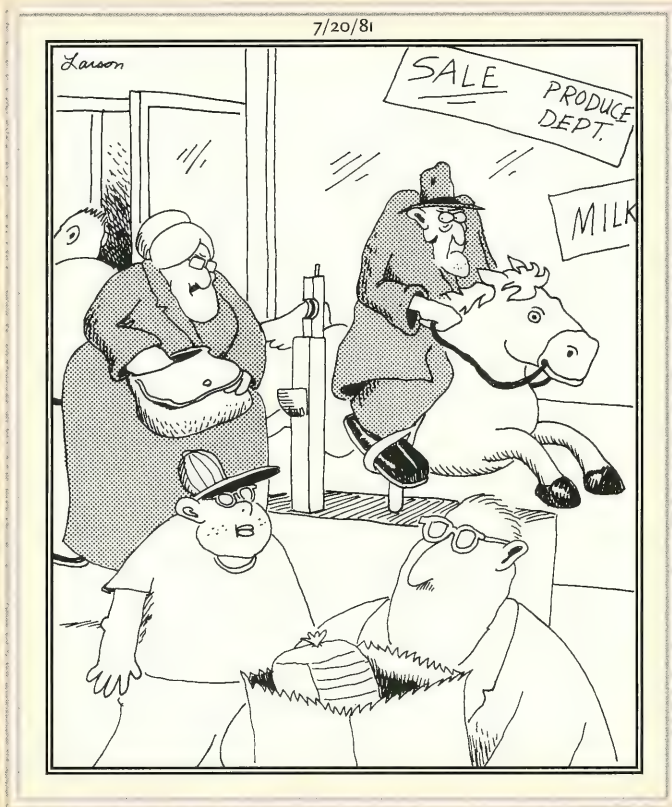
"Remember, milk, eggs, loaf of bread ...
and pick up one of those No-Penguin-Strips."



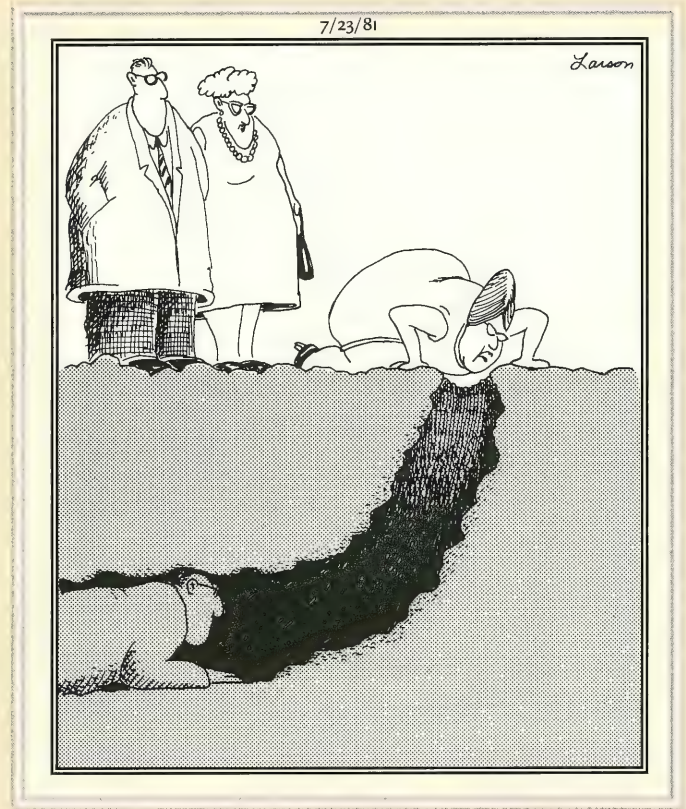
The discovery of tools



"I'm afraid you've got cows, Mr. Farnsworth."



"Oh, all right, Barnaby! ... One more quarter and *then* we're going home!"



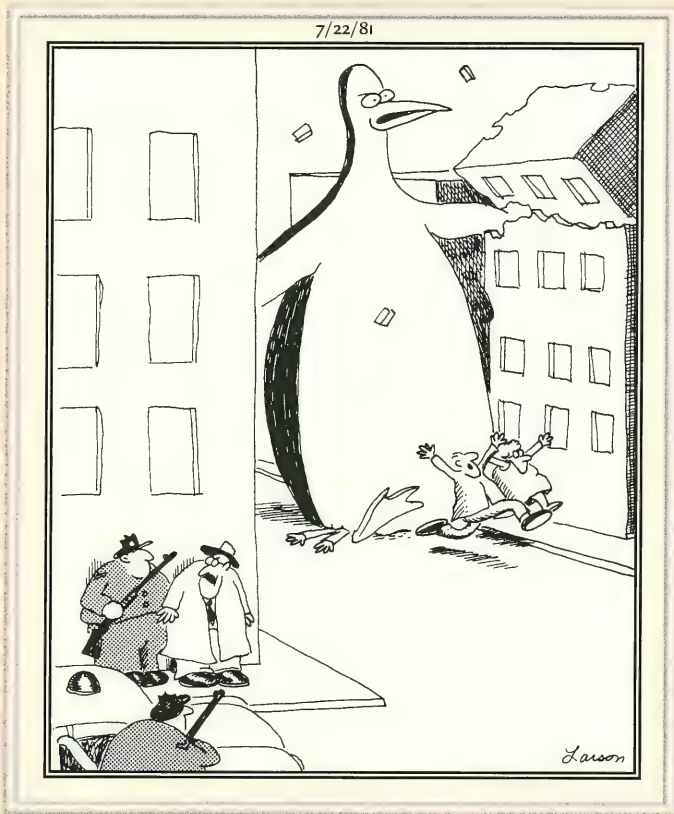
"Reuben! The Johnsons are here! You come up this instant ... or I'll get the hose!"



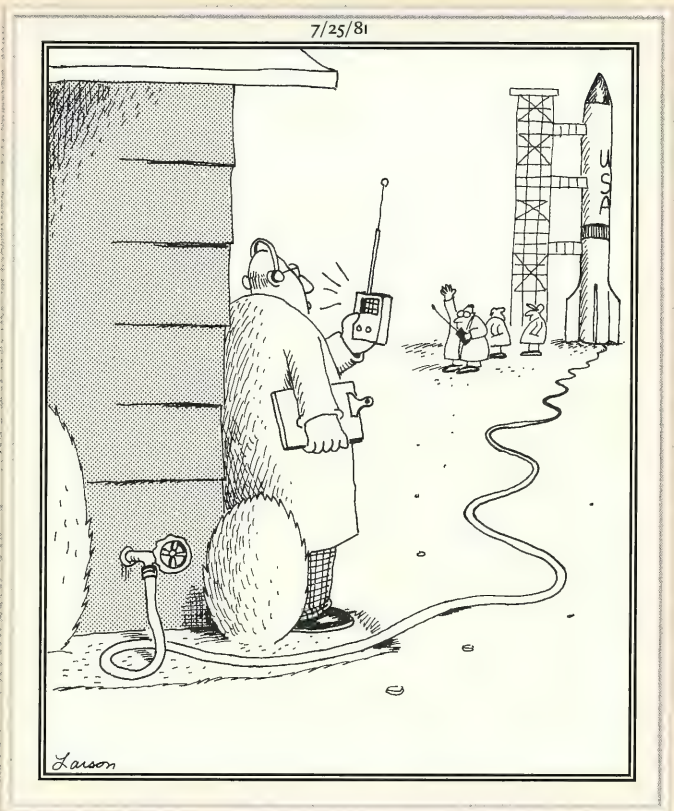
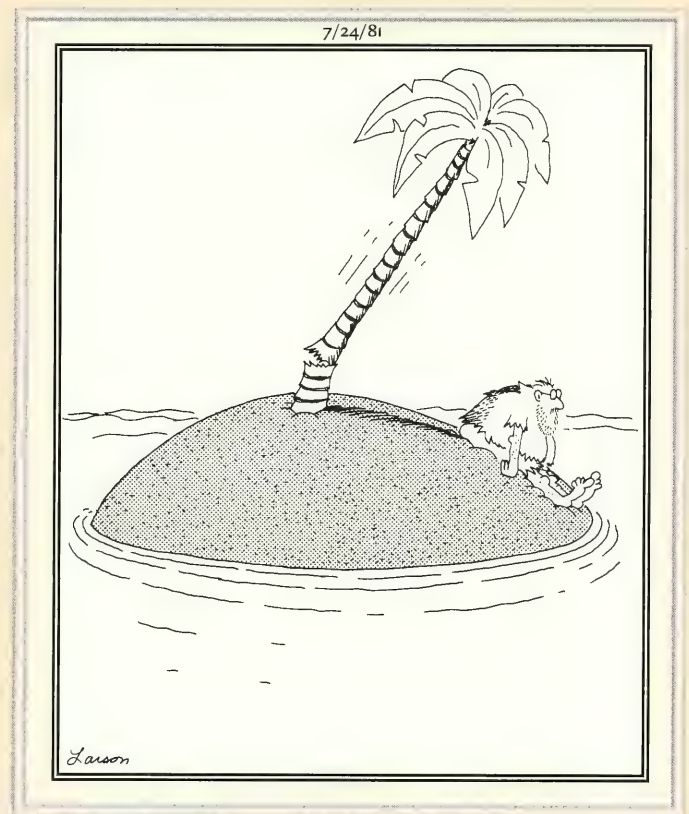
"Well, we're back!"



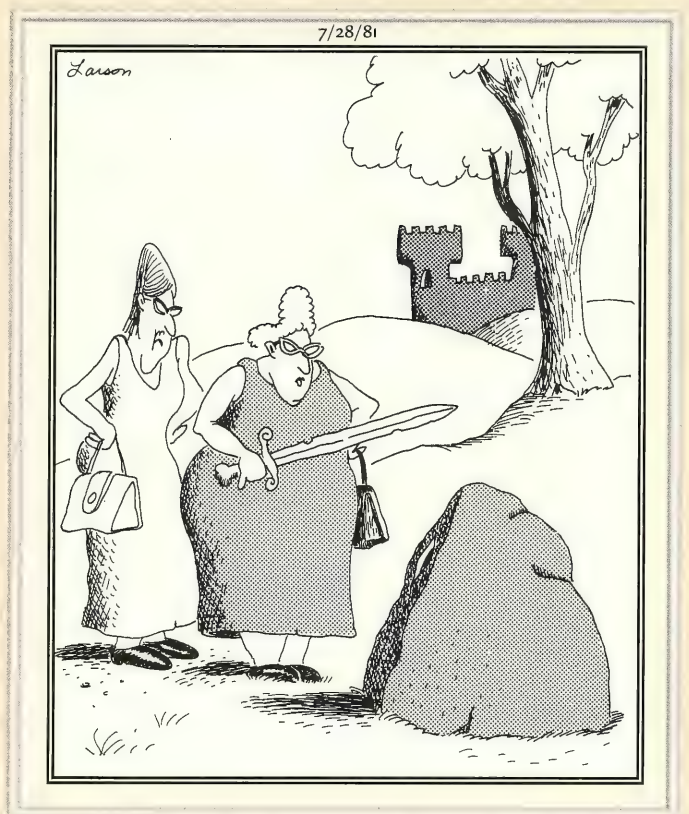
"We're almost free, everyone! I just felt the first drop of rain!"



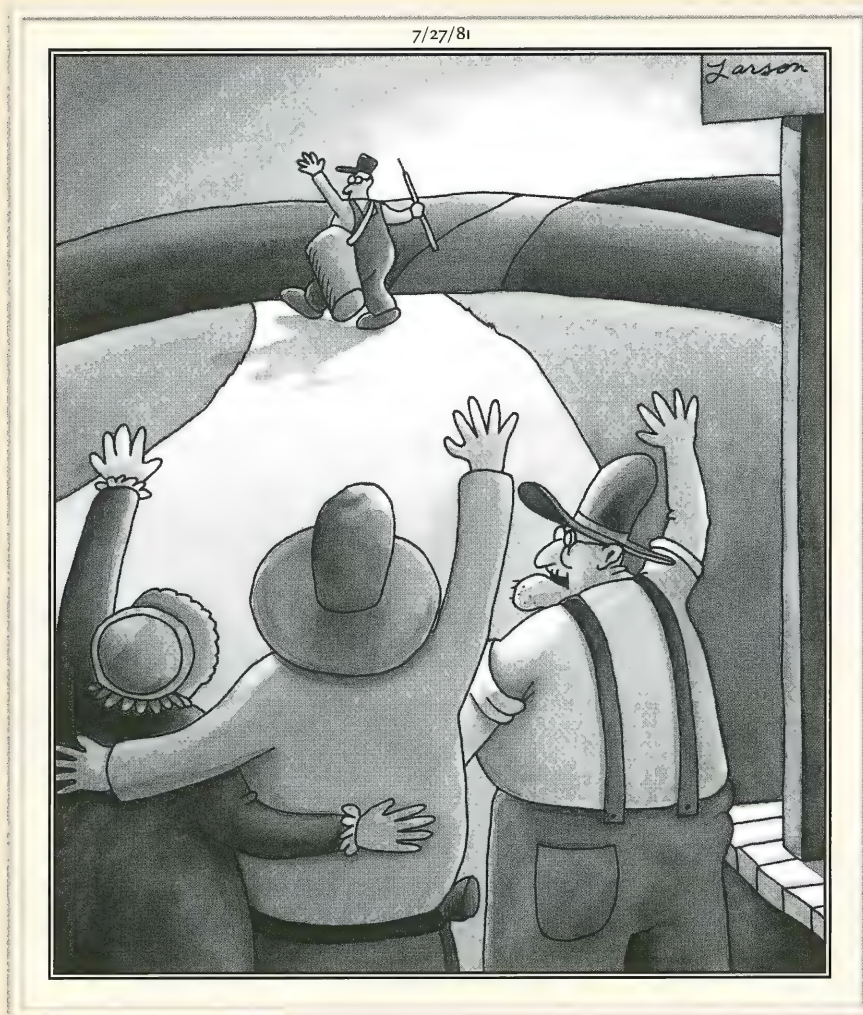
"Other cities get giant gorillas or dinosaurs. ...
But what do we get?"



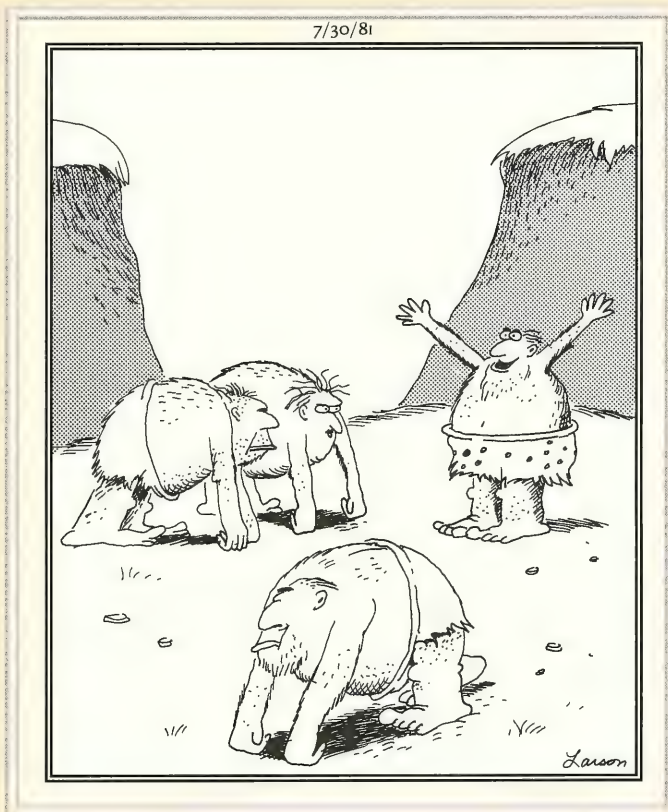
"Okay, Pete! Start the pressure nice and easy."



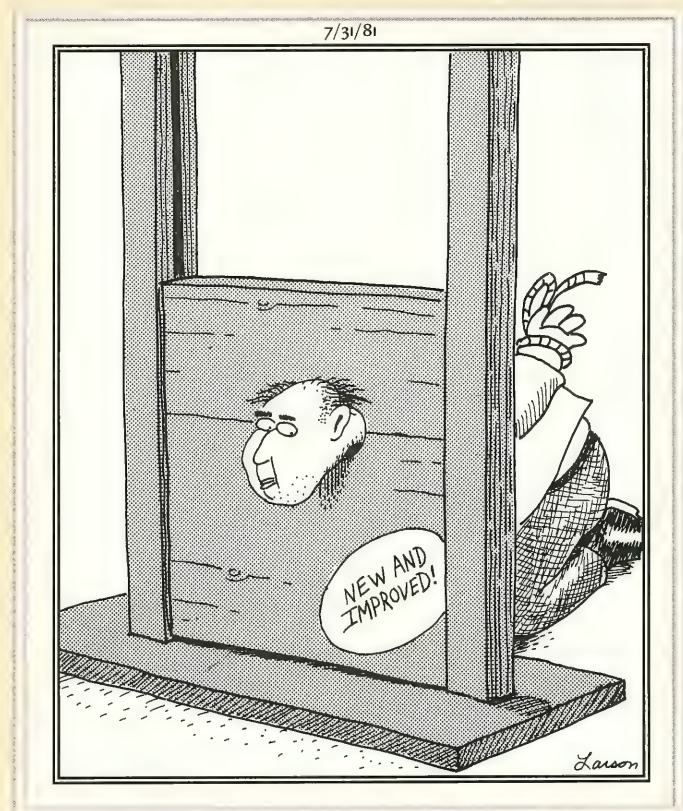
"Put it back in the rock, Barbara—you couldn't
even slice a tomato with that old thing."

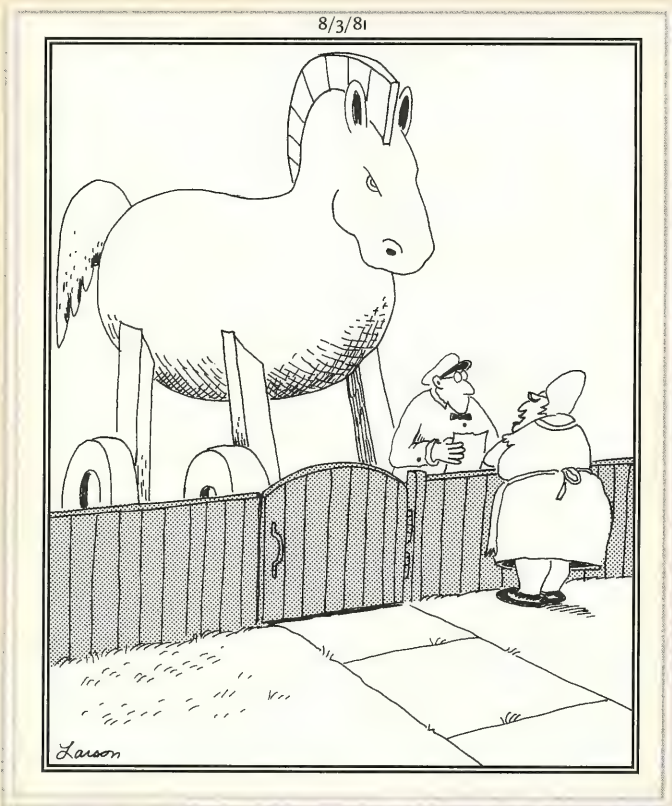


"I never got his name, but he sure cleaned up this town."



"Hey! Look! ... No hands!"

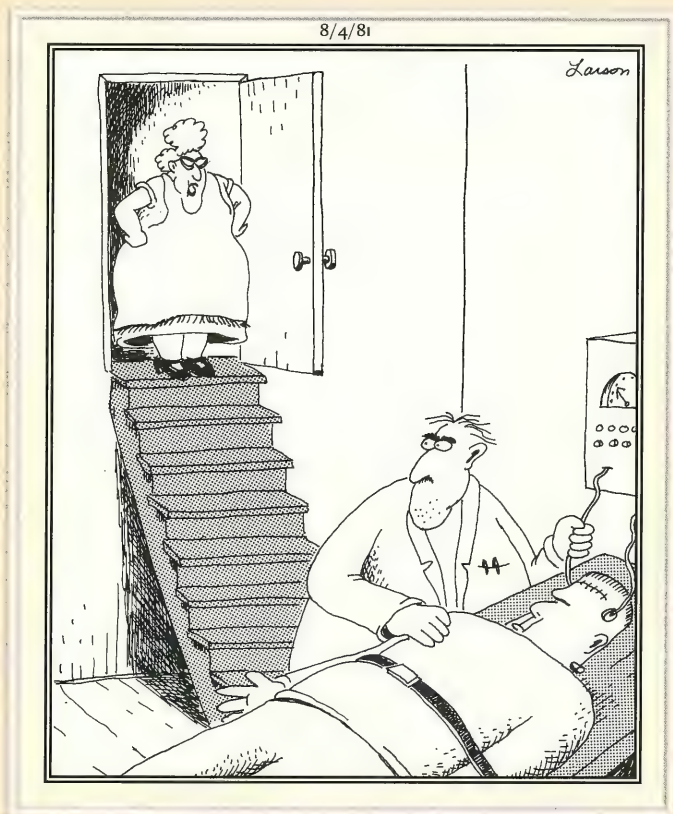




"No ... this is 221 Chestnut Drive. ... You want the big place around the corner."



"Skinny legs! ... I got skinny legs!"

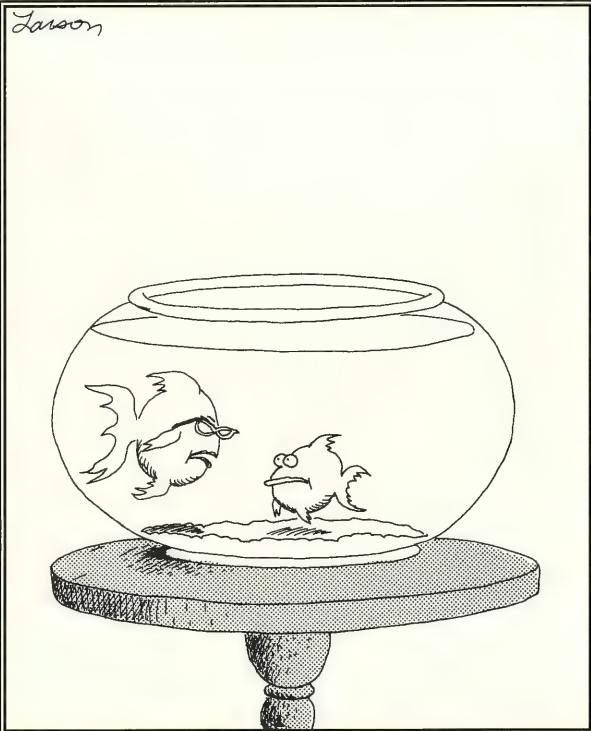


"Dear ... have you seen the beef brains I bought for supper tonight?"



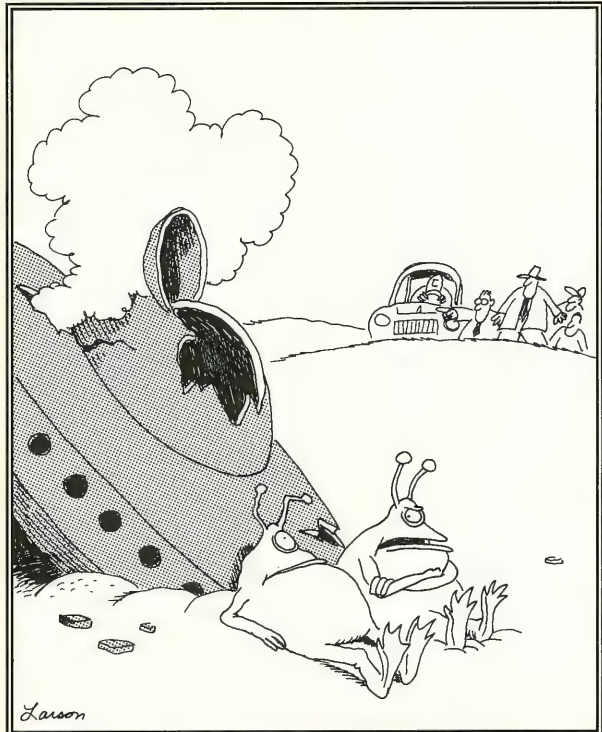
"Damn! ... I can't hibernate."

8/6/81



"That's not funny, Malcolm! There will be no more floating belly-up on the surface!"

8/11/81



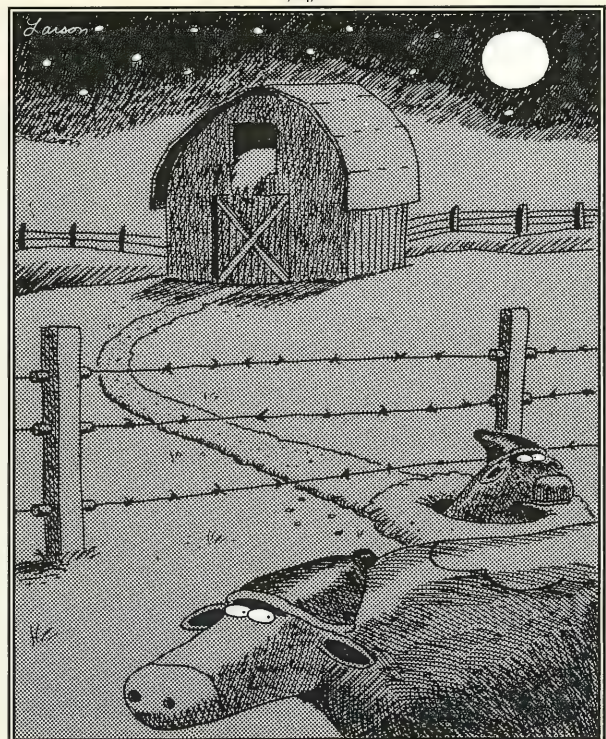
"I can't believe it! One lousy little bee gets inside and you just freak out!"

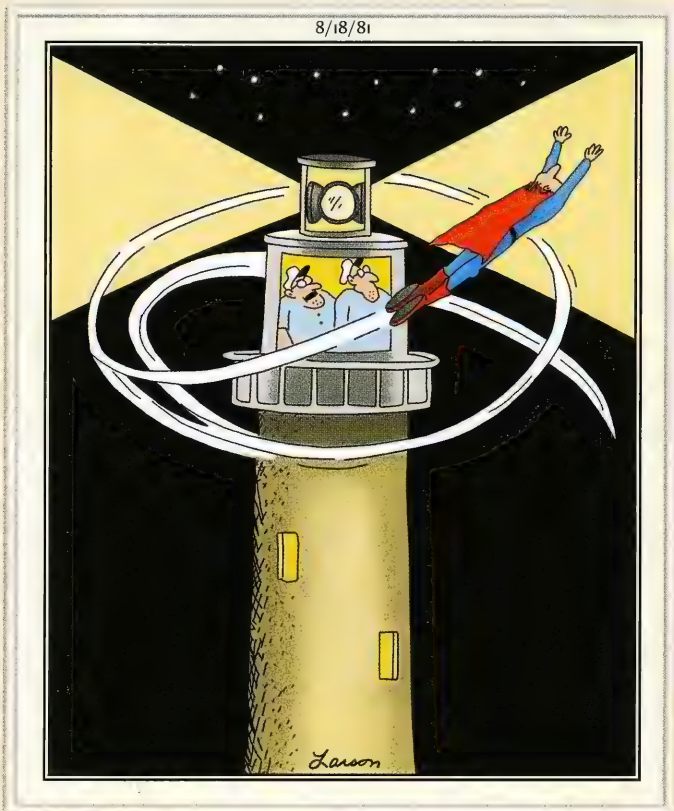
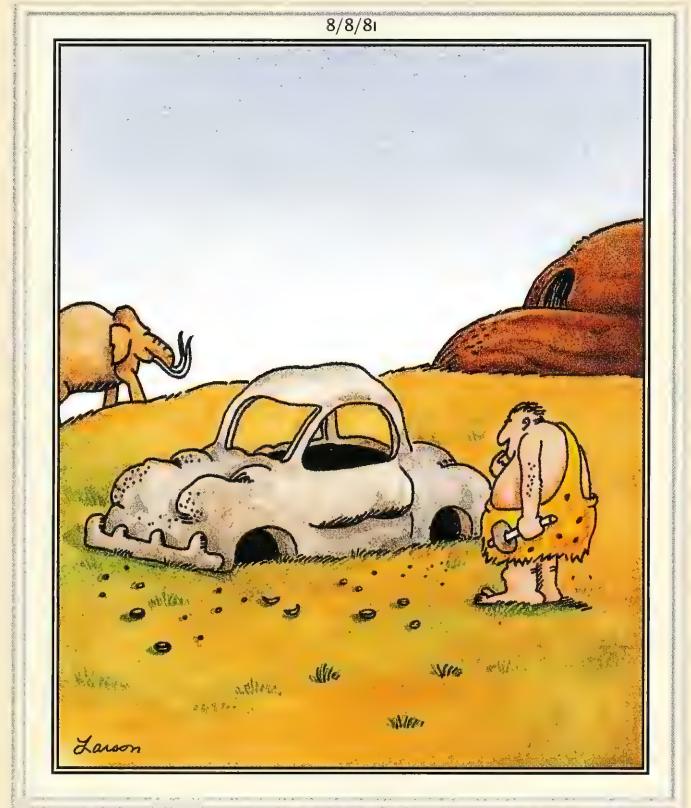
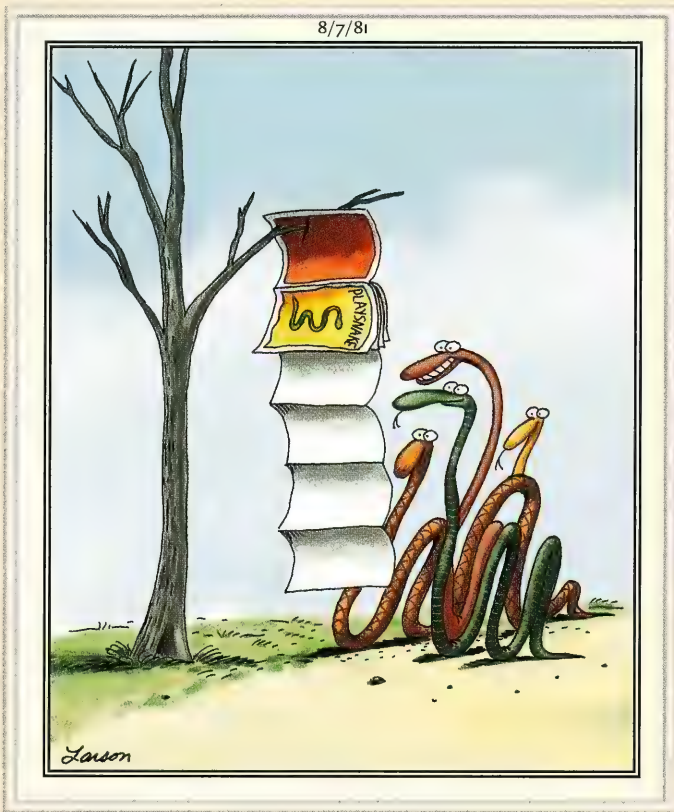
8/12/81



"Hey! What's this *Drosophila melanogaster* doing in my soup?"

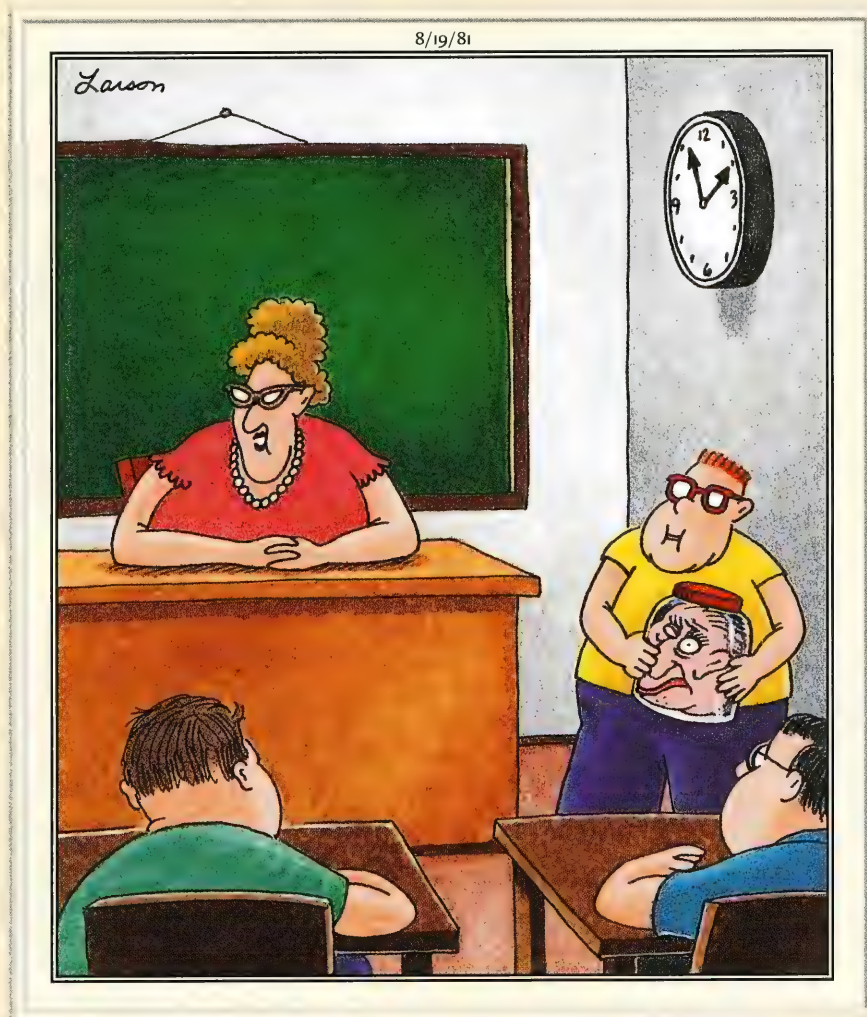
8/14/81



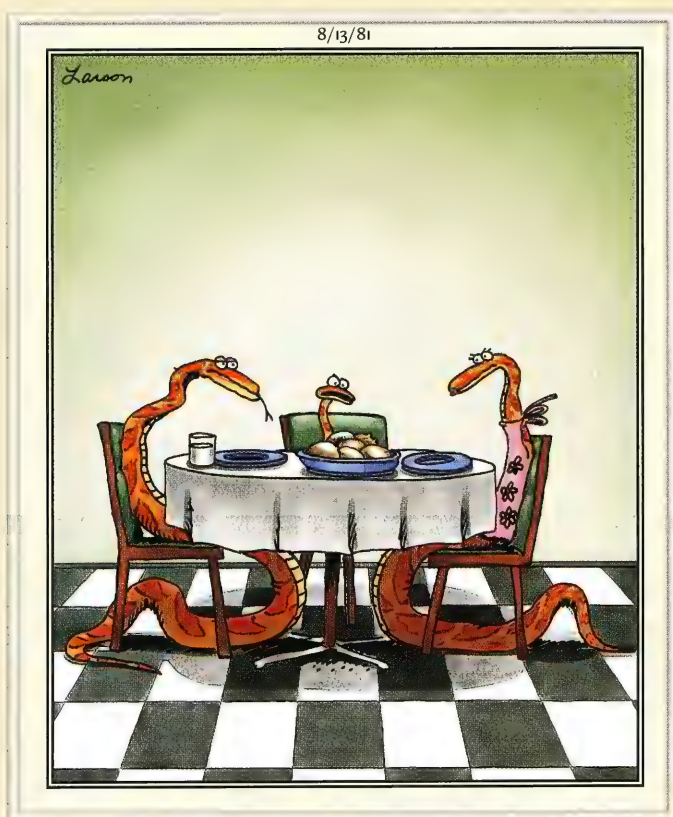


"For God's sake, kill the lights, Murray—he's back again!"





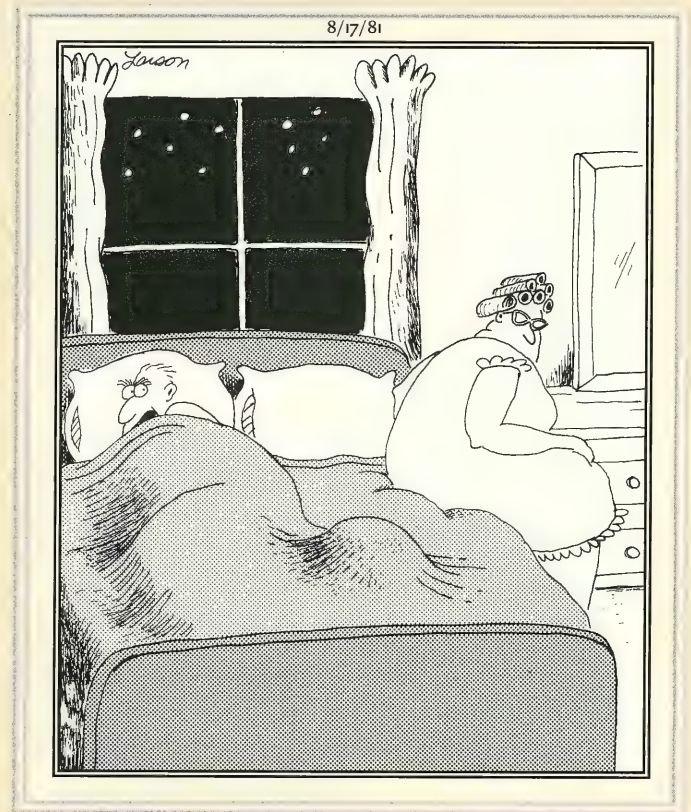
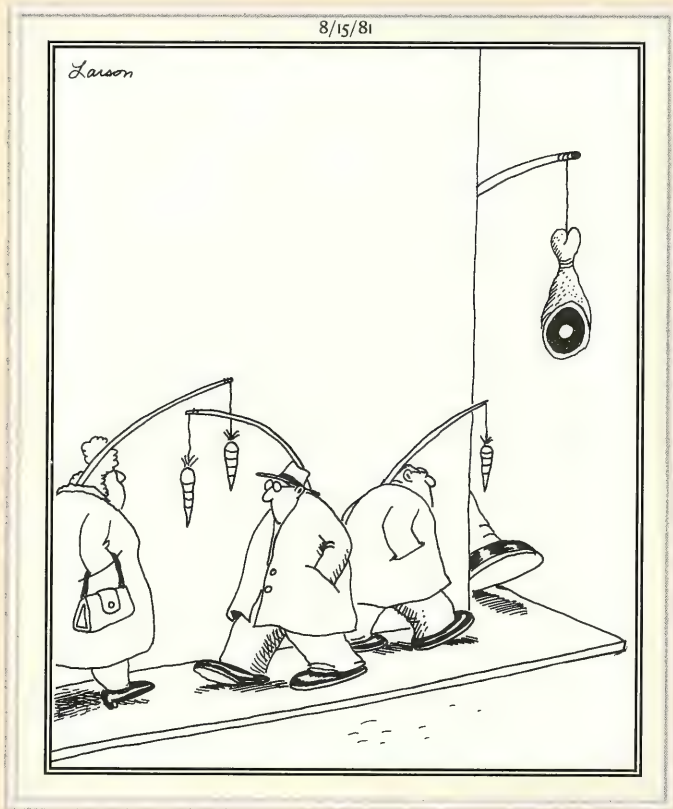
"And next, for show-and-tell, Bobby Henderson says he has something he found on the beach last summer. ..."



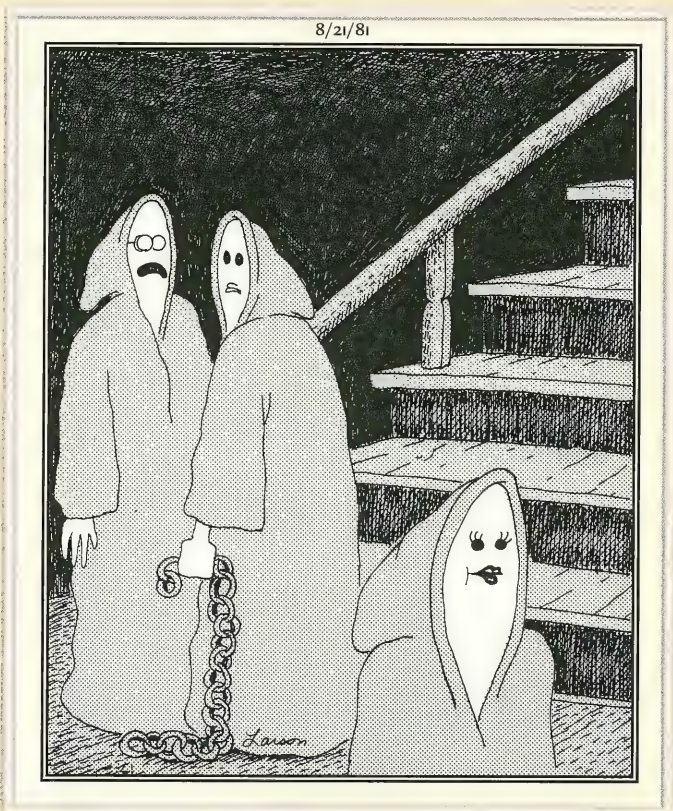
"Oh, brother! ... Not hamsters again!"



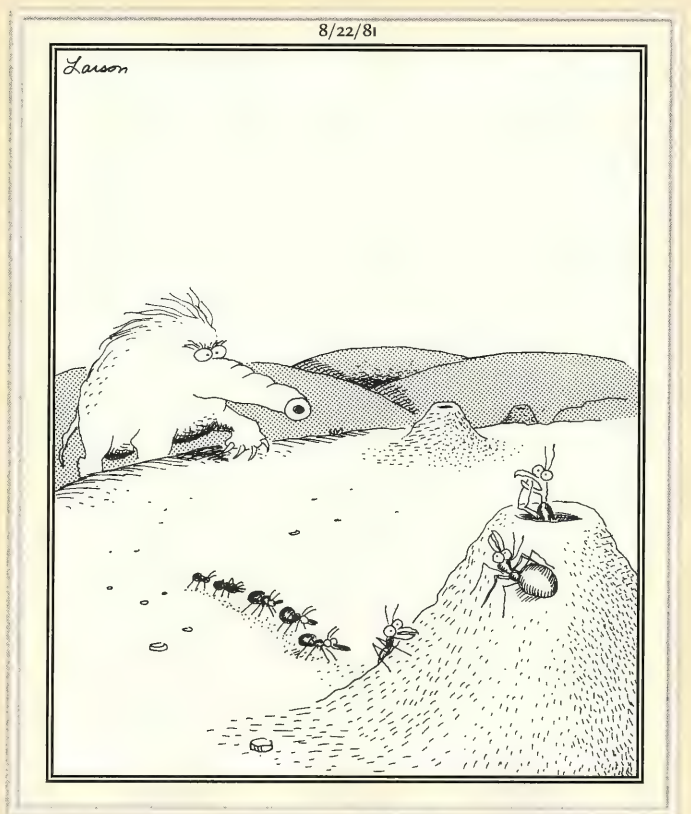
As the first duck kept Margaret's attention, the second one made its move.



"Blast it, Agnes! If you're going to put your cold feet on me, you could at least dry them first."

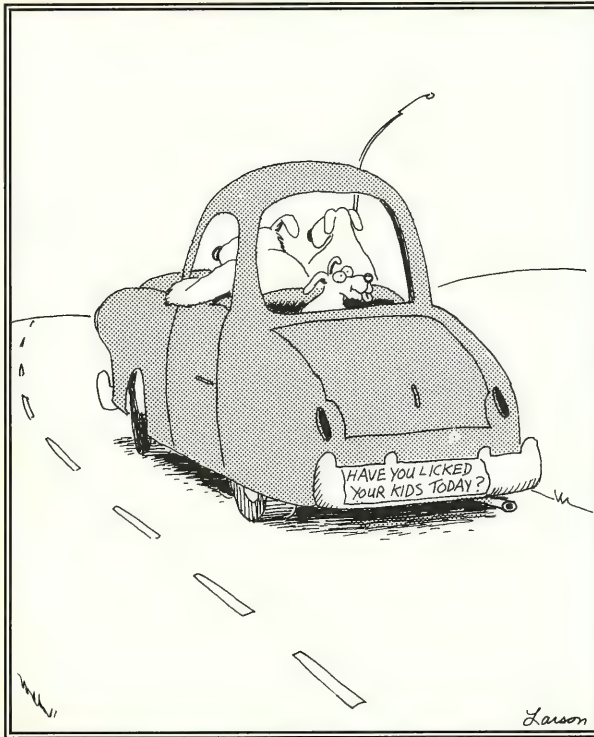


"Sure, I like her ... but she doesn't even know I exist."



"ALERT! ALERT! ... IT'S THE SUCKING DEATH!"

8/24/81

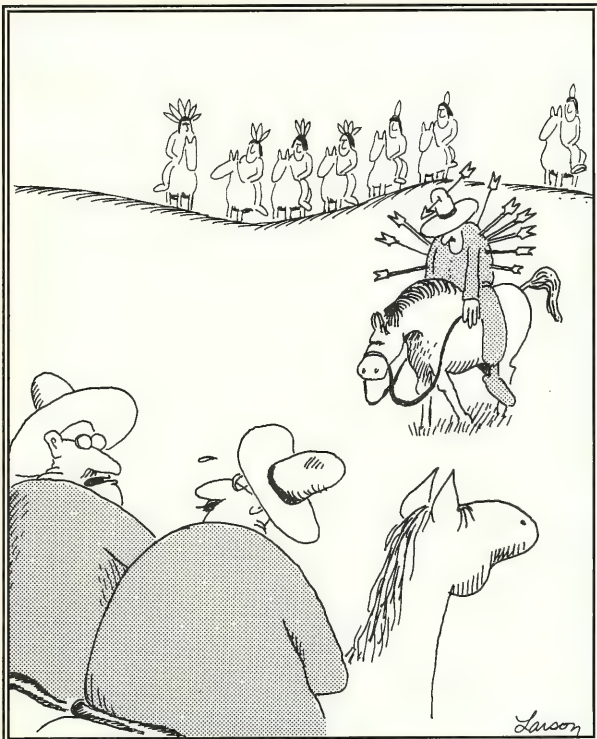


8/26/81



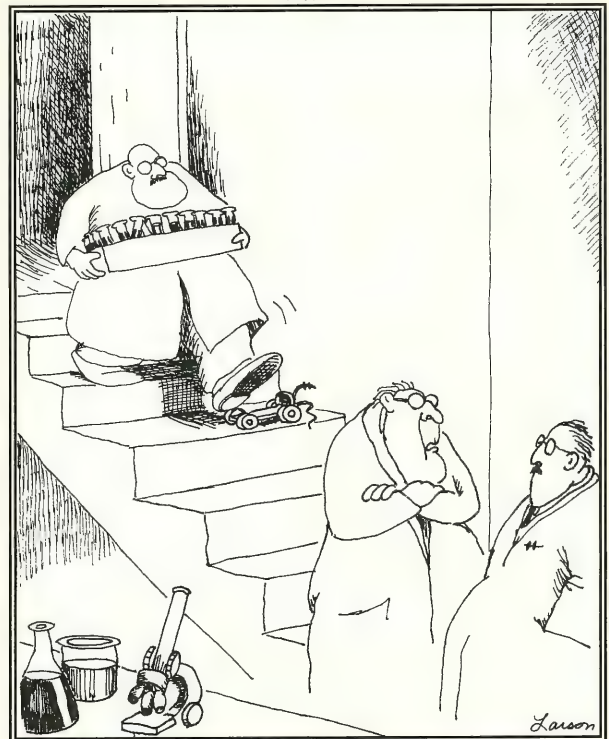
"What a day! I must have spread malaria across half the country."

8/29/81



"Now stay calm. ... Let's hear what they said to Bill."

8/27/81



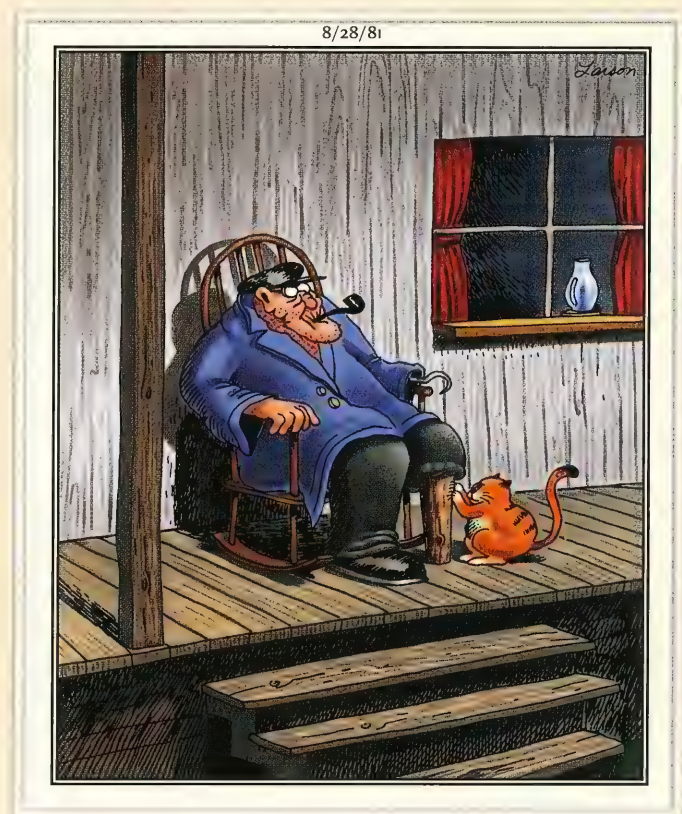
"And, as you shall soon observe, we are quite proud of our test tube baby progress."

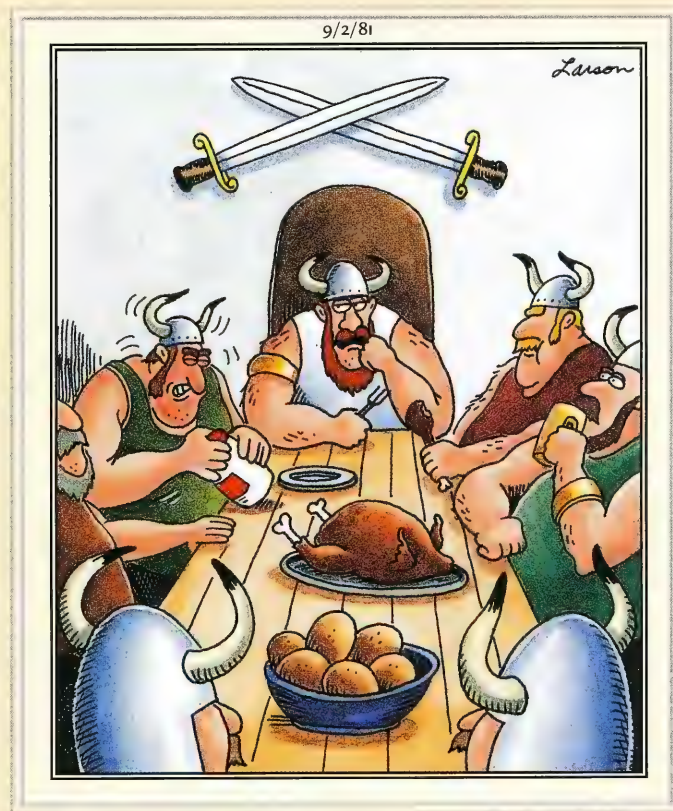


“On the other hand, what if we aren’t alone
in the universe?”

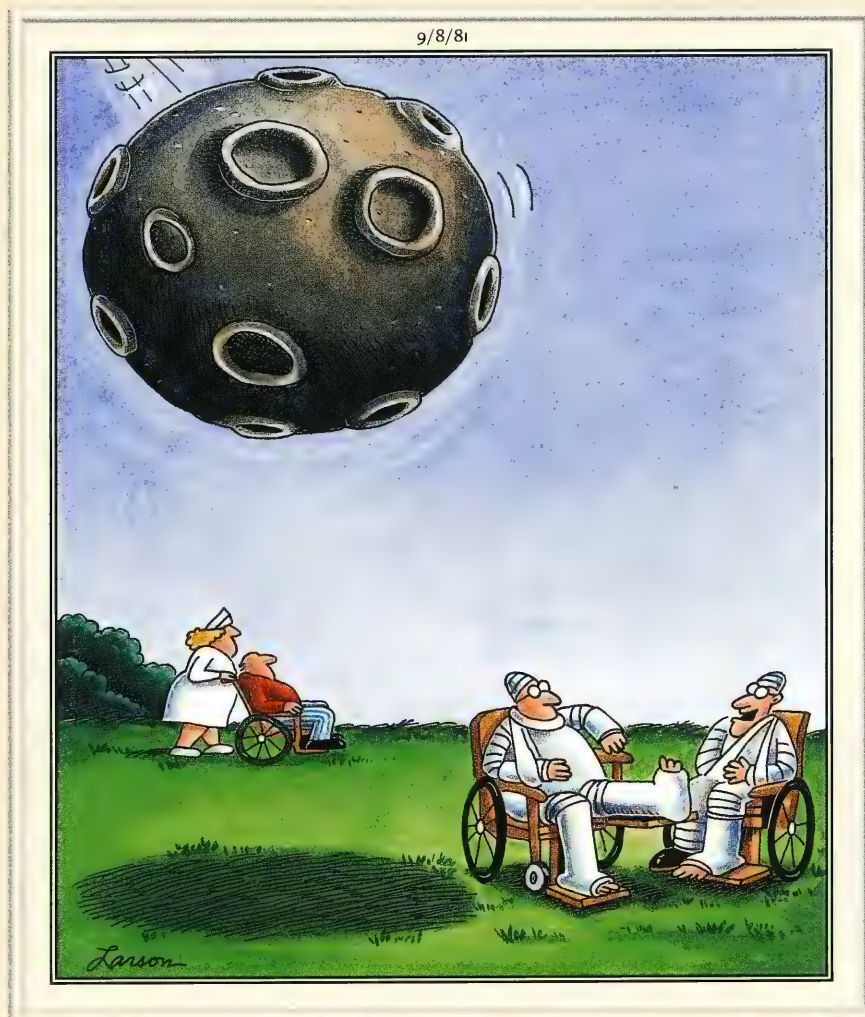


“So! ... You *still* won’t talk, eh?”

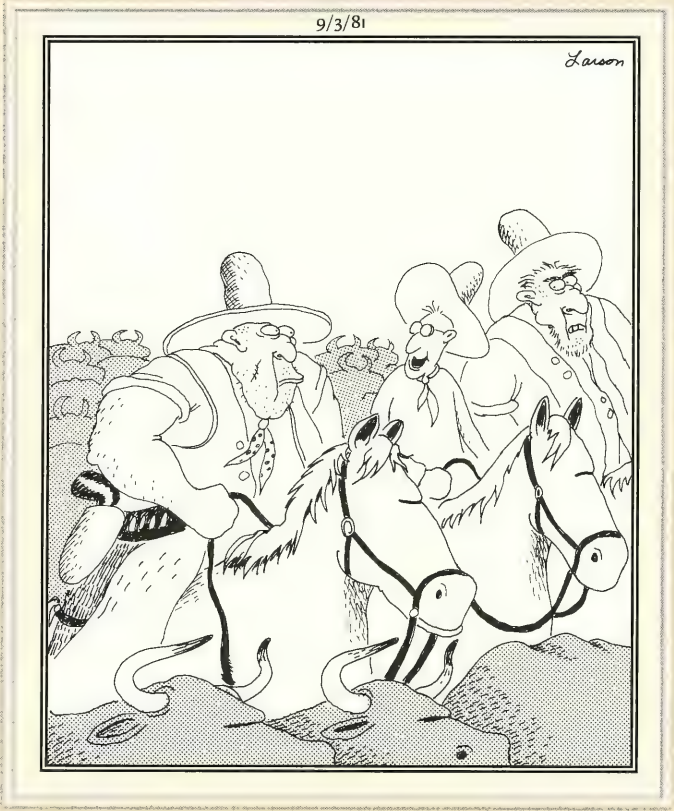




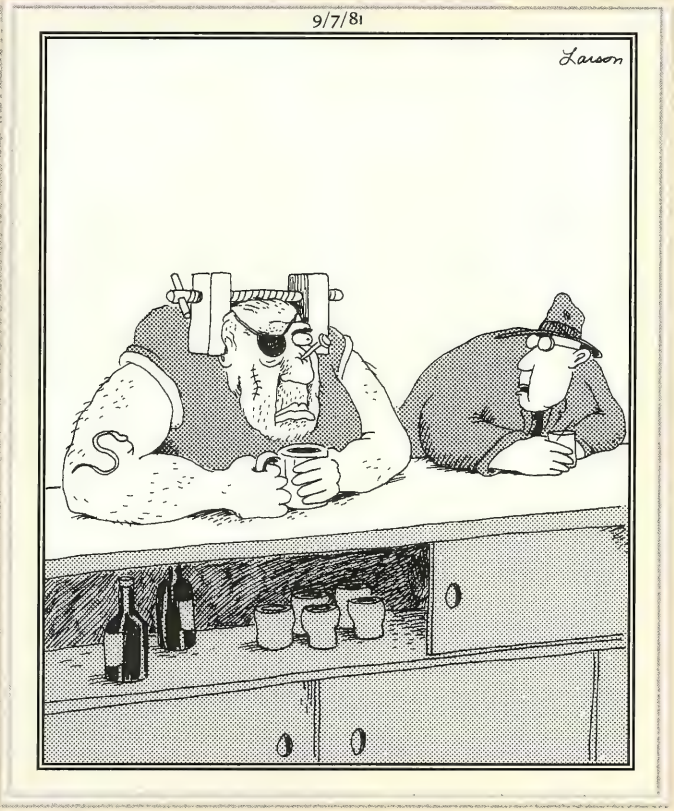
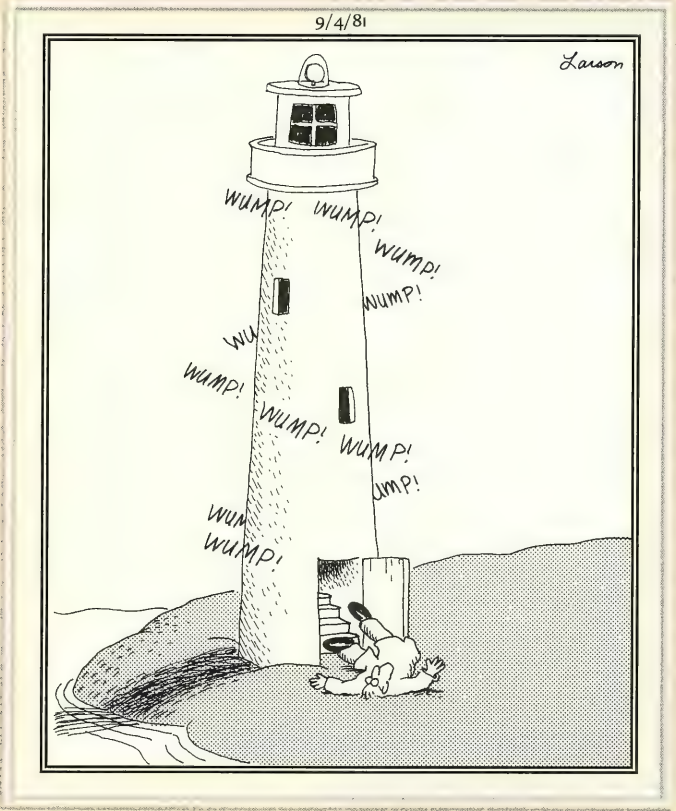
"I can't believe this! Can't *anyone* here get the lid off the mayonnaise?"



"You're kidding! I was struck twice by lightning too!"

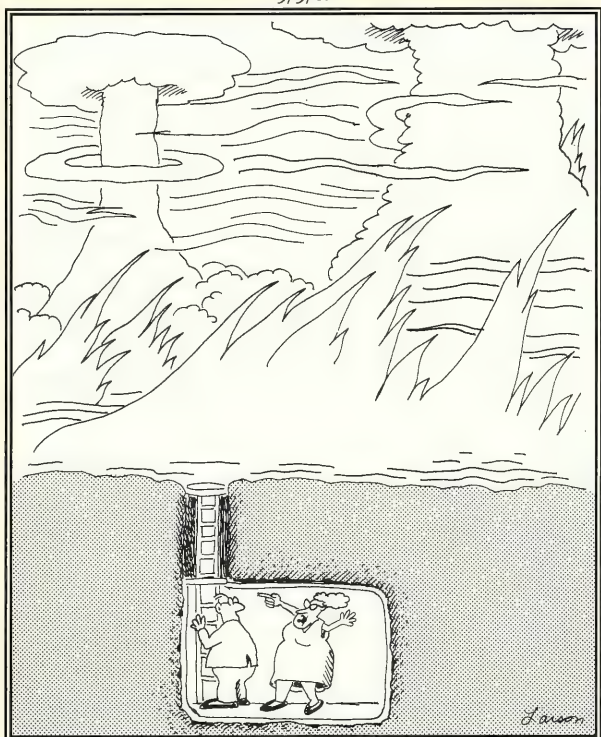


"Anyone for a chorus of 'Happy Trails'?"



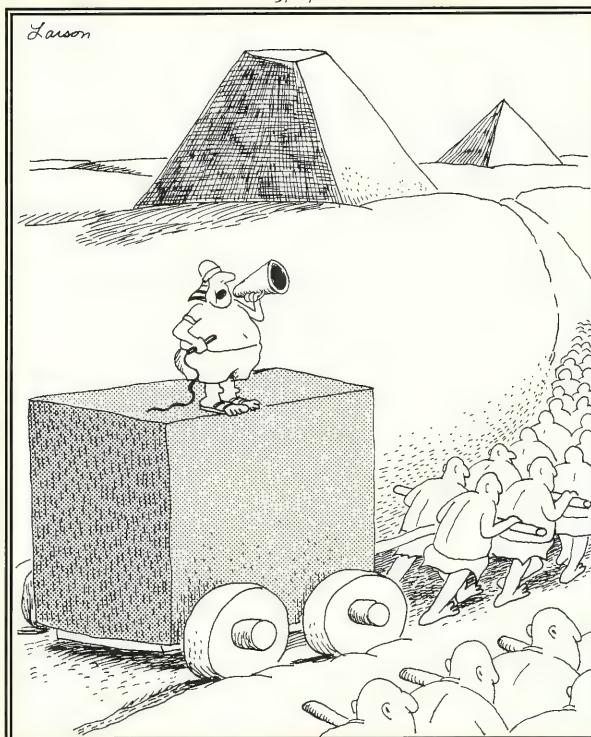
"Tough-guy, huh?"

9/9/81



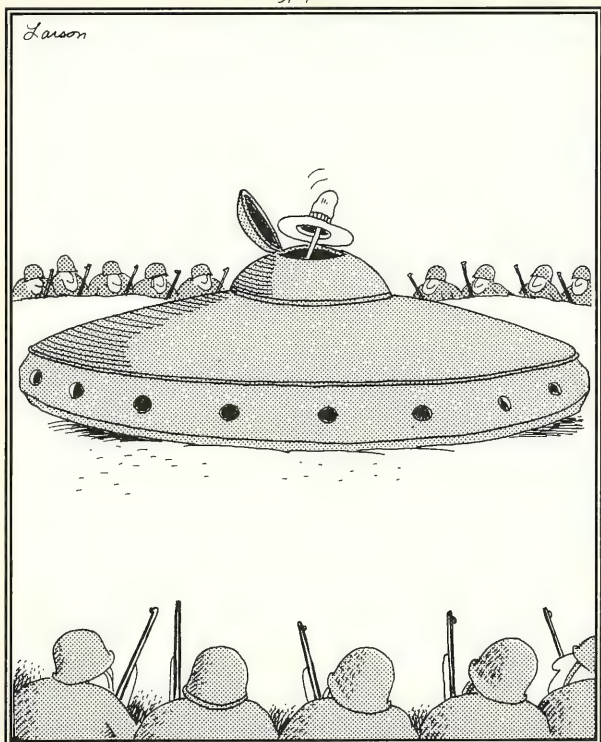
"Arnold! The bird! The bird! ... You get back up there and get the bird!"

9/10/81



"C'mon, let's go! Remember Pharaoh's favorite mottoes: 'Many hands make light work, a job worth doing is worth doing well, and death to the laggard!'"

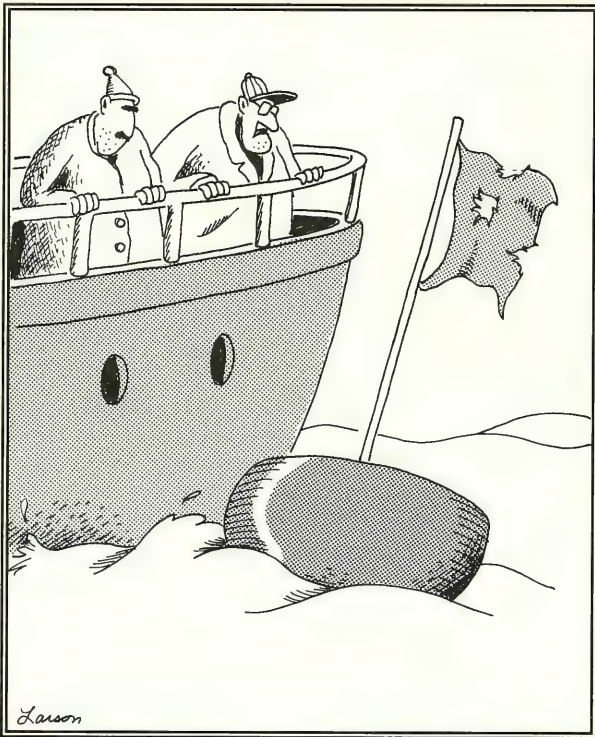
9/11/81



9/12/81



9/14/81



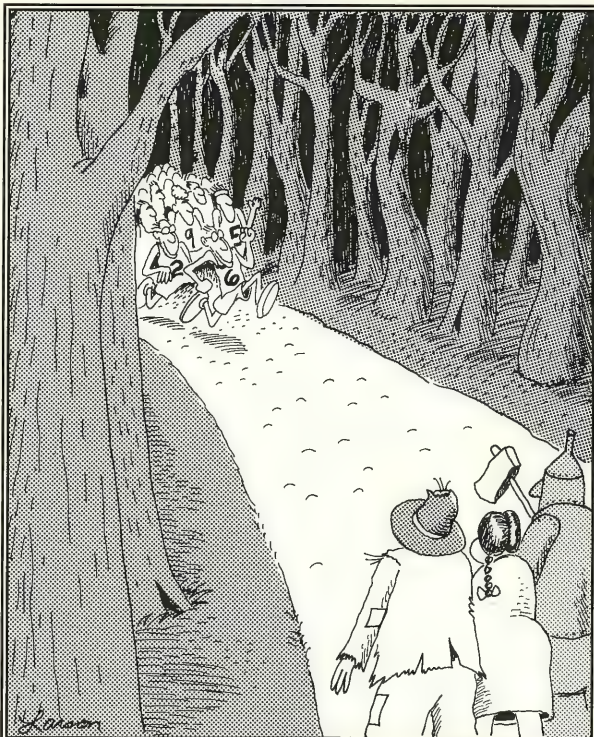
"What do you make of it, Earl? ... A small, pea-green boat, drifting way out here—empty, except for those two little skeletons."

9/15/81

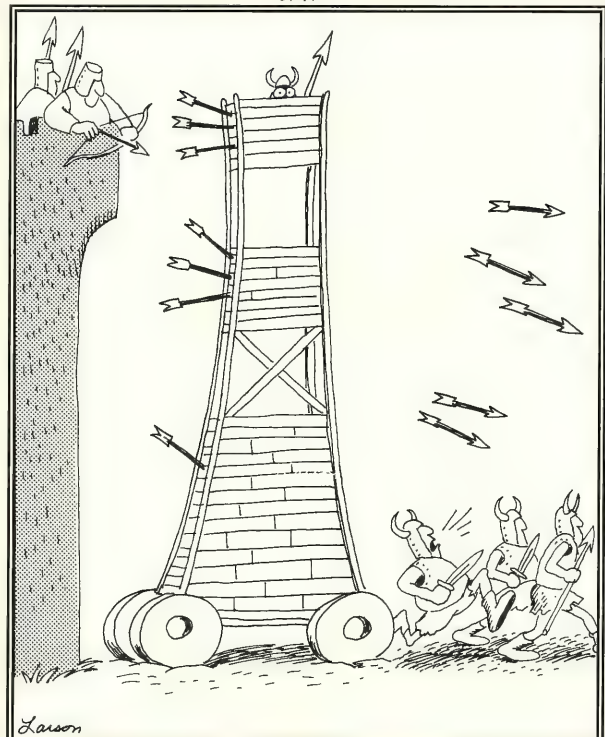


"I daresay there's a woman in Mayfield, Nebraska, who believes in UFOs."

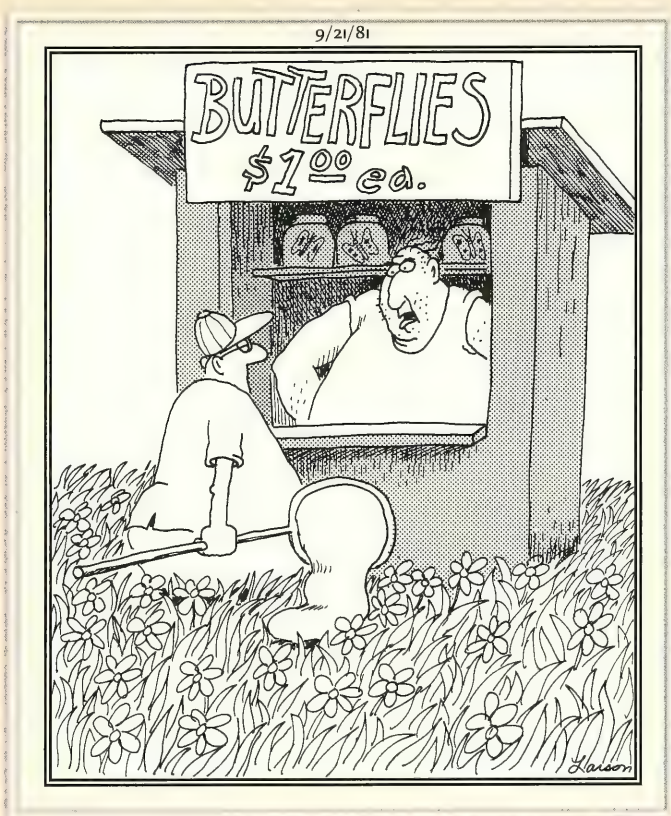
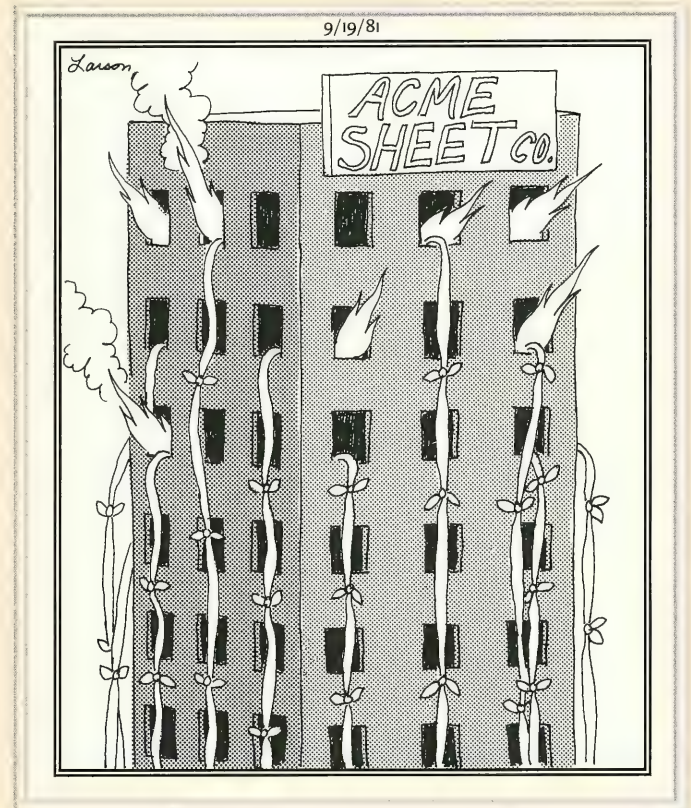
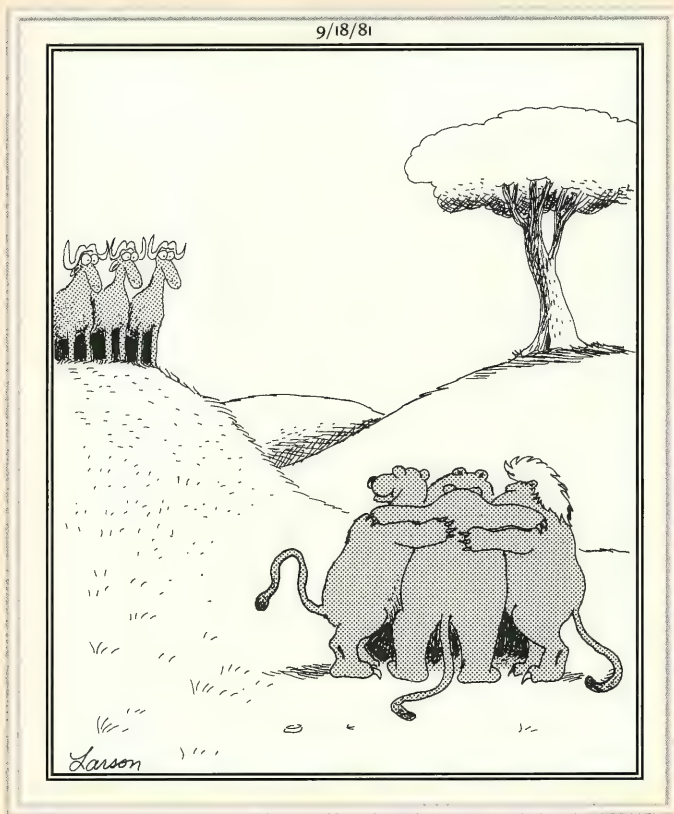
9/16/81



9/17/81



"RETREAT!"



"Well, they ain't free anymore, buddy."



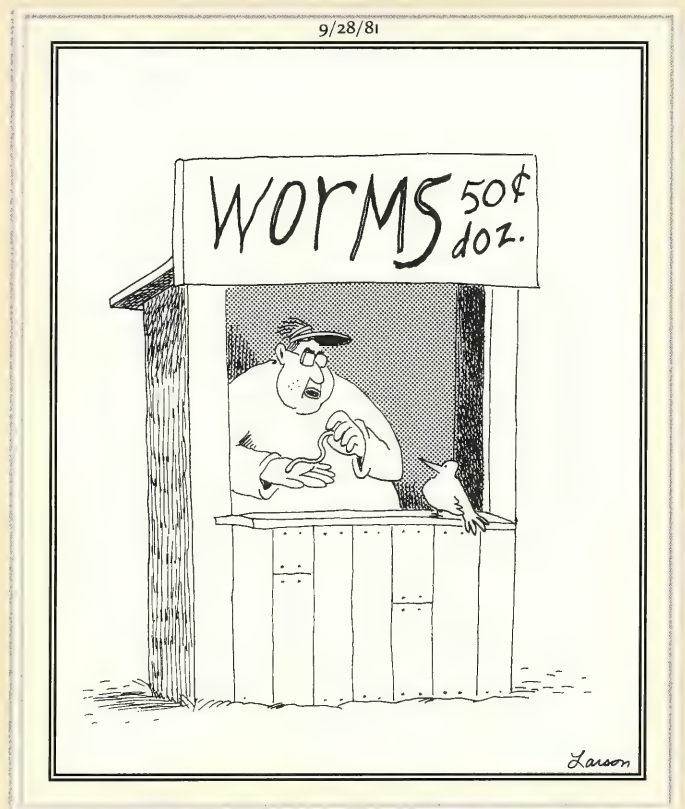
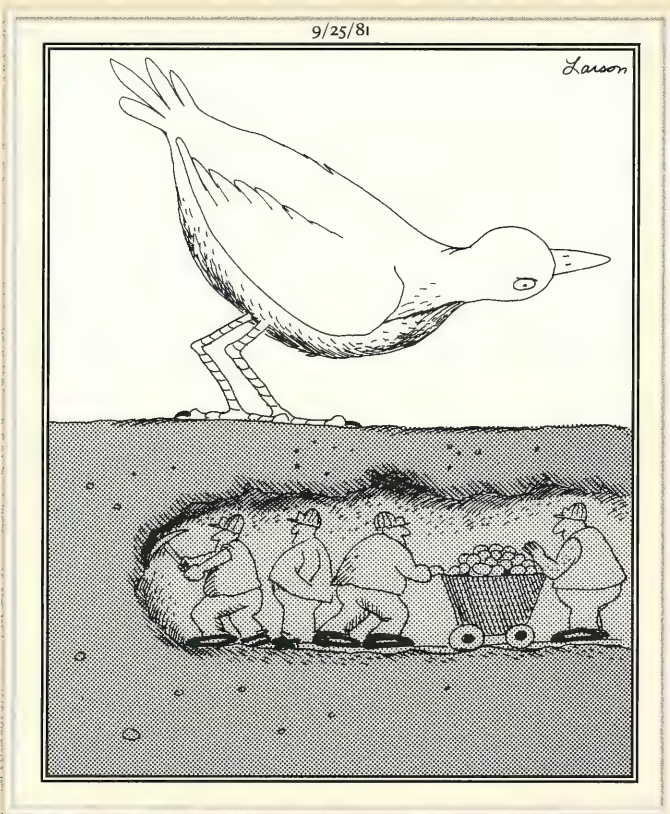
"Oh, my! ... What a *cute* little maggot!"



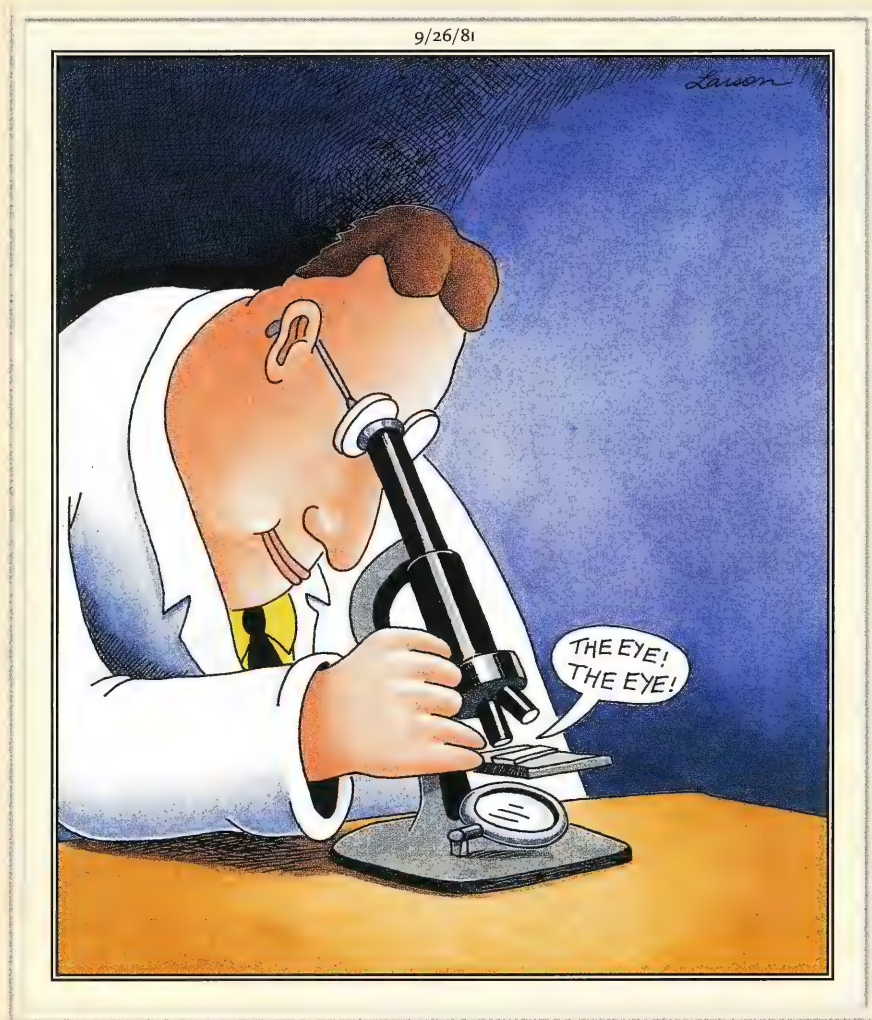
"Egad, Alex! I'm losing some wrinkles!"



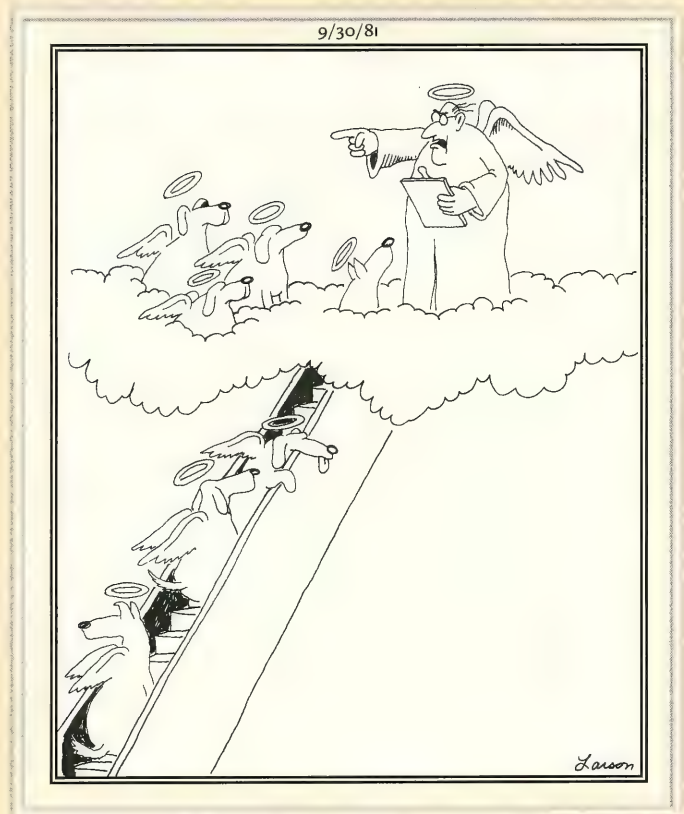
"So! ... Out bob bob bobbing along again!"



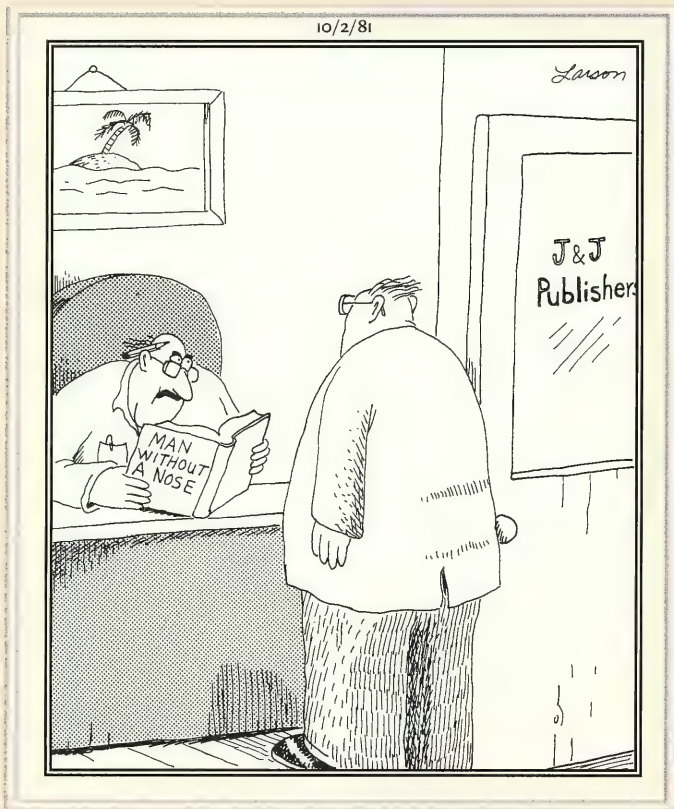
"Well, I dunno. This one's a little beak-worm. ...
How much do you want for it?"



"Polly wanna finger."



"Okay now, listen up! ... First, I want all the car-chasers over here!"



"Autobiography I presume?"

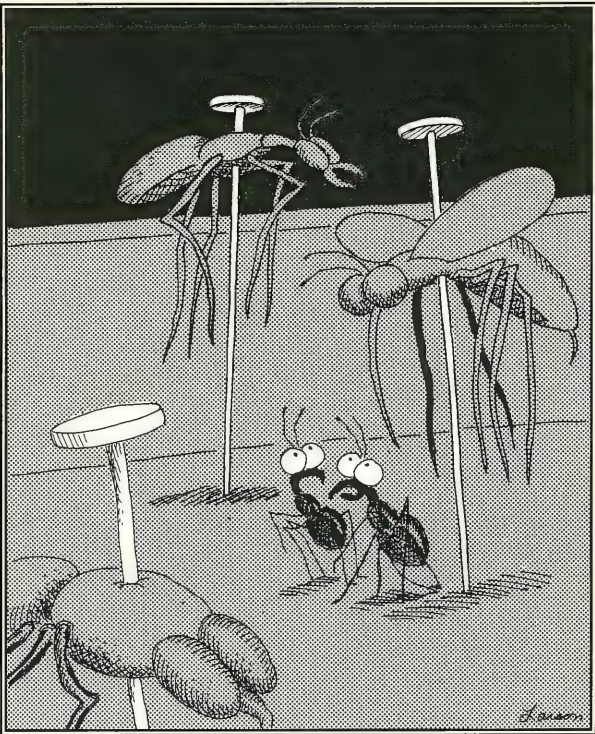


"C'mon, c'mon! Either it's here or it isn't!"



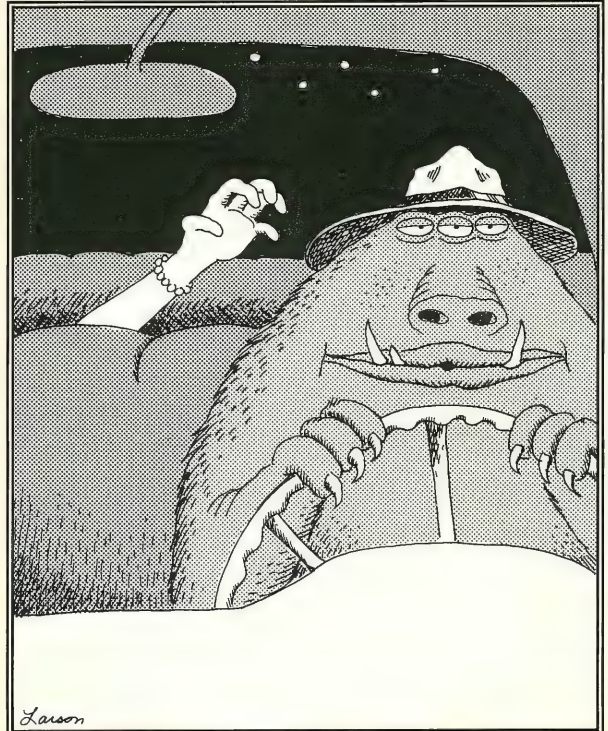
"Through the hoop, Bob! Through the hoop!"

10/7/81



"Gad, I hate walking through this place at night."

10/5/81



10/10/81

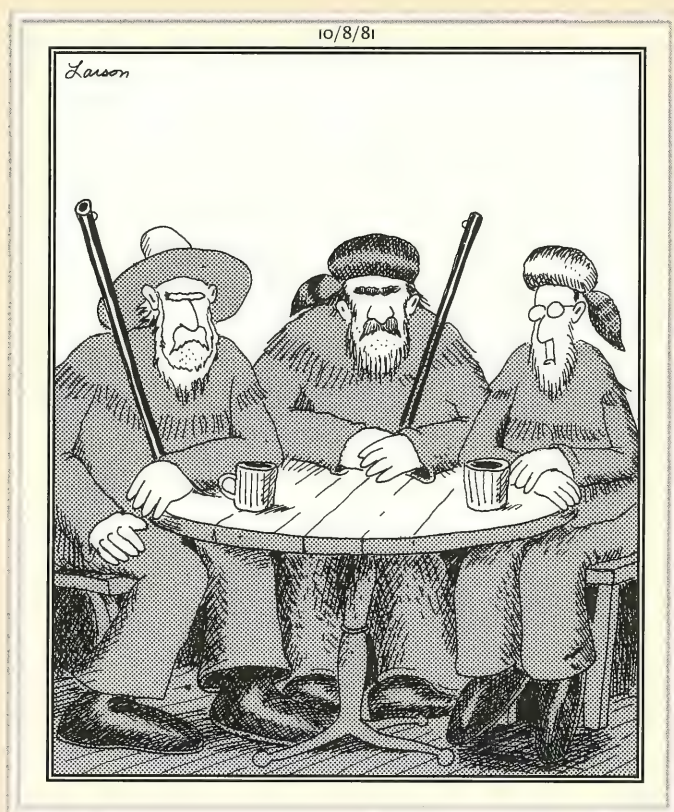


"It's still hungry ... and I've been stuffing worms into it all day."

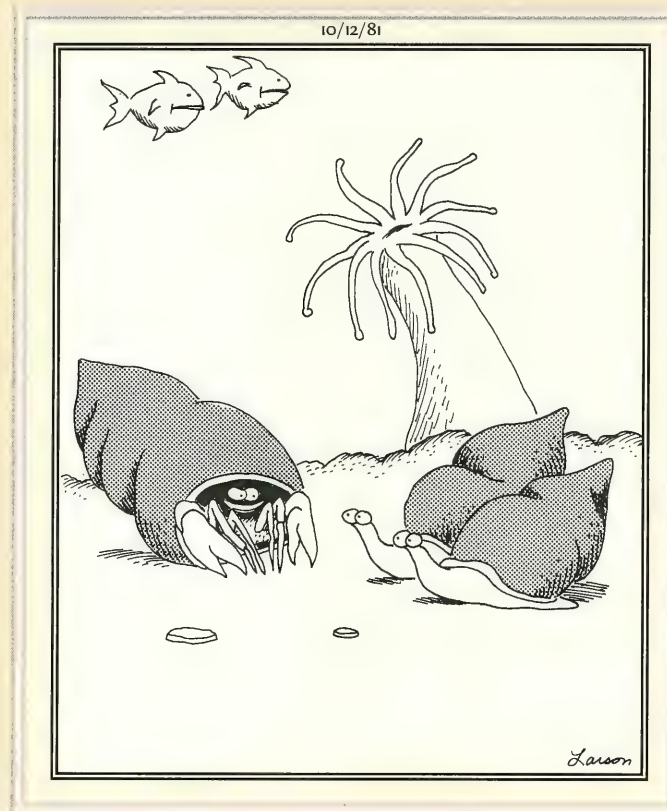
10/9/81



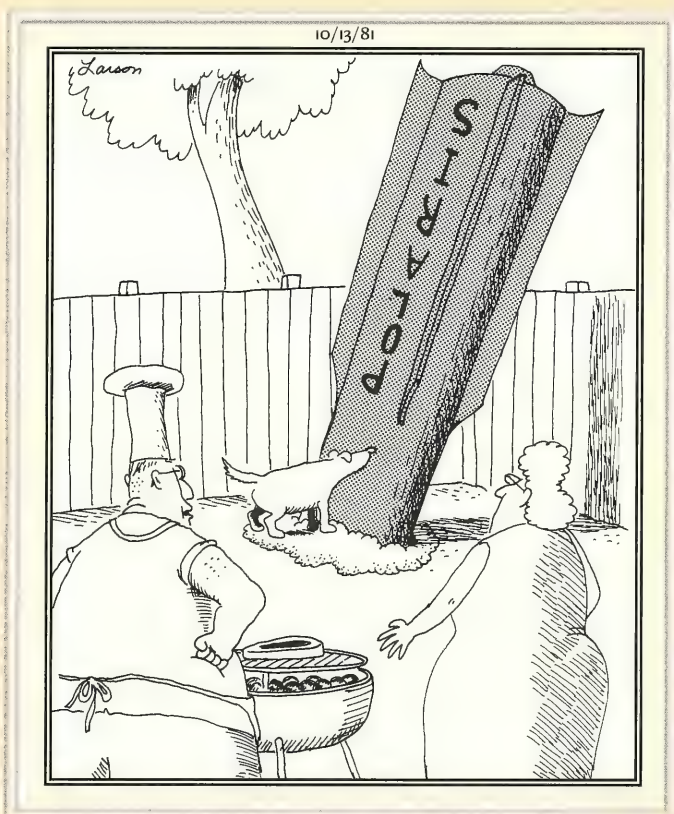
"Egad! ... Sounds like the farmer's wife has really flipped out this time!"



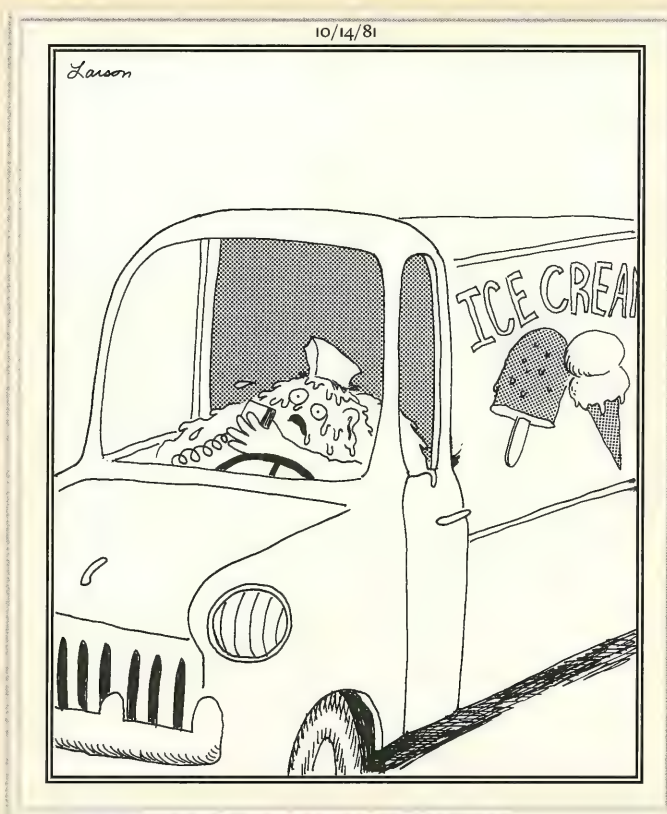
Buffalo Bill, Grizzly Adams, and Pigeon Jones



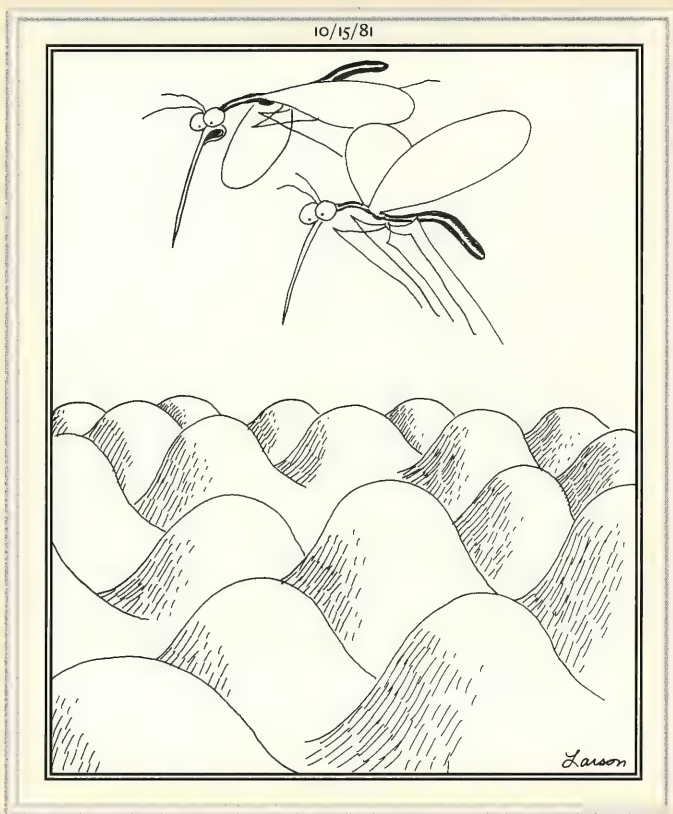
"Sorry—Carl doesn't live here anymore."



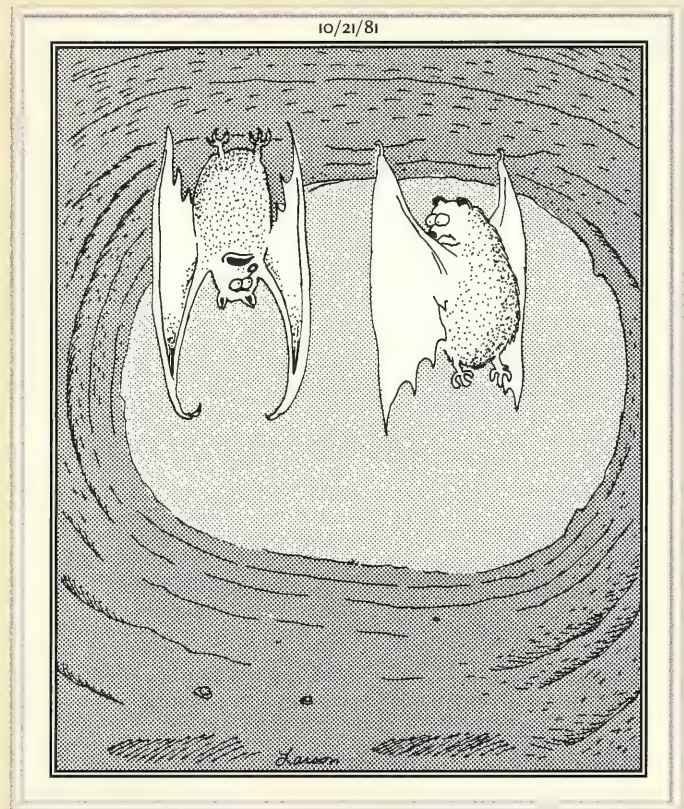
"Let's not overreact, Agnes. ... For one thing, it was only a dud."



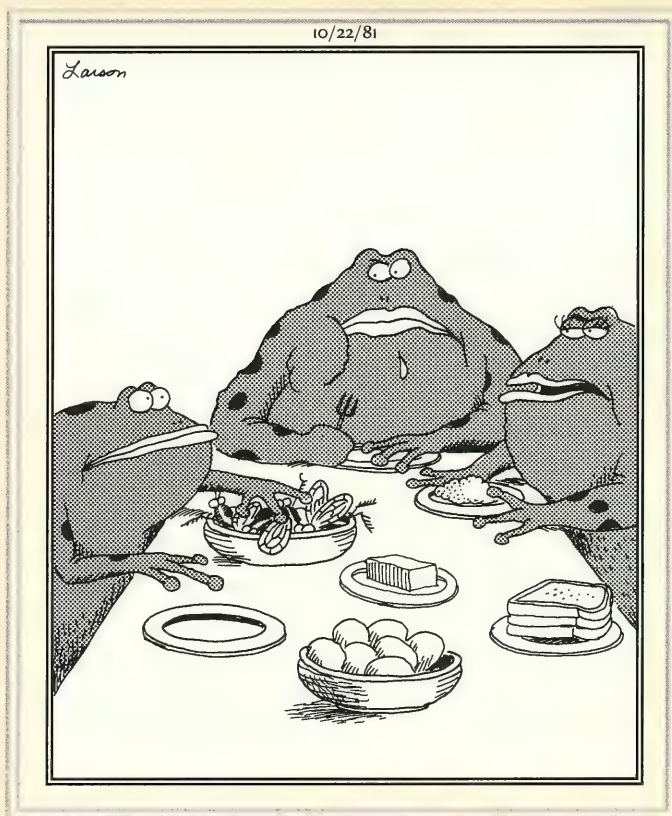
"This is Harold Schwartz! ... Something horrible is happening out here!"



"Looks like this place has been pretty much sucked over."

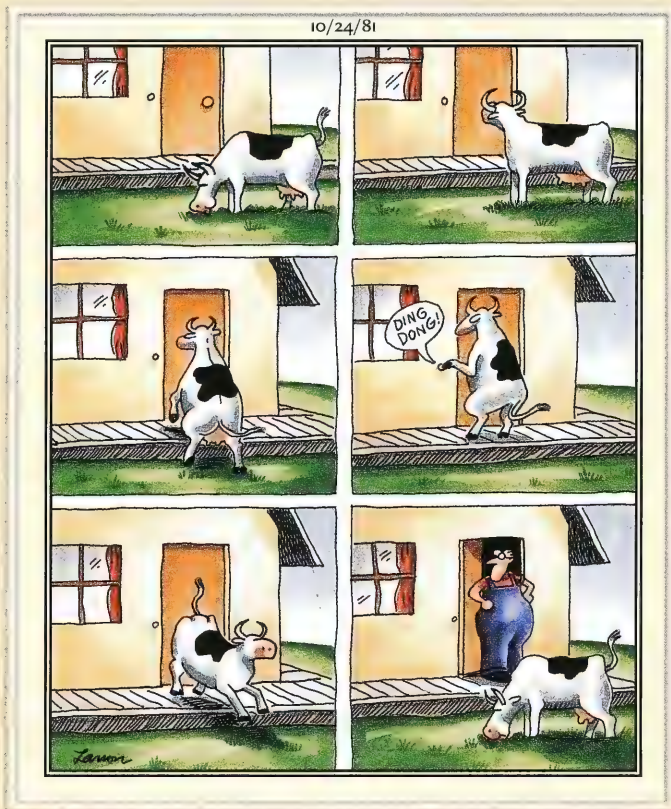


"Sure, go ahead—if you want the blood to rush to your feet."



"Sidney, just take one—don't handle every fly."





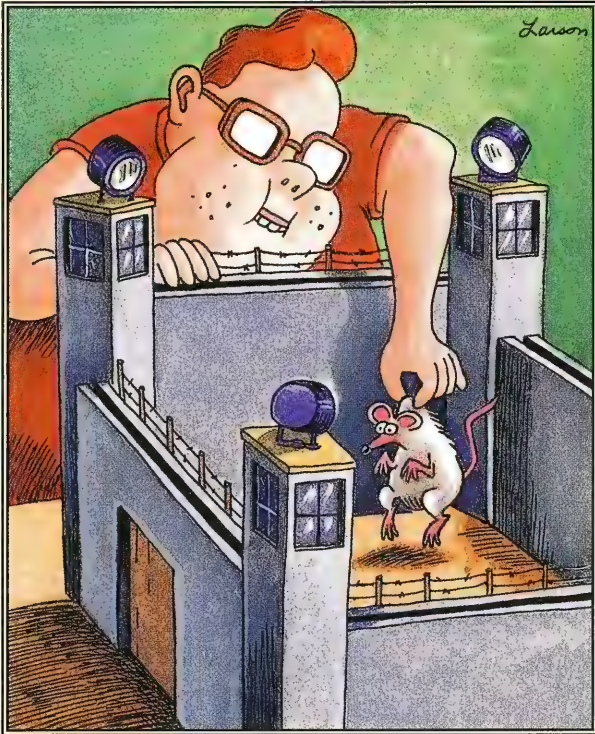
"C'mon! Look at these fangs! Look at these claws! You think we're supposed to eat just honey and berries?"



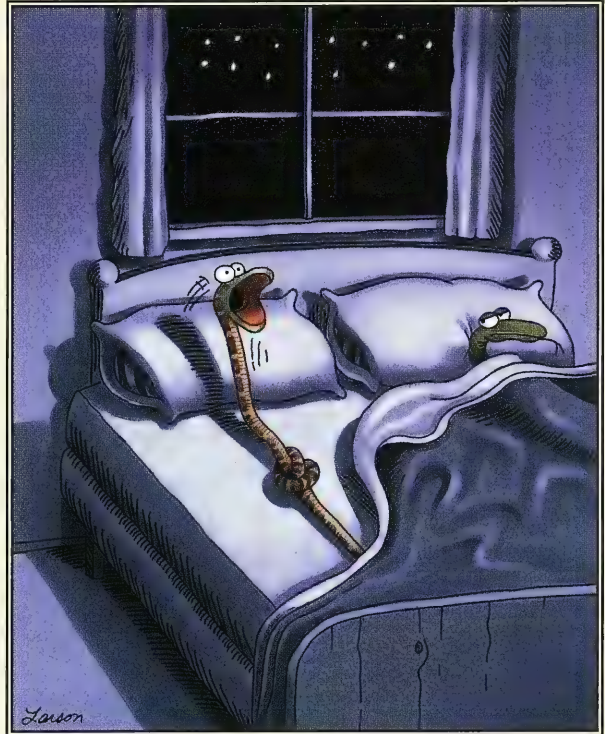
"Hey, wait a minute! This is grass! We've been eating grass!"



10/20/81

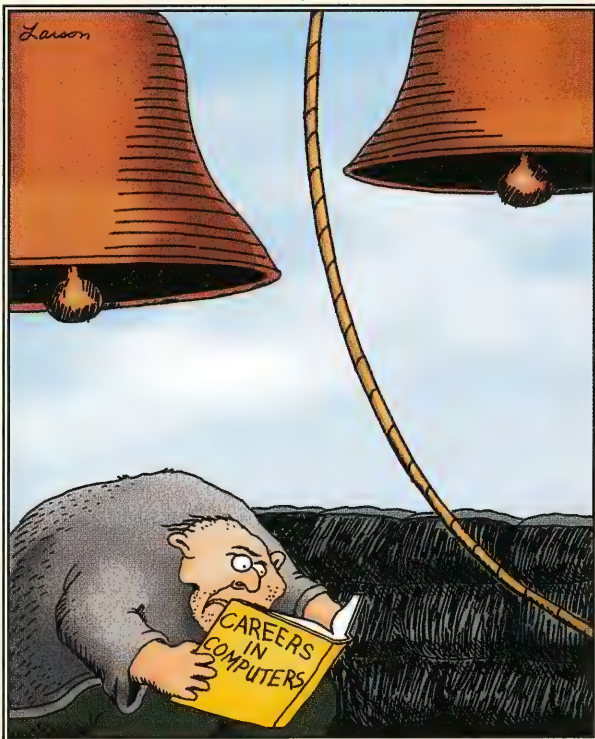


10/26/81



"CHARLEY HORSE!"

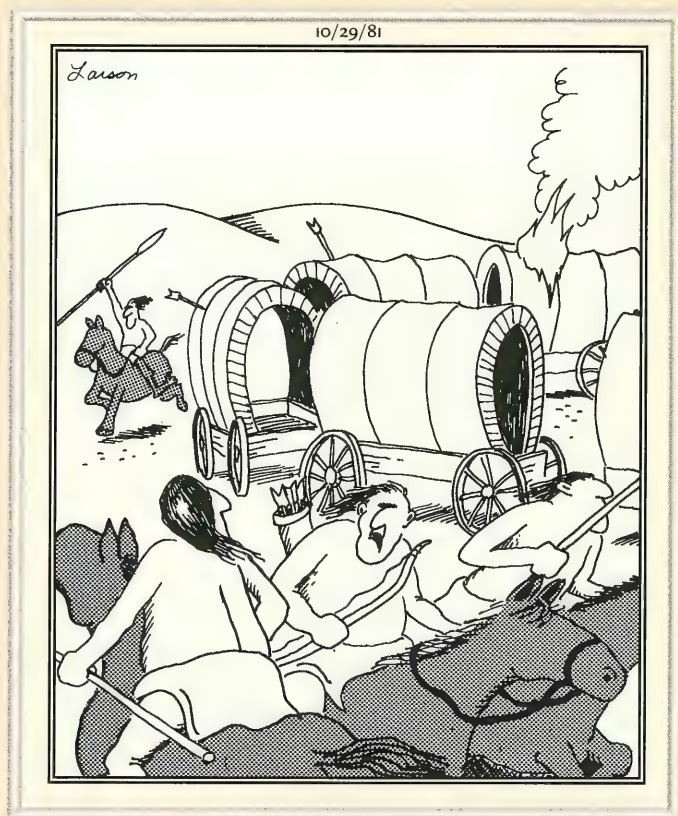
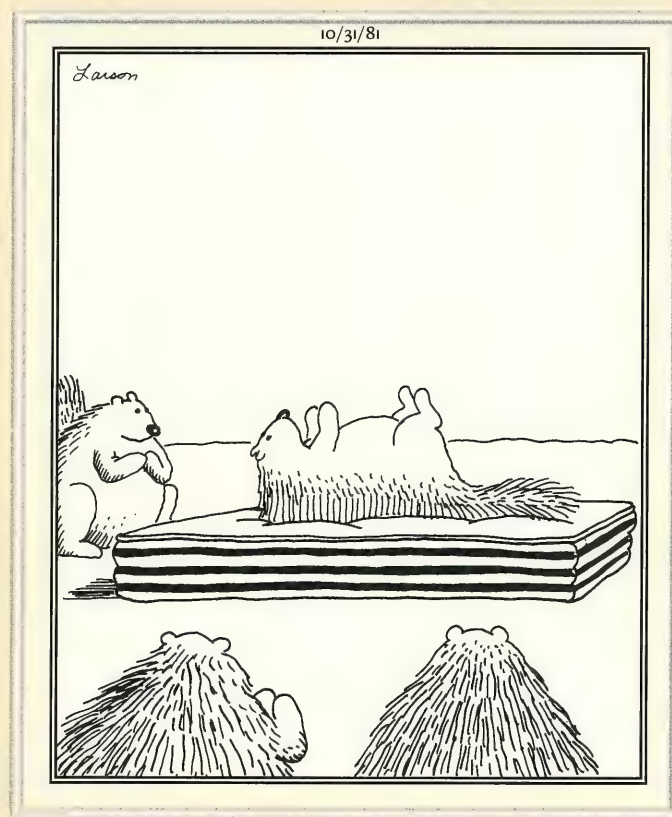
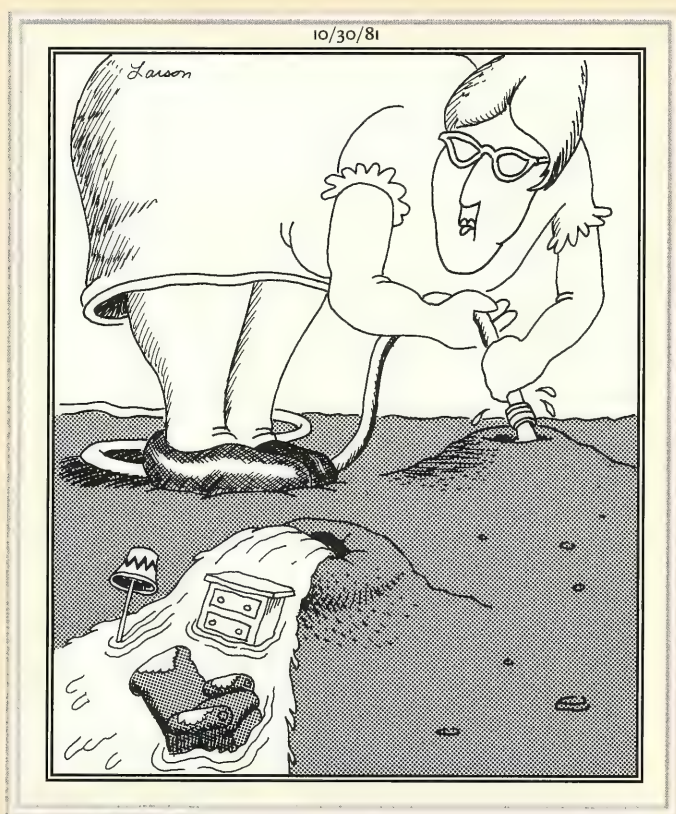
10/27/81



10/28/81



"Well, I'll be! Eggbeater must have missed that one."



"Counterclockwise, Red Eagle!
Always counterclockwise!"

November 6, 1981

Gary Larson
C/O The Washington Post
Washington, DC 20071

Dear Mr. Larson:

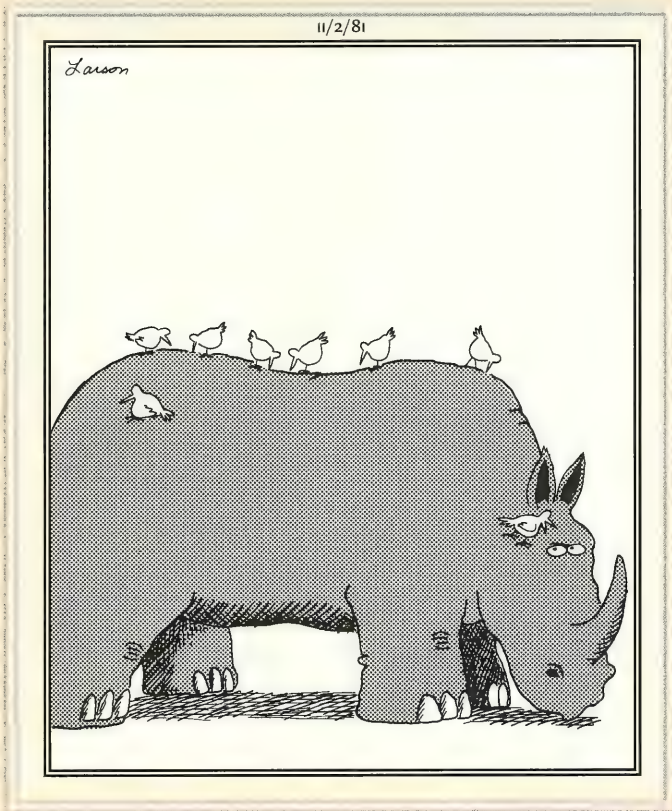
I am an English teacher in the Waynesboro Area Senior High School. Recently one of my students came up with a question in a research class--and no one here can answer the question. This is the question:

Why are all races (human and horse) run counter-clockwise around the track, rather than clockwise?

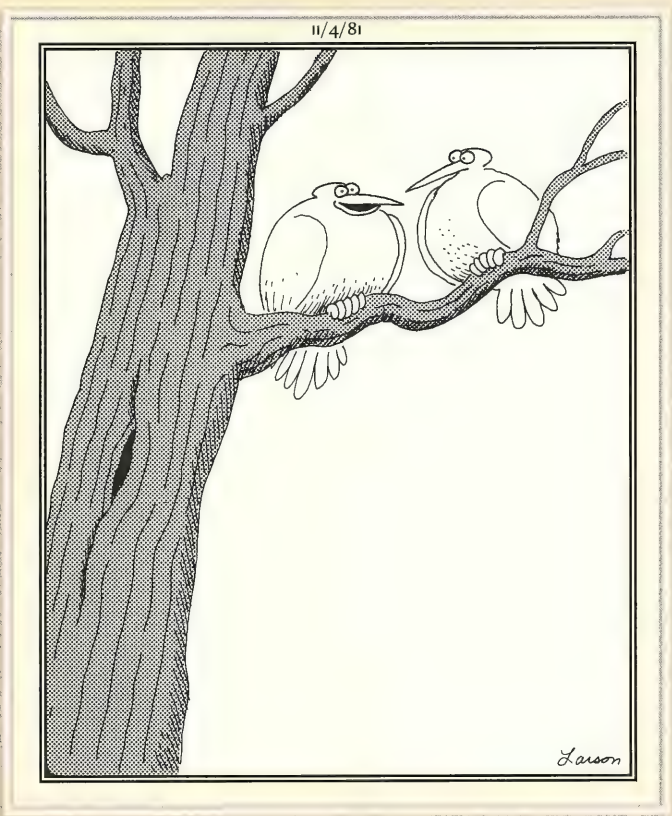
We have consulted all of the sources available and cannot seem to come up with a satisfactory answer. Then, on October 29 the Post ran your "The Far Side" cartoon ("Counterclockwise, Red Eagle! Always counterclockwise!") and we are terribly curious to know where you got the idea for this.

Could you help us, please? Thank you so very much.

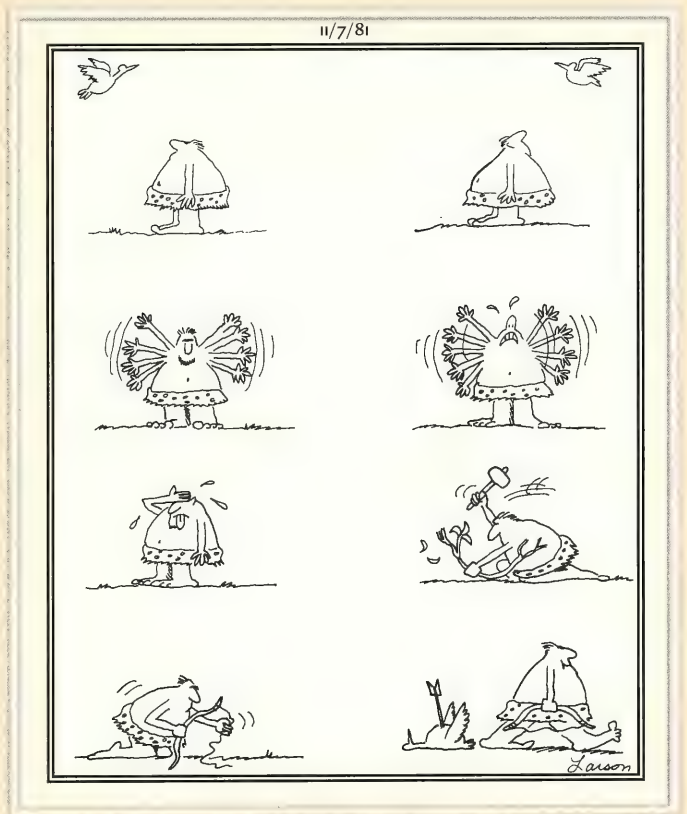
Yours truly,
Mary Ann M. Kulp

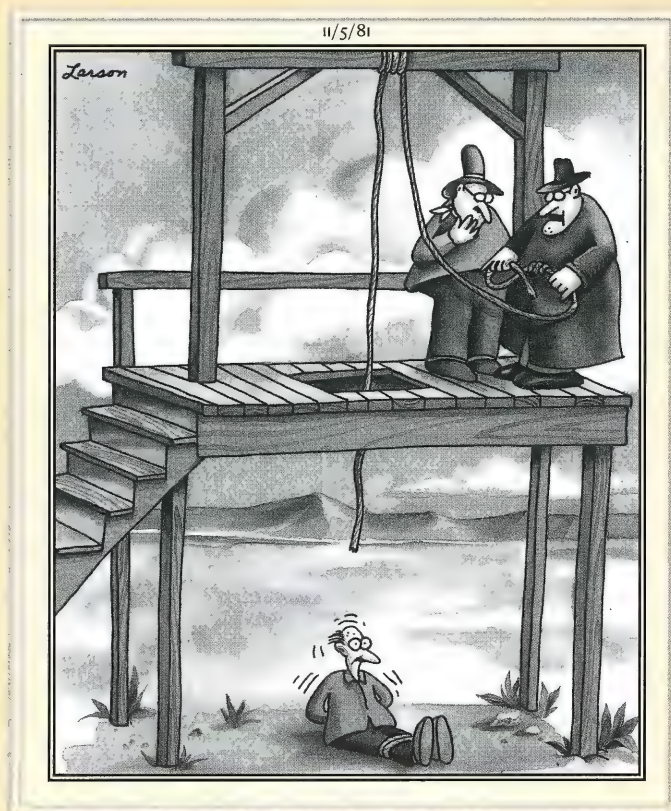


"Mind if we check the ears?"

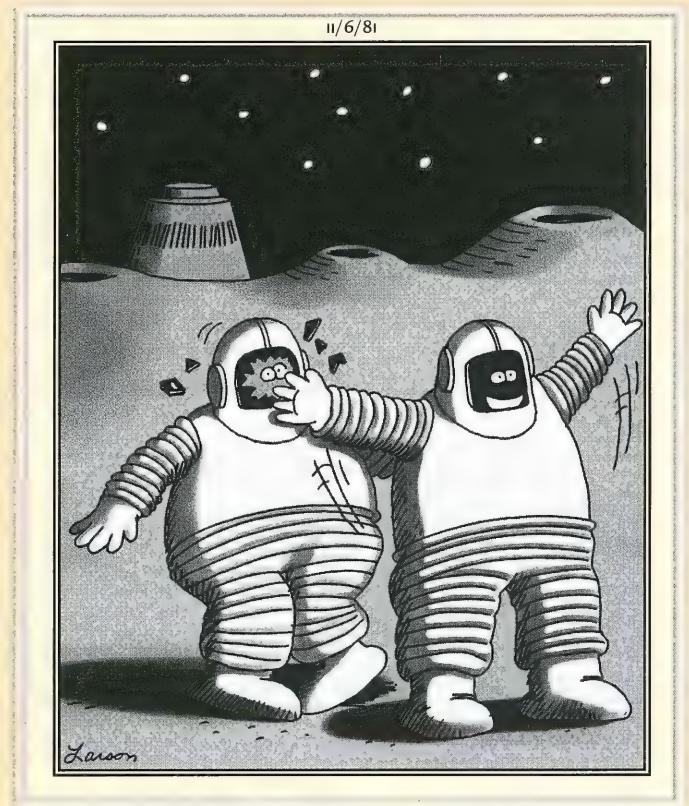


"I dreamt last night I was walking. ... And I mean I could walk anywhere ... fast, slow ..."

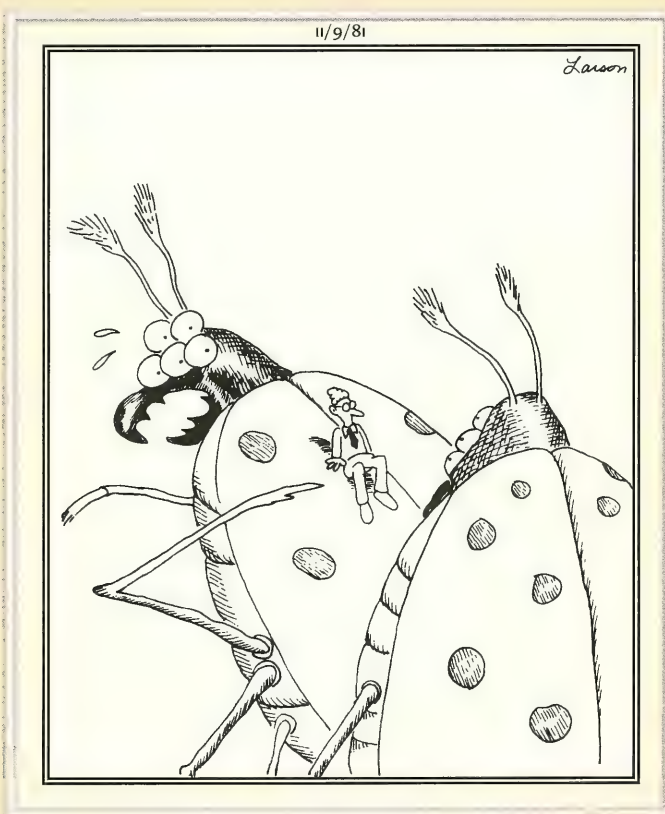




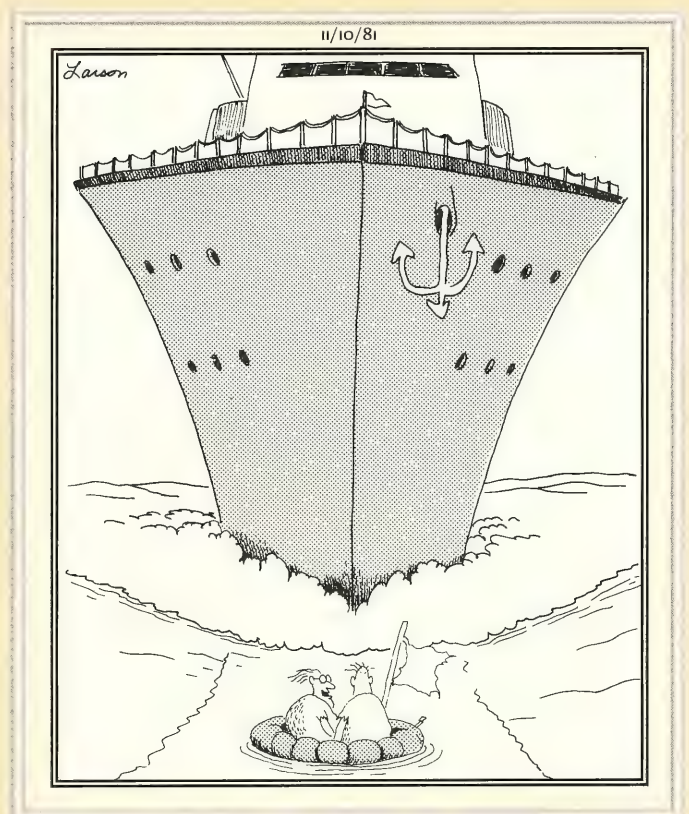
"You meathead! Now watch! ... The rabbit goes through the hole, around the tree five or six times ..."



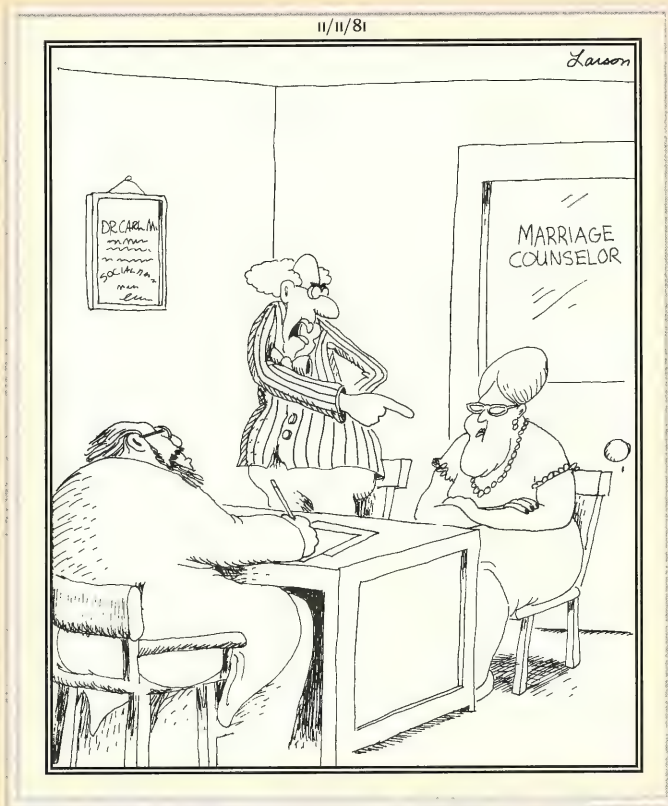
"We've made it, Warren! ... The moon!"



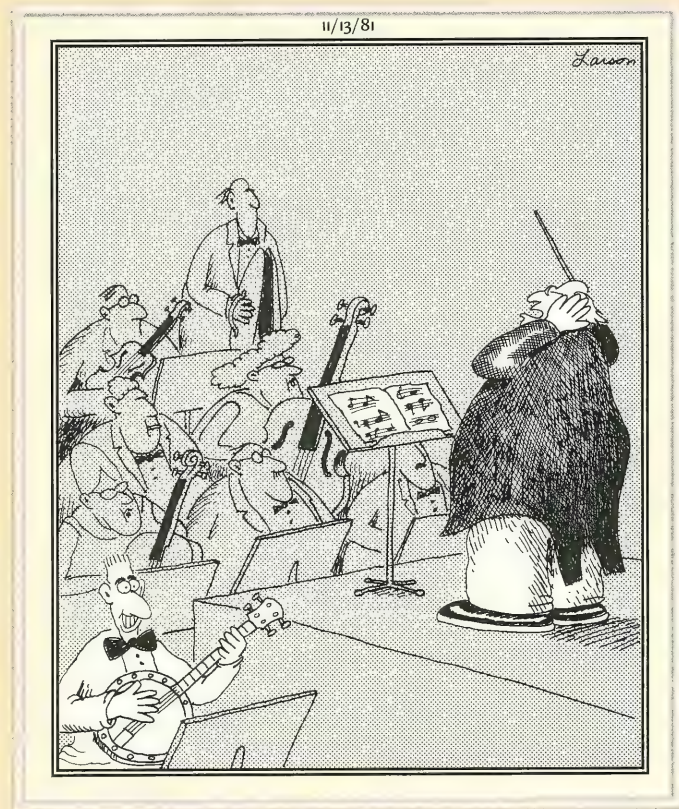
"Get it off me! Get it off me!"



"Thank goodness, Malcolm! We've finally been spotted!"



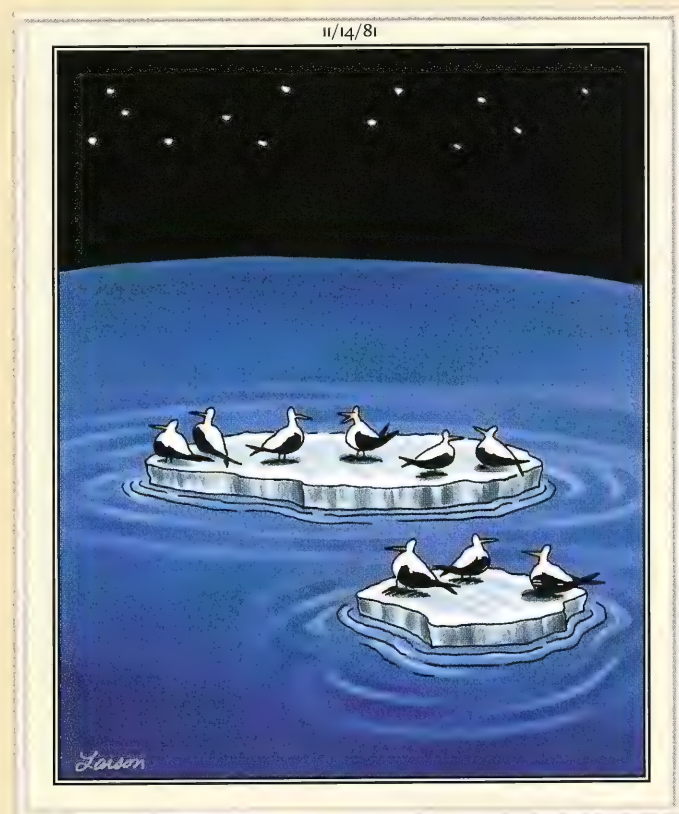
"Bozo? Did you hear that?
She called me a bozo!"



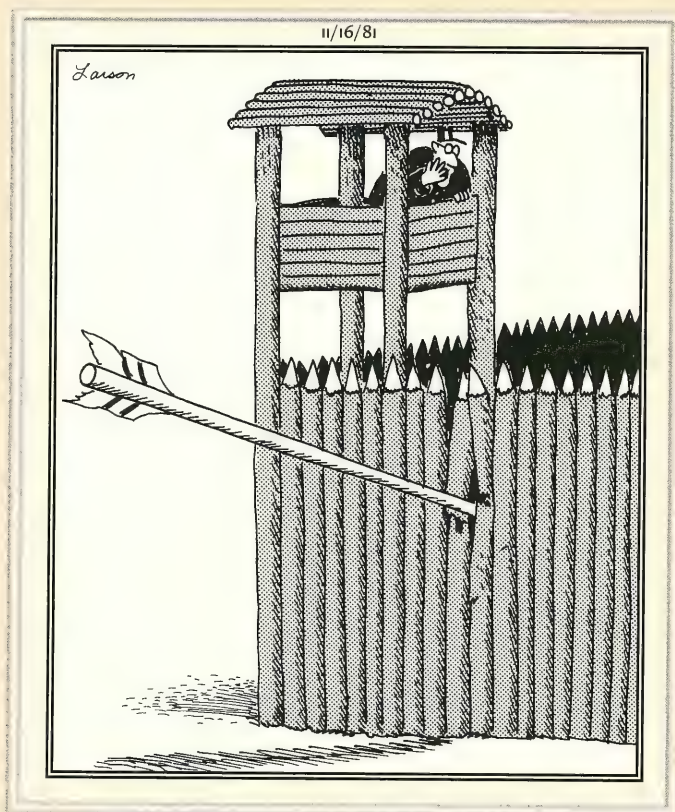
"Stop! Stop! What's that sound?
What's that sound?"



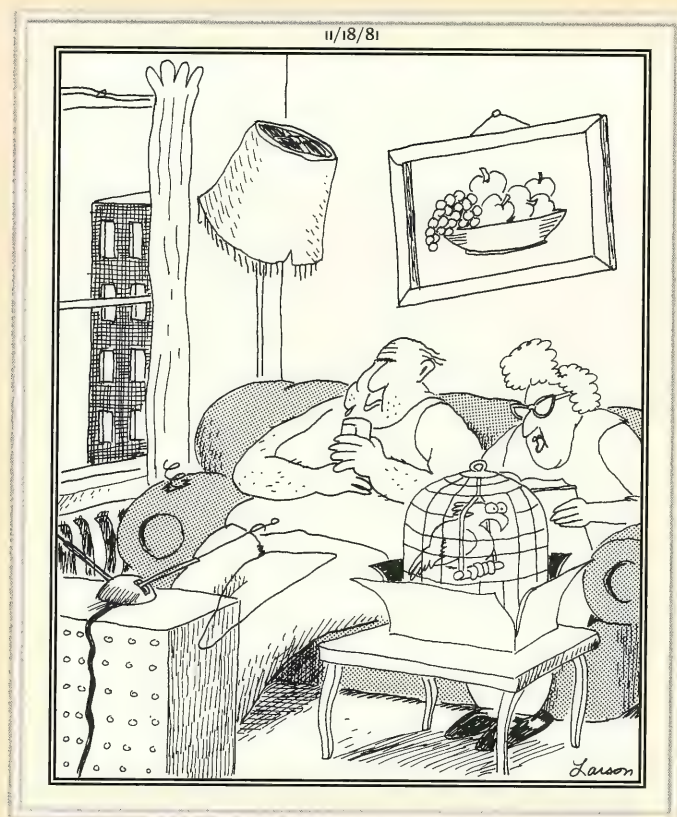
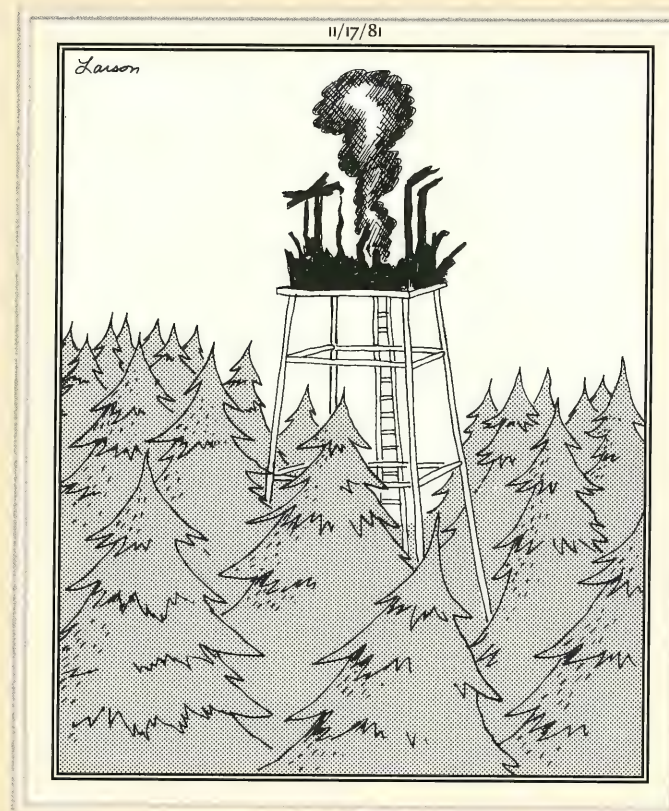
"Yes, yes ... now don't fuss. ... I have
something for you all."



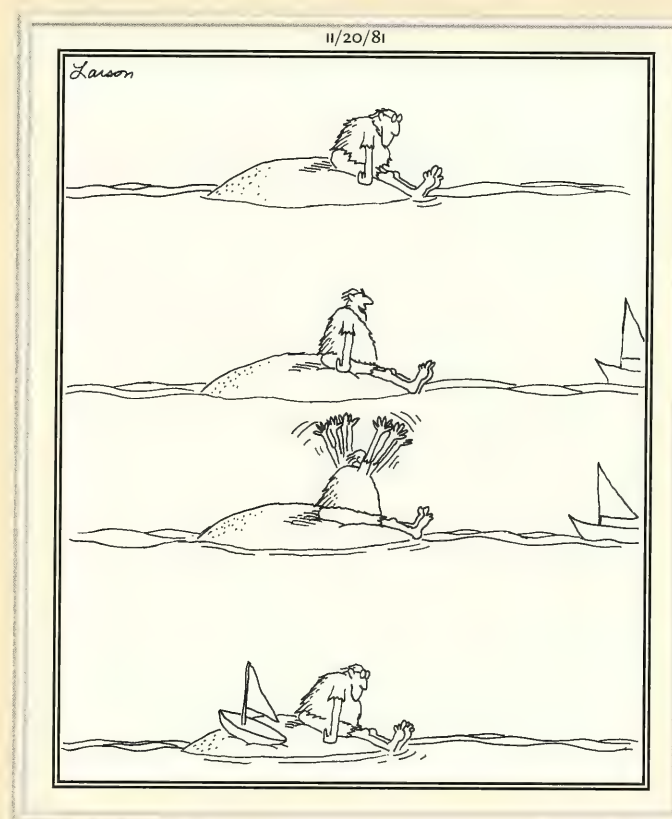
"You imbecile! We flew 12,000
miles for THIS?"



"First the good news, sir! ... I count only one Indian!"



"Uh-oh! It says here: 'A good mimic, this bird should not be exposed to foul or abusive sounds.'"



11/19/81

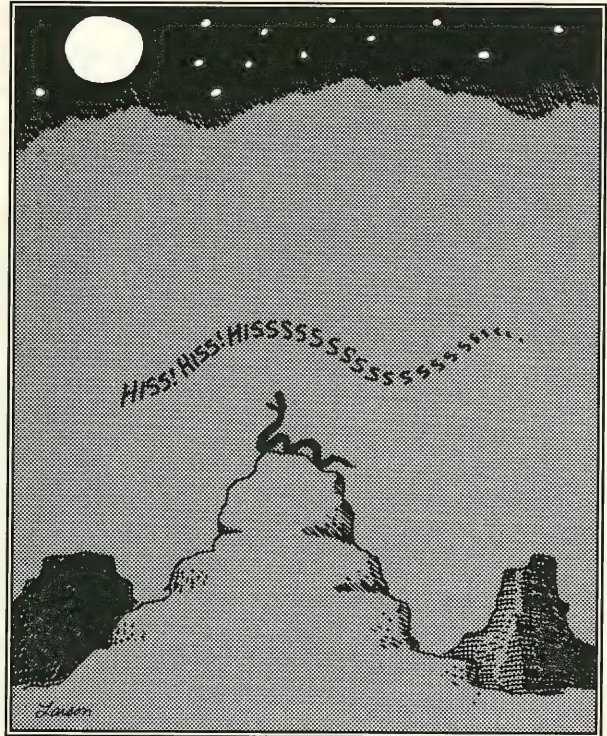


"Something's wrong here, Harriet. This is starting to look less and less like Interstate 95."

11/21/81



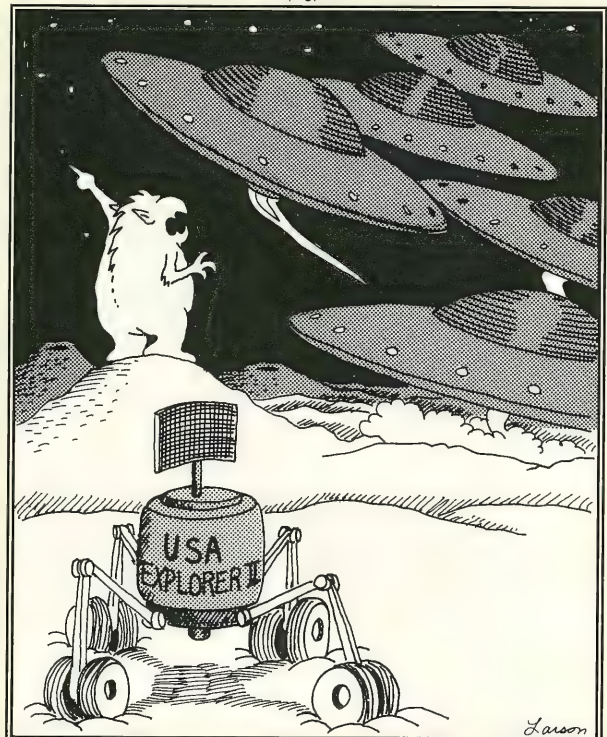
11/23/81



11/24/81

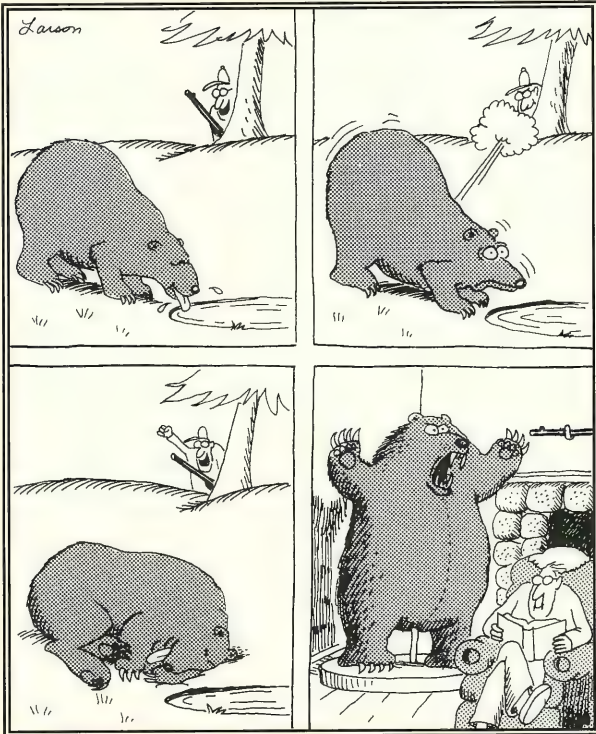


11/25/81



"FIND THEM!"

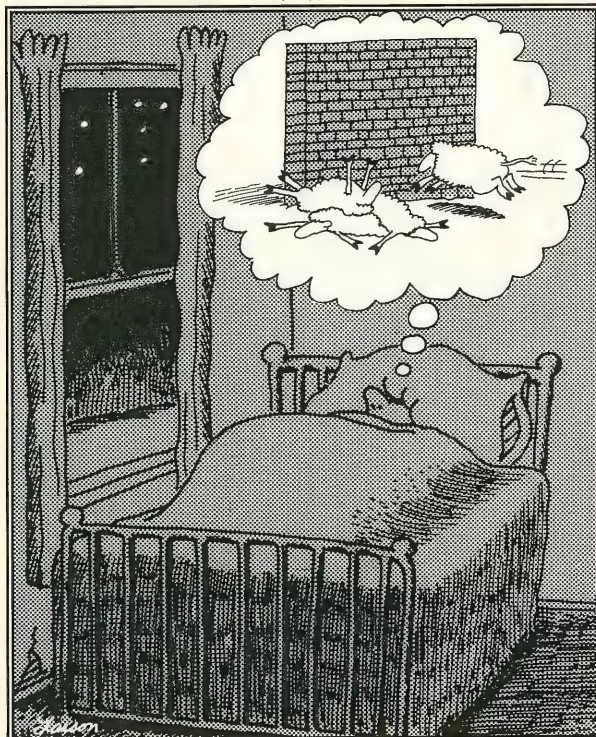
11/26/81



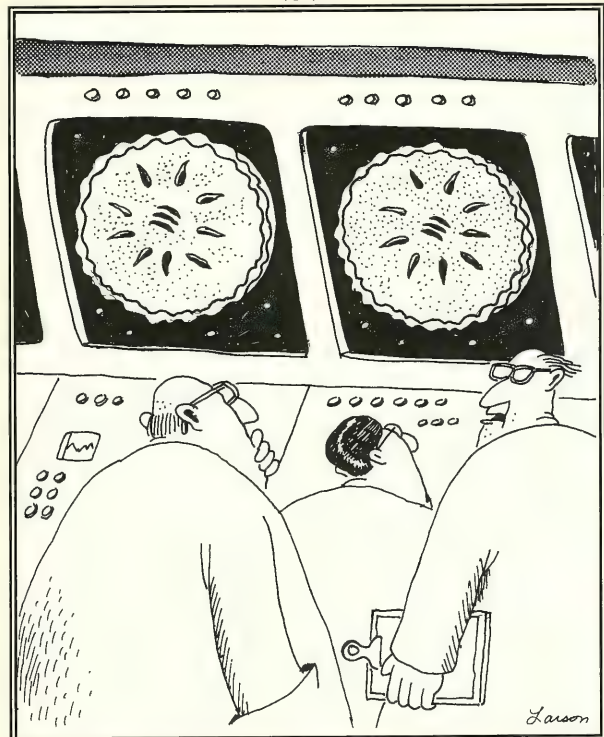
11/27/81



11/28/81



11/30/81



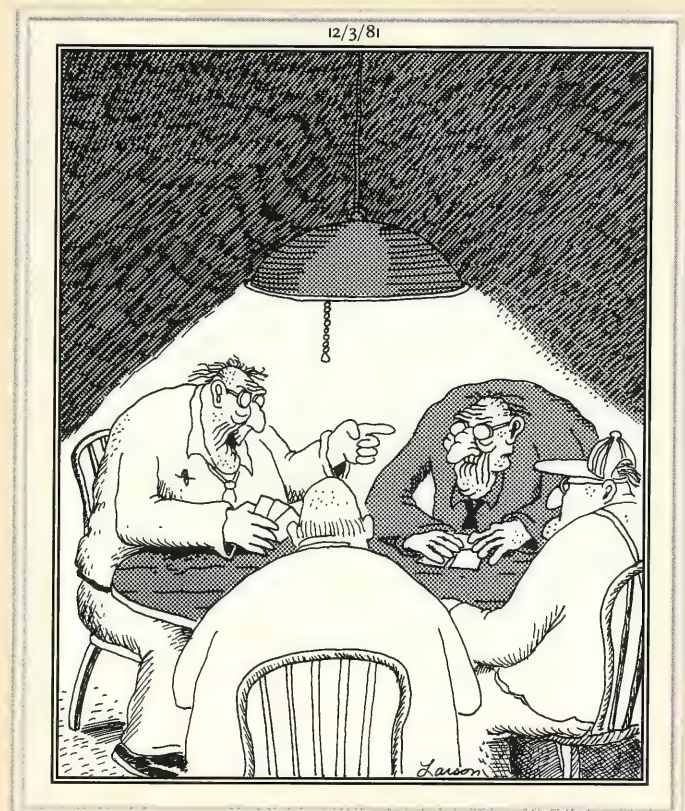
"We estimate it to be 7,000 kilometers in diameter, 130,000 kilometers away—and we're on a collision course!"



"Fair is fair, Larry. ... We're out of food,
we drew straws—you lost."



"Harry! I found this note from Mary Beth! ...
She's run off with a spoon!"

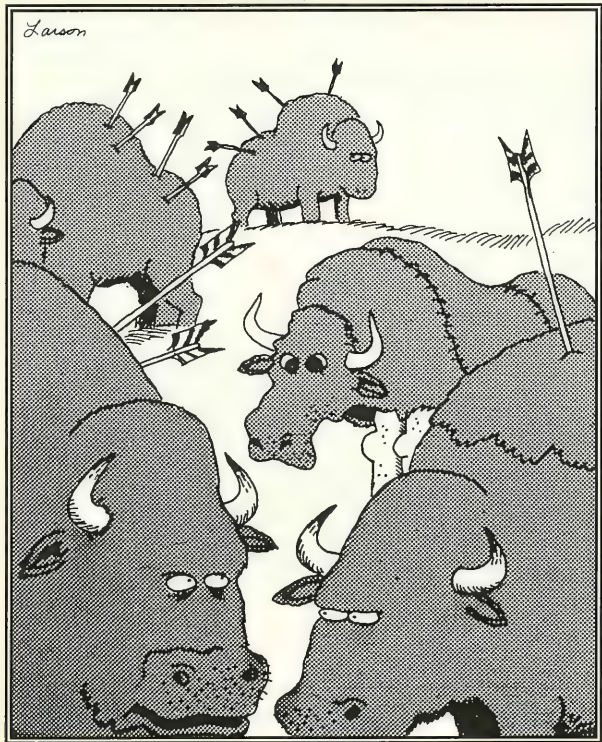


"Ha! I knew you were bluffing, Amos! You
never did have much of a poker face!"

12/5/81



12/4/81



"Say ... maybe it's not just a bad swarm of horseflies."

Comics Editor
Minneapolis Tribune
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I am quite liberal when it comes to various types of comics and even go so far as to enjoy the cartoons and jokes in magazines like Playboy and High Society.

But I must strongly protest the cartoon; The Far Side, by Gary Larson. A sample is attached.

Larson has some kind of sickness in that he has to portray animals in some kind of suffering situation. I think we have enough people in the world who inflict pain on helpless animals and we don't have to encourage this craziness on the comic pages.

I am able to accept comics that deal with people-to-people violence simply because people have some control over how they may or may not feel toward each other. I cannot stomach the violence of people against animals who have no way of knowing when danger is imminent.

The Minneapolis Tribune should drop The Far Side until Gary Larson completes psychotherapy to overcome his problem. The Far Side does not represent humor. It represents illness.

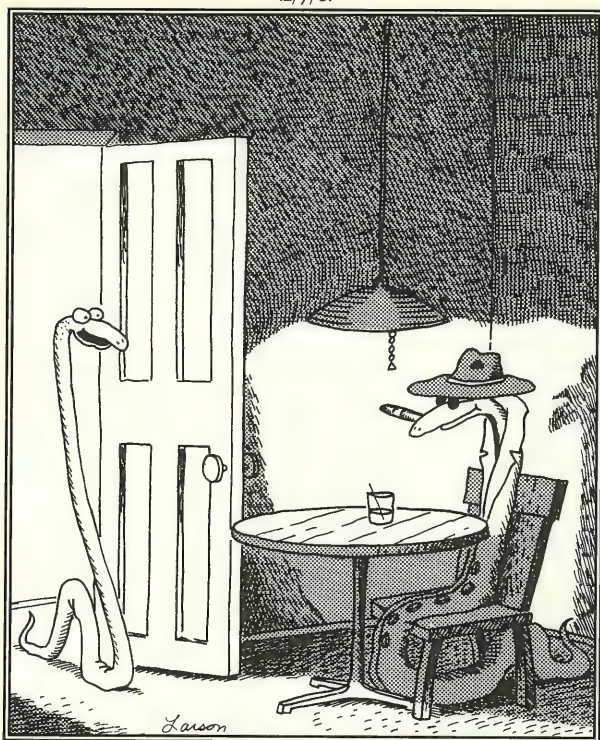
Please send Gary Larson a copy of this letter. He needs to know that a whole lot of people don't think he's funny.

Thanks very much.

R. E. Enger
Minneapolis

P.S. I should add that the Minneapolis Tribune comic page is excellent (except for an occasional Far Side) and urge you not to eliminate any of its other fine comics.

12/7/81



"So ... you must be the one they call Mr. Long."

12/11/81

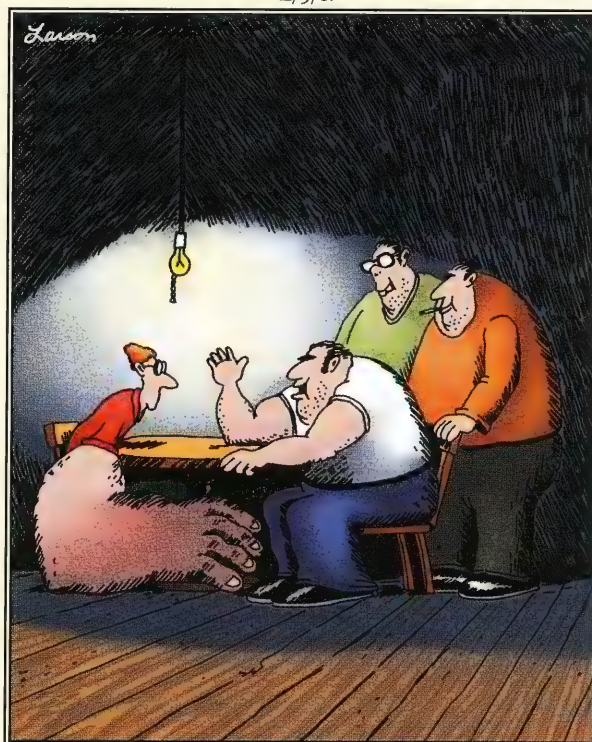


12/8/81



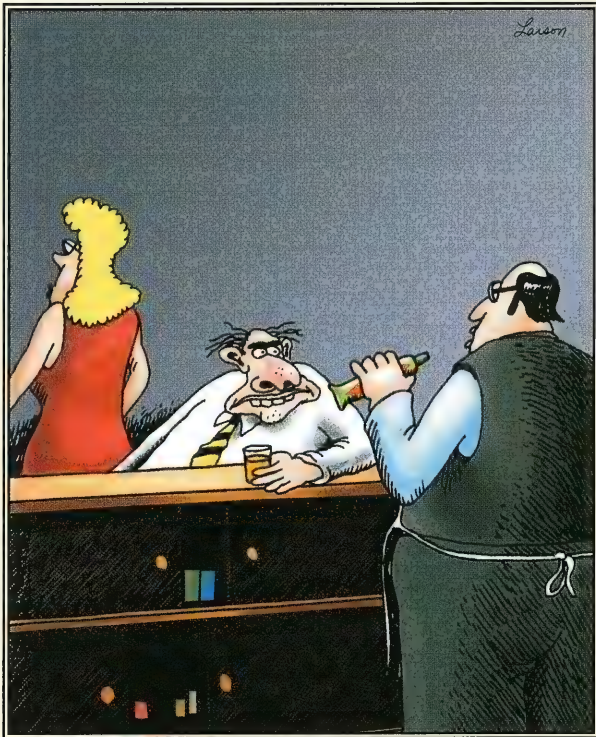
"Thank God, Sylvia! We're alive!"

12/9/81



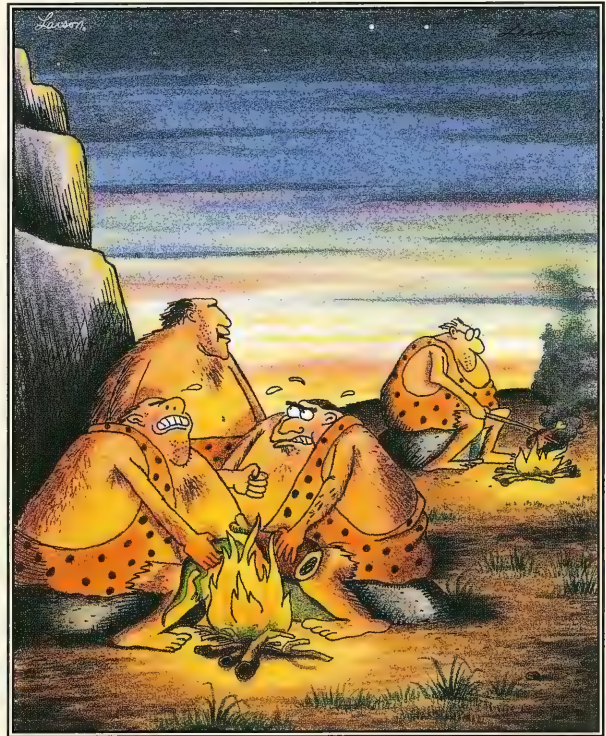
"Okay, buddy. Then how 'bout the right arm?"

12/14/81



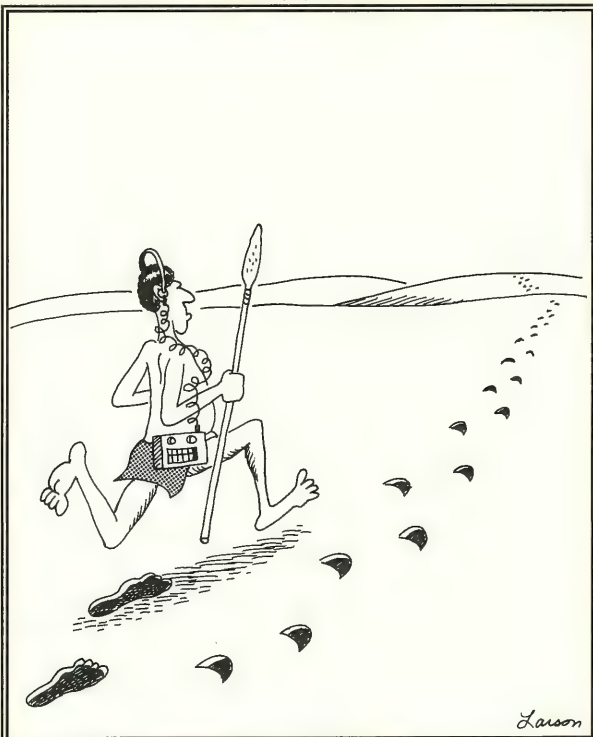
"Rejected again, huh Murray? Have you heard about this new breath-freshening toothpaste?"

12/10/81



"Hey! Look what Zog do!"

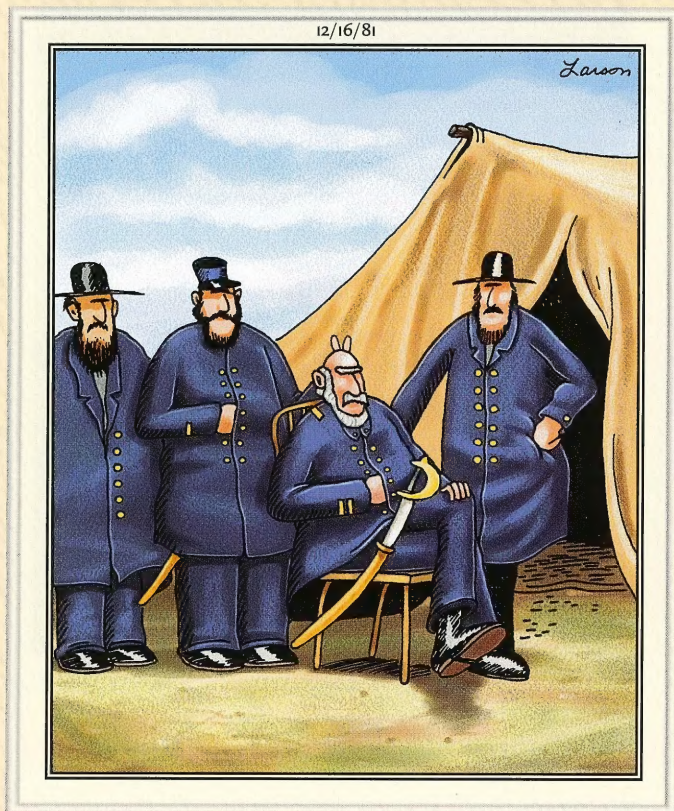
12/12/81



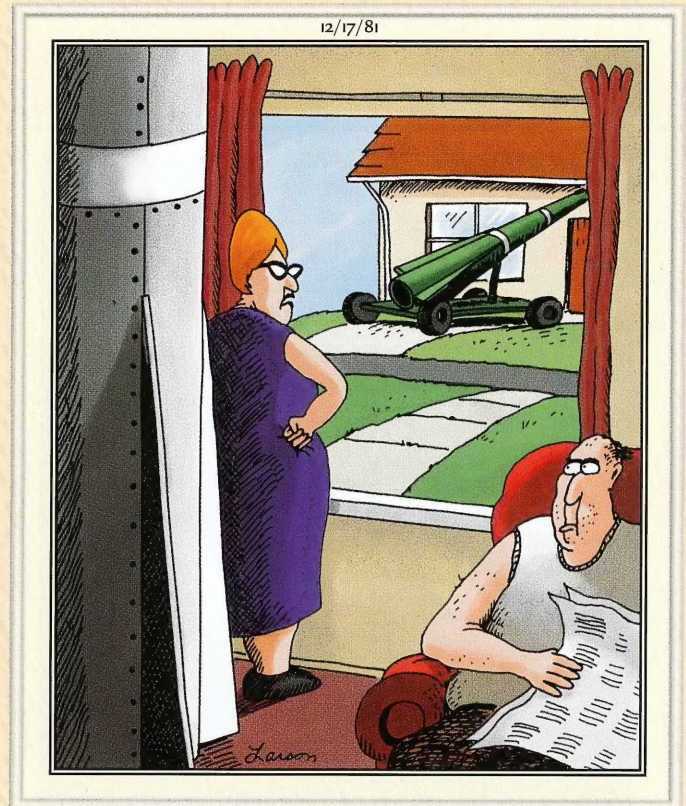
12/15/81



"Excuse me, Harold, while I go slip into something more comfortable."



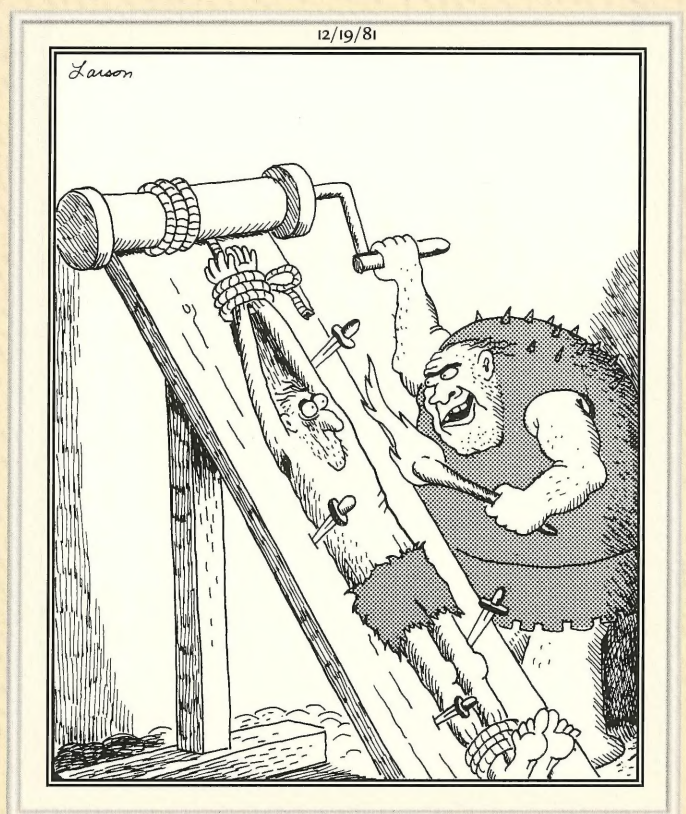
Near Gettysburg, 1863: A reflective moment



"Wouldn't you know it! Now the
Hendersons have the bomb."

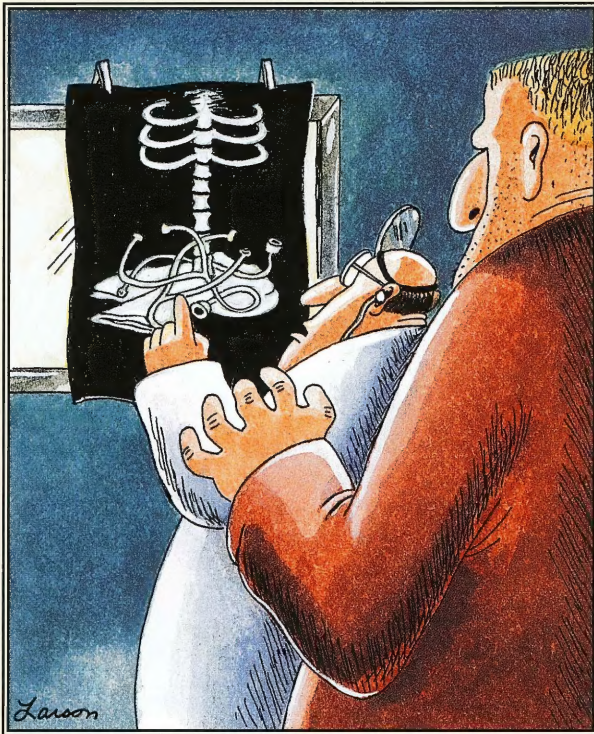


The wereduck cometh.



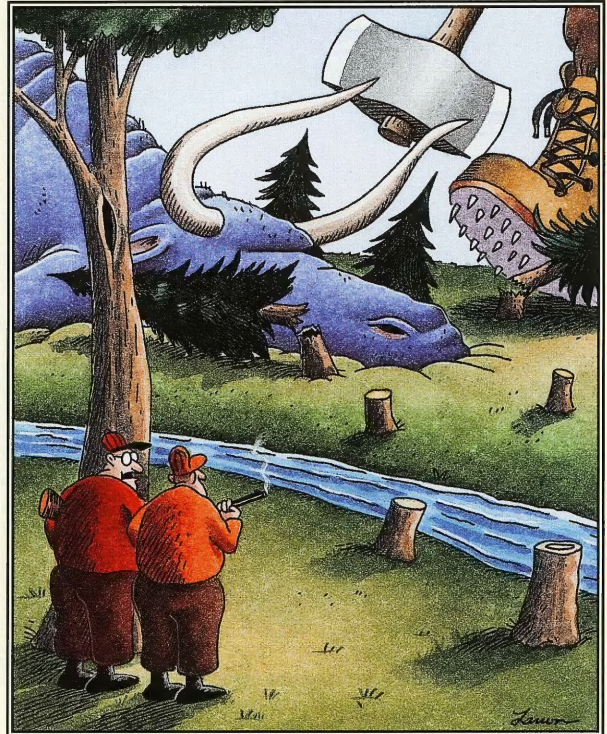
"Still won't talk, huh? ... Okay, no more
Mr. Nice Guy."

12/22/81



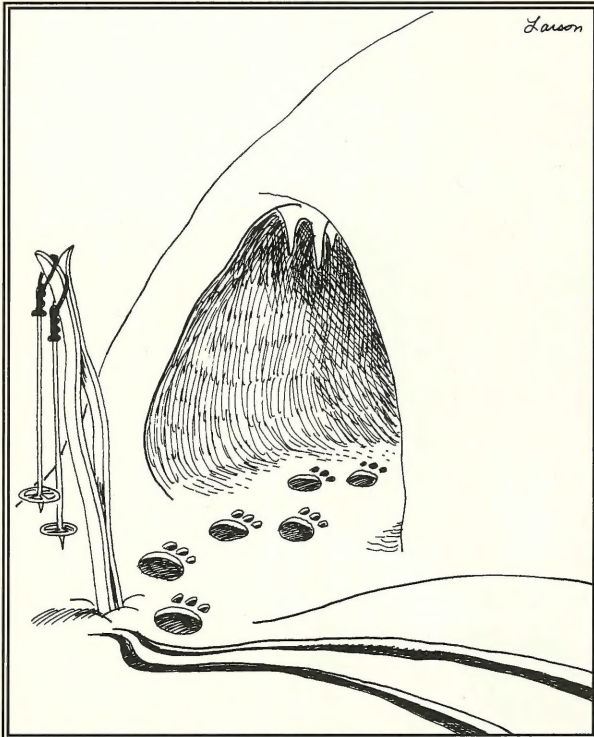
"My goodness, Mr. Osgood! Your X-ray reveals several stethoscopes, a smock, and ..."

12/21/81

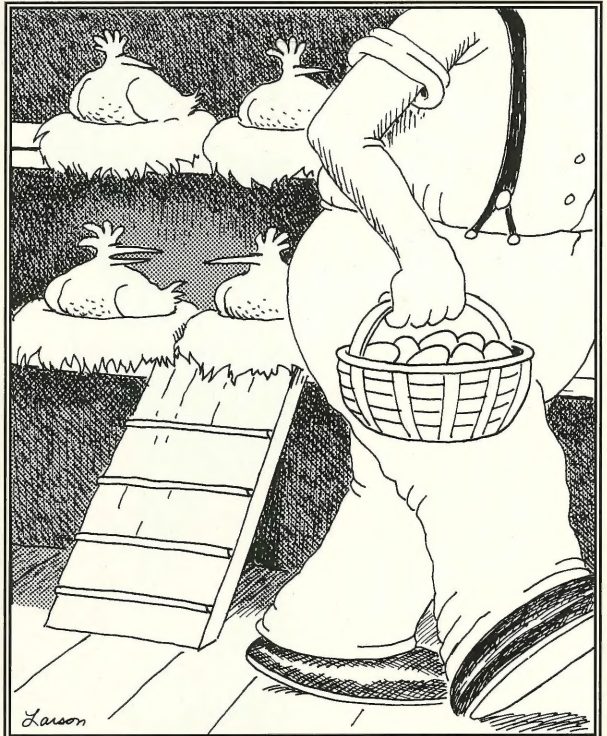


"Uh-oh, Stan. I guess it *wasn't* a big, blue mule deer."

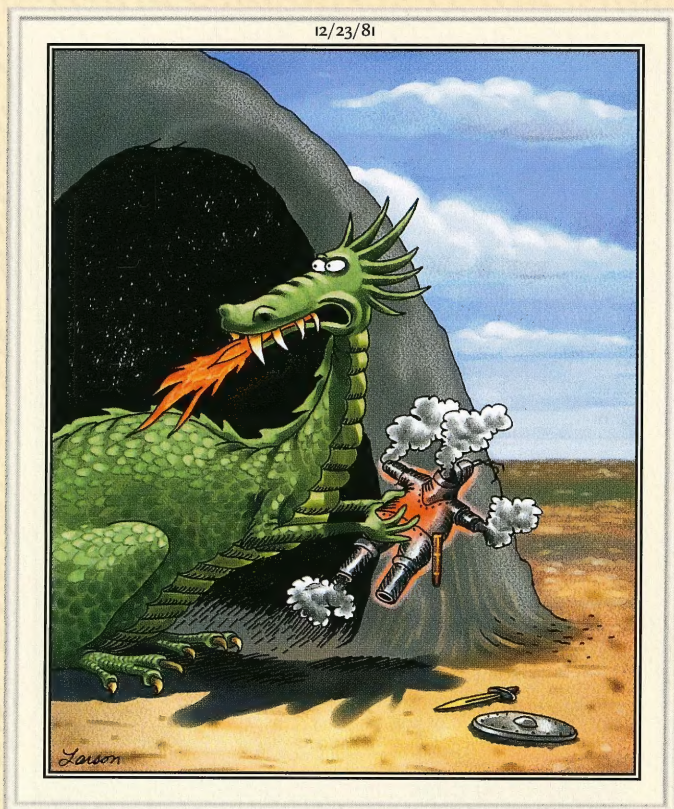
12/25/81



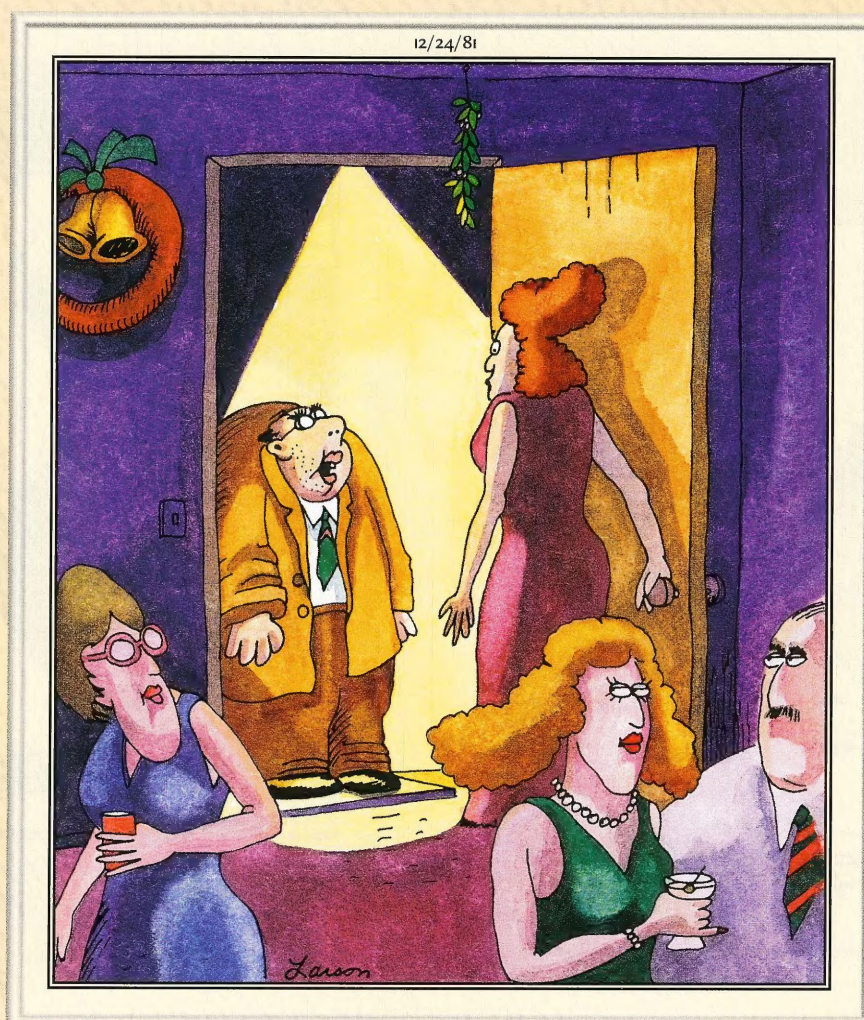
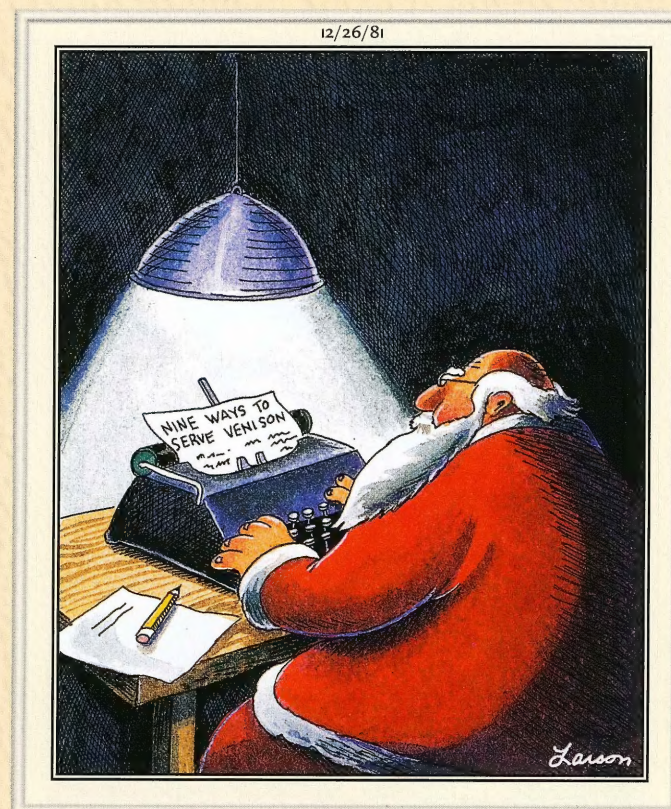
12/30/81



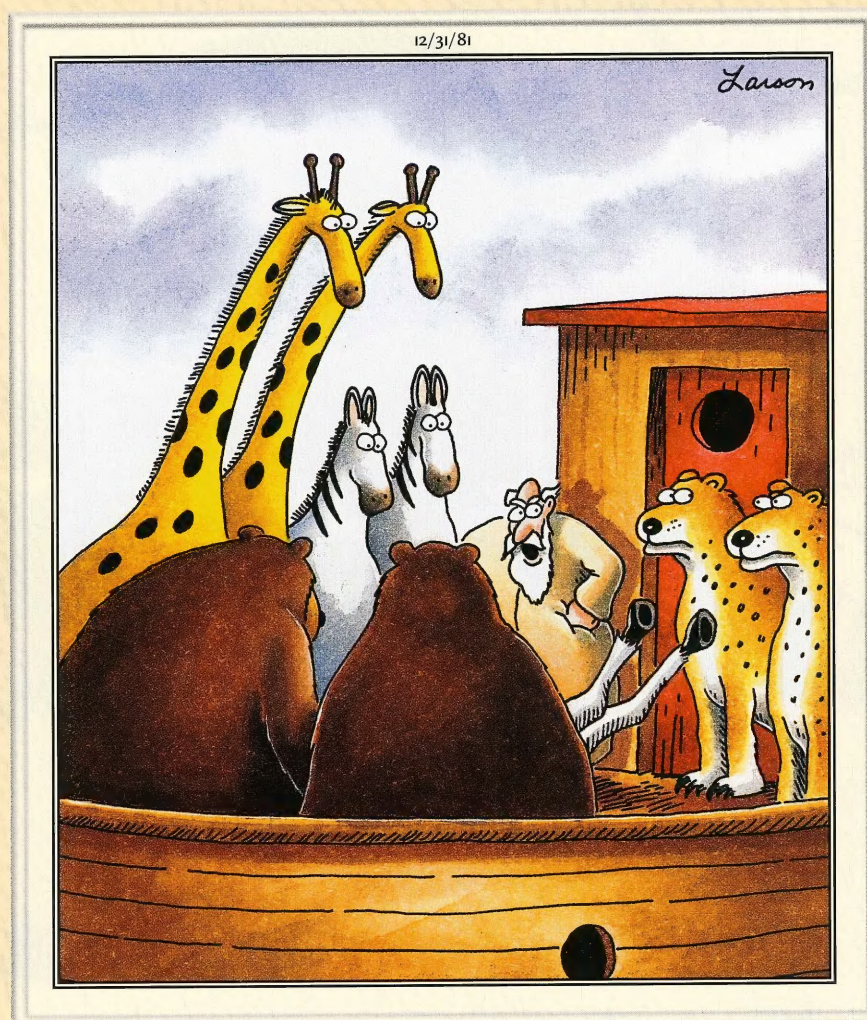
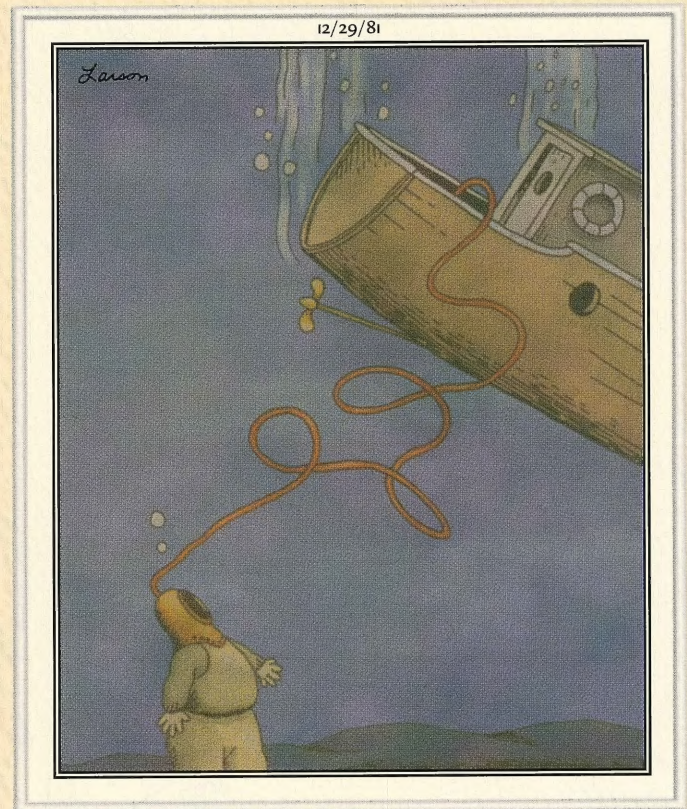
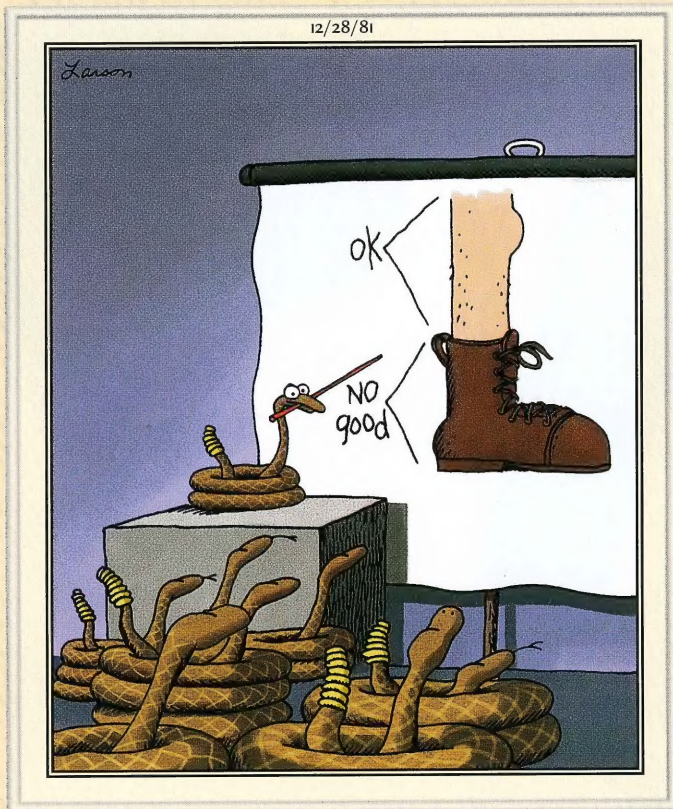
"Well, that does it! ... Tomorrow he dies."



"Ooo! Ow! Blast it, Phyllis! ... Hurry up with them hot pads!"



"Hello, I'm Clarence Jones from Bill's office and ...
Oh! Hey! Mistletoe!"



"Well, so much for the unicorns. ... But, from now on, all carnivores will be confined to 'C' deck."